
THE
MARRIAGE ACT.
A
NOVEL.

VOL. I.

MARRIAGE ACT

NOVEL
THE

MARRIAGE ACT

BY A. A. CROFT

NOVEL

VOL. I

THE
MARRIAGE ACT.
A
NOVEL.

IN WHICH THE
RUIN of FEMALE HONOUR,
THE
CONTEMPT of the CLERGY,
THE
Destruction of PRIVATE and PUBLIC
LIBERTY,
With Other FATAL CONSEQUENCES,
Are Considered ;
In a SERIES of INTERESTING ADVENTURES.

*tædæ quoque jure coissent,
Sed vetuere patres: quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.* Ovid.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

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By John Shehease



TO HIS GRACE

JOHN, Duke of *Bedford*,
Marquis of *Tavistock*, Earl of
Bedford, Baron *Russel*, Baron
Russel of *Thornhaugh*, and,
Baron *Rowland* of *Streatham*.

MY LORD,

HO' there is scarce a
Person in this Kingdom
who would not have
condemned the Author's Inat-
tention to his Duty, if the fol-
lowing Pages had been offered to

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A

the

ii *DEDICATION.*

the Protection of any other *British* Peer; yet that universal Consent, I am afraid, will scarce vindicate me from the Imputation of Presumption in addressing this trifling Performance to your Grace; not so in its Nature, my Lord, but from my Inability of treating it as it deserves.

Indeed, nothing could have tempted me to this Assurance, but that having consulted those Ladies to whom I have the Honour of being known, to whom this Novel should be addrest, I have found one universal Voice in naming your Grace; and tho' some, indeed, have at first mentioned some others of our Nobility and Gentry who spoke nobly in Defence of Virtue, Innocence, Youth,

DEDICATION. iii

Youth, Beauty, Religion, and their Country, yet at length they have united in You, my Lord, as the fittest Patron of this little Performance. Nay, they have even commanded me to lay it at your Grace's Feet, and ask your Protection and Patronage.

This has driven me to the Dilemma of offending them by a Refusal, or your Grace by my Presumption. Beauty, my Lord, has ever been imagined to be endued with sovereign Influence; it has prevailed, and I plead the Power of that in my Defence, and true Nobility inclined to pardon.

When I consider that the Author is no longer the Person who

iv *DEDICATION.*

is culpable in thus addressing your Lordship, that it proceeds from the fairest Objects in the Creation, that the following Pages were written in their Defence and for their Service; what Authority Beauty, Innocence and Virtue, ought to possess over the Minds of Men; I begin to hope some Palliative may be found for this Address; and that your Grace will receive with no unwilling Hand this, which is nothing more than a Fabric poorly executed on that Plan, which your Grace delineated with the greatest Truth and Elegance in your public Orations for Liberty and your Country; especially as I dare present it only as an Ambassador of *British* Beauty.

In

DEDICATION. v

In one Respect, my Lord, I am extremely unhappy as a Dedicator ; the very Essence of that which makes the Spirit of Dedication I am deprived of in this to your Grace. There is no Virtue of a noble Heart, or Excellence of an elevated Understanding, which I can ascribe to your Grace, that is not to be found in You ; and as it has been long observed, that the most shining Panegyrics have been written on feigned Virtues and visionary Perfections in the Patron, that Power of the Imagination is totally denied me. I shall therefore not dare to convert those Beauties into Caricatura by my ill Drawing, but only say, that they exist in You, my Lord, as they are ge-

vi **DEDICATION.**

nerally drawn in Dedicatory Epistles to those who possess them not.

Befeeching your Grace to receive these Sheets under your Protection, I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

most obedient,

most devoted,

and

most humble Servant,



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THE



THE
MARRIAGE ACT.

CHAP. I.

In which the Reader will begin to be acquainted with three Persons, two of which are to figure in this History. The Charms of the Lady being more particularly described than the Gentlemen, to shew the Author's Politeness and Complaisance for the Fair Sex.



IN the City of *London* lived a Merchant, whose Name was *Barter*, one of those Men whom the World honour'd with the Appellation of being one of the Favourites of Fortune; and who, from a mean Beginning, had risen to the possessing an Estate little

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less

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less than the Value of Two Hundred Thousand Pounds. He was born in a small Town upon the Borders of *Yorkshire*, of Parents who could afford him no Education; and therefore, during his Childhood, he was bred at the Charity-School of the Town.

BEING in himself more docile than the rest of the Scholars, and writing a good Hand, he was taken by a Country Shop-keeper, and bred up by him in the promiscuous Employment which attends such a Service, from cleaning Shoes, to serving the Customers in the Shop.

DURING the Time of his Apprenticeship he manifested so many Signs of that Shrewdness and Cunning, which attend the Minds of those who make Fortunes by Trade in the World, that every one who knew him foresaw he would be one Day rich, if ever an Opportunity offered to place him where Money could be got.

AFTER having finished his Apprenticeship, not contented with the Country, he determined to seek his Fortune in *London*, and establish himself with some Man of Business, to get farther Instructions and Insight into the Knowledge of Trade and Customs of the World. With this Intent he made his Inclinations known to his Master, who, tho' very willing to detain him in his
Business,

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Business, yet finding it impossible to persuade him to tarry in the Country, gave him a Letter to one Mr. *Thomas Stem*, a Tobacconist of great Trade and Riches in the City of *London*, who served him with his Tobacco in the Country. By which he was recommended as an industrious and honest Lad.

MR. *Stem* was a Bachelor, who had thriven in the World and in Business, and having lived beyond the Time in which Men ought to marry, had Sense enough not to think of getting a new Family, and enter into a Way of Life to which he had been always a Stranger, and which must be displeasing to a Man long taught to live as he liked, uncontrouled by any Body. His Fortune he had determined to leave to a Nephew, who was at the time of *James Barter's* coming to Town at School in the Country.

THIS Youth was destined to be the Heir of his Estate, and to be bred to the Business of a Tobacconist; his Uncle's sole Ambition being to make his Nephew Lord-Mayor of *London*, which, in his Opinion, was a greater Honour than being the first Peer of the Realm: And to this he was convinced that Trade only could lead.

MR. *Stem* at this time declining in Years, and induced by the good Character of *James Barter*

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Barter given by his old Friend and Correspondent in Trade in his Letter, thought it convenient to take *James Barter* into his Service, to assist him in the Trouble of Business which he had too much of on his Hands.

ON this account he proposed the Thing to *James*; he told him what the Nature of his Employment would be, and then added what Wages he would give him the first Year; and farther said, that he would increase it if he behaved as he ought. This Offer *James Barter* was too wise to refuse; he knew that People got easier to the Summit by gradual Steps, than running against the steep Ascent to attain it at once; and that more Men miscarried from Ambition badly conducted, than from the Passion itself.

IN the same House was a Kind of a Servant, who was the House-Maid, House-Keeper, Cook, and every Thing else but one; she had as many Employments as *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*, and was the great Confident of Mr. *Stem*; and yet, tho' in this Situation so perilous to Maidens, she was quite free from all Imputation which might asperse her Character, unless you reckon the Jokes of the Club in which Mr. *Stem* passed his Evenings, on Mrs. *Molly* and her Master, to be of that kind, which,

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which, tho' extremely waggish and full of very smart City Wit, may, I imagine, as well be omitted as inserted in this Place; unless all my Readers, both Male and Female, high-bred and low-bred, peradventure should be of that Cast, and prefer something rather less enigmatic than a double Entendre to every other Way of Writing: A Thought not entirely without Foundation, if we may form a Judgment from the Taste of the Town in Plays, and the frequent acting of the *Old Batchelor* last Season.

This Mrs. *Molly*, to say the Truth, which is not always to be told, especially in the Case of the Age of a Female, and yet as it makes the most essential Part of all true History cannot be omitted in this Place, was what in the Country is called the Game, a Figure in Speech called a Metaphor, taken from that Amusement on the Cards which requires no more Mathematics in the Player than being able to tell One and Thirty with the Fore-finger on the Cards, and knowing that the Knave as well as the King and Queen are reckoned for ten: In plain *English*, she had seen One and thirty Birth-days, and a 'Vantage as they say in the West of *England*; she was by our Lady inclining to fix ~~Foot~~, none of your meagre thin Things, which resemble Sir *John Fal-*

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staff in his Youth, when he might have been drawn through an Alderman's Thumb-Ring; but like the plump Knight in the Days of Prince *Hall*, all Jollitry and Fat.

HER Face was Rose-colour, like the Moon rising through a Mist; for nothing but Roses will grow on the Face of a Female; and not in the little ridiculous Fashion of Lady ———, which only covers her Cheeks; Nature had been more lavish of her Charms on this Favourite, and spread her Vermillion, or rather Red-lead, not only over all her Face, but even down on her lovely Bosom.

IN this Part of Female Beauty Nature had not been scanty of her Liberalities, tho' her Breasts were not like *Solomon's* Simile of two Roes which feed among the Lillies, nor her Neck like a Tower of Ivory, yet her Bosom was not of the Marble Kind hard, white, round and small, as in many of our celebrated Toasts about Town, but, excepting the Colour, of a very milky Nature; and resembled within her Stays that Fluid just flashing over the Pail, over which also her Handkerchief being spread did not look much unlike the Strainer; indeed on particular Times such as roasting a Piece of Beef or so, when she discovered the full Powers of these Charms without a Handkerchief; and her Mob was pinned with the two Ends on the
Crown

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Crown of her Head, affording ample Display of the Beauties of this Part; the rosy Fluid of Perspiration standing on her Face as beautiful as the Pearls of Dew-drops on a red Cabbage in the Morning e'er the amorous Sun has kiss'd away that fragrant Fluid, few Women could compare with her.

HER Arms were made of the same beautiful Materials as the rest of her Person, and if it had been allowable to say of *the same Timber* in speaking of a fine Lady, nothing could have been said in this Instance but Rose-wood, being as hard and of the same Colour; to the End of each was joined a Fist which would have made *Hercules* tremble without his Club, being not unlike a great wooden Pestle.

NOTHING was more important than her Walk; in following her with your Eye her Shoulders looked like a Country-Mayor in his Gown up to his Ears, walking behind two Maces to Church; and her Hips were of much more majestic Size and graceful Motion, moving not both at once but seemingly one after another, like two Panniers on the Sides of a Horse in trotting, or the Sides of a Goose, if small Things may be compared with great.

HER Voice was entirely lost in the Occupation she lived, and might have been engaged at Mother *Midnight's* Concert with

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great Utility and Applause as a double Basis.

In short, tho' she could not have sat to *Zeuxis* for a *Helen*, or *Reynolds* for a Lady *Kildare*, and would not have served *Cleones* or *Roubilliac* for a *Venus*, yet she might have done extremely well for a *Penthesilea*, *Boadicea*, *Trulla*, or Mr. ———'s Idea of Beauty; having a great deal of the Curvilinear and S, both internally and externally in her Composition.

To speak the plain Truth, she was in Mankind what some Nouns are in a Language, appearing like the Masculine and yet being of the Feminine Gender by Exception.

No Woman had more laudable Ambition than this; she has been often heard during her Time of Servitude, declaring she wished herself a Queen, to make the Fellows tremble, as she expressed it. There were indeed, some invidious Neighbours, who surmised this last Desire of hers as coming from the Slight which the Male-Sex had put upon her Charms; having never been ask'd, it seems, whether she was determined to die a Maid or not, during the Course of her Youth.

It was an unpardonable Fault whenever the Milk-woman, Brick-dust Moll, or People of mean Employments did not call her
Madam,

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Madam, Mrs. *Molly* was too vulgar ; and some incautious and unpolite Persons, who had not studied their Trades in *France*, had lost their Business at that House by not attending to this single Circumstance.

SUCH was the Maid, Mistress, and Woman of the House, when *James Barter* came to Mr. *Stem's*. This Youth, however, who entered his old Master's House as a Charity-boy, had not forgotten what was to be obtained from Servants by good Words and good Behaviour, whose Passions had never gotten the better of his Interest, notwithstanding his exalted Character of being a kind of Book-keeper, thought that a little of the same Tune on the old String might make his Belly fare the better, and his Life pass not one Jot the worse, and that pleasing Servants in one Place might be very much like pleasing Servants in another. For this Reason he be-madam'd Mrs. *Molly* to such a degree, that no one ever was so great a Favourite as *James Barter* ; he participated her Morning and Evening Tea, and at last, as will be farther seen, participated her Bed also.

C H A P. II.

The Friendship of Mr. James for Mrs. Molly, the Sicknefs of Mr. Stem, the Introduction of three Persons of Confequence, and the true Method of Prefcribing exhibited for the Benefit of young Phyficians.

JAMES BARTER being now a kind of Book-keeper, we conceive we may without offence dignify him with the Name of Master *James*. He was a Man of fmall Stature, rather inclining to be lean, had a lively Eye, an infinuating Countenance, and might have thriven at Court but for one Quality, which was the being addicted to Flattery; which Vice, tho' it might have prevented his rifing near the Great, was no Hindrance to his Succefs in the Situation he was placed.

FROM this Quality it was that he was always wifhing to be as tall and as plump as Mrs. *Molly*; and, in describing any Woman he had feen, he always with a farcaftic Sneer added, that they were like Skeletons covered with Parchment, with fome Touches on *Pharaob's* lean Kind; concluding, that in his Opinion no one could be handsome who was not rather inclined to be plump, describing

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describing the Person of Mrs. *Molly*, and slyly insinuating that she was the very Model of all Beauty.

IN this manner Things proceeded, Mrs. *Molly* in her firm Persuasion that Mr. *James* was deeply smitten, and would declare his Passion for her at a convenient Season; and Mr. *James*, seeing the good Effects of his Behaviour, continuing it to the mutual Emolument of both Parties, without any real Design of ever offering her the Question.

No Man was more happy than Mr. *Stem*, he found his Trade well conducted by Mr. *James*, his House-keeper in better Humour than usual, and all easy and snug at Home; the Down-hill Road of Life very pleasant, and wishing nothing but to live to see his Nephew established in his Trade, and in a fair way to be Lord Mayor.

ALAS, how unstable is human Felicity! what Pains does Man take to obtain where-withal to pass Life easily, and how soon is he snatched from the Enjoyment! which Reflections, altho' made by many a Philosopher both ancient and modern a thousand times already, we beg leave to make once more ourselves upon this Occasion. This was the Fate of Mr. *Stem*, for whilst he was meditating his present Felicity, and the future Honours of his Nephew, calmly smoaking a Pipe of his own best, he was suddenly
attacked

attacked with a paralytic Stroke, which deprived him of the Use of his Limbs on one Side, and he fell from his Ambition on the Floor. Terrified by this sudden Stroke, Mr. *James*, Mrs. *Molly*, and the other Servants lifted him to his Bed, and then sent in the following Order for the following Persons, the Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician; all which arrived in the Order they were called, as Men of good Manners should always do.

THE Apothecary upon entering the House was met by Mrs. *Molly*, like *Glumdalelitch* all in Tears for the Loss of her *Grildrig*, crying out, "Oh! Mr. *Bolus*, Mr. *Bolus*, " my Master is dead! he cannot live till " To-morrow."

UPON which Mr. Apothecary, with a very apothecarical Air and great Wig, told her, "That Things might not be so bad as " she imagined, that we were all mortal, " that the Will of Heaven must be complied with;" and lastly, he desired to see the Patient, to whom he was conducted by Mrs. *Molly*.

MR. *Bolus*, after taking his old Friend by the Hand (for they were of the same Club) and feeling his Pulse, declared, that they beat very irregularly; that there was a Stiffness mixed with a Kind of a Softness in the Stroke, which Kind of Vibration indicated

licated great Oppression in the arterial Tube, from whence it was plain that the animal Spirits which flowed from the Brain were obstructed in the nervous System, which was the Cause of the Deprivation of Motion; and therefore he was for taking off a little Blood.

WHICH preparing to execute, having bound up the Arm, Mr. *Cutwell* the Surgeon, who had been sent for without the Knowledge of Mr. *Bolus*, entered the Room, at the Sight of whom Mr. *Bolus* cried out, "I am glad you are come;" and then asserting, he never bled but in Cases of the utmost Importance, tho' he never refused in his Life the doing it when Occasion offered, he desisted, to make way for the Surgeon.

MR. *Cutwell*, tucking up his Sleeve, and turning up his Ruffles with great Deliberation, declared, that he thought Mr. *Bolus* was quite right in ordering the Patient to be bled; and just hinted, whether Issues, Scarification, or some other chirurgical Operation, might not tend to the relieving the Patient from this terrible Malady.

DURING the Operation of Phlebotomy, the Doctor *Simple* arrived; he was genteely dressed, with a large Tye-wig and simpering Face, and was risen in great Hurry from a Party at Cards with the Ladies, which

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which were the Companions he had mostly passed his Time with, and the Books he had chiefly read. He saluted the Apothecary and Surgeon, and then drew near the Bed of the Patient, and felt his Pulse with an Attention as if he was listening to hear them beat.

DURING this Time the Apothecary took an occasion to tell the Doctor his Sentiments of the Matter, in much the same Terms which he had already told them to Mrs. *Molly*; to which the Doctor assenting with a Shrug and a Smile, said, “ To be
“ sure, Mr. *Bolus* you have reasoned ex-
“ tremely well upon the Subject; for my
“ Part (says he) I have always concluded,
“ that a Palsy is a Loss of Sense or Motion,
“ and sometimes both; for which Reason,
“ Mr. *Bolus*, pray reach me the Pen and
“ Ink.” And then down he sat to pre-
scribe.

Now I hope it will be permitted me, in this Place, to make a Remark, which tho’ it may not be so shrewd as some of those to be found in *Tacitus* or *Machiavel*, will, I believe, nevertheless, pass very well in these present enlightned Times:

WHICH is, that in all Diseases, tho’ no more than one Person be sick, there is always two to be prescribed for, and that one of them ever thinks himself the better for it.

it. This, without more Ceremony, is the Patient and the Apothecary ; for it is a certain Truth, that tho' the sick Person cannot receive any Benefit from Medicine, yet the Apothecary will ; and therefore every Physician, who understands his Profession, should have his Eye on the latter, as the Place where his Prescription can never fail to be serviceable.

FOR this Reason Dr. *Simple*, after having scribbled over a whole Sheet of Paper with Bolusses and Draughts to be taken every three Hours, three Blisters, an Apozem, a Clyster, and a purging Potion, took his Guinea and his Leave ; and bowing, was going off, when Mrs. *Molly* desired to know what was her Master's Disease ; which being civilly answered a Hemiplegia, she burst out into Tears, crying, " Good Lord !" and desired to know whether he would live or die ; which, staggering the Doctor a little, he told her it was too soon to decide that Question the Disease being not yet come to its *Crisis*. When popping into his Chariot, like a Pigeon into its Hole, he drove back to the Cards and the Ladies.

To make my Story short, Mr. *Stem* having feed the Doctor, and taken a large Load of Medicine, found himself at the End of two Months just where he was in the Beginning, with a Loss of about sixty Guineas

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neas and Sense and Motion on one Side, confined to his Room; at which Time the Doctor leaving him, we beg to do the same and begin another Chapter.

C H A P. III.

The Arrival of young Mr. Stem. Mr. James's Love declared for Mrs. Molly, and an Exemplification of the true Manner of prevailing upon People to do what is for their own Interest.

DURING this Disorder his Nephew was sent for, and as his Uncle might continue some Time alive, tho' without Hopes of Recovery, he put him into his Trade, and desired Mr. *James* to give him the best Instructions he could in the Nature of Tobacco, which he had learnt from his Business.

THIS young Gentleman was of great good Nature, open Disposition, and not more than sixteen Years old; the Moment Mr. *James* saw him, he began to cast about how he might turn this young Man to his own Interest: One of his Schemes was, to be Partners in the Trade, after the Decease
of

of the old Man ; this entered strongly into his Imagination, and possessed him a long while.

At last perceiving that the young Man's Love of Pleasure, tho' moderate, and the failing Faculties of the old Gentleman, might be turned to some better Account, he doubled his Diligence near the old Man, and began making Love to Mrs. *Molly* in earnest ; plainly perceiving, that without her Connivance and Help his Design could never be accomplished.

Now it seems that Mr. *James* had lain hid from himself even to this very time, and had not discovered that he really did not possess all that Probity at the Bottom ; which appeared on the Surface ; indeed he was not one of those Fools who would serve the Devil for nothing, but had his Price and the Merit of not being a little Rogue, as those Fellows are called who steal to prevent starving ; which is as much as can be expected in these Times, when every one is so fond of following the Fashions.

Thus then, after having declared his Flame to Mrs. *Molly*, which ran like the Fire of one Candle along the Smoke of another, and put her into a glow like *Nebuchadnezzar's* fiery Furnace, in which, tho' without a Miracle, she survived like the
three

three Children, not one Hair of her Head being singed, or her Garments consumed.

To her Mr. *James* (after having obtained her Heart, which was won in less Time than a Suit in Chancery is decided, or a Place gotten at Court) proposed the trying to root out the young Nephew from the Affections of his Uncle, and seizing the Weakness of an unguarded Hour to put themselves in his Place, which he began in this Manner.

“ My Dear, says he, you know that
 “ tho’ Love be as strong as a Giant, yet
 “ it brings no Grist to the Mill; and that
 “ when Poverty comes into the Door, *Cupid*
 “ flies out at the Window.”

MRS. *Molly*, who from this abrupt Beginning, and from her not having saved more than One hundred Pounds from her Wages and other small Cribbings, began to suspect that Mr. *James*, like a young Horse just going to be shod, was drawing backward to break the Halter and get free from his Confinement, answered, “ To be sure Money
 “ was a good Thing, but Providence was
 “ better, and without doubt would bless
 “ their honest Endeavours; that People
 “ who come together with small Begin-
 “ nings had made great Fortunes, and she
 “ did not doubt but that they should do
 “ very

“ very well in the World ; for where there
 “ was Love, there was every Thing.”

“ Yes, says Mr. *James*, there is no doubt
 “ but we shall do well together ; but as
 “ you say, Mrs. *Molly*, we must use our
 “ Endeavours.” At the same time seizing
 her by the Hand, and looking up into her
 Face with as much Earnestness as a poor
 Female Methodist does to Dr. *Westley*,
 when he is mounted on a Stool to preach
 in the Fields ; he cries, “ My Dear (he al-
 “ most said *Little*) *Molly*, now is the Mo-
 “ ment when you can make your and my
 “ Fortune for ever. Take Time by the
 “ Forelock.”

“ LORD, says *Molly*, my dear *Jemmy* tell
 “ me how ; do you imagine I’ll be back-
 “ ward to my own Advantage and yours ?”

“ You know then, says he, that Mr.
 “ *Stem* has much more Money than ought
 “ to go to one Person ; that the young
 “ Man who is to succeed him, may likely
 “ spend his Fortune, and if he does not, a
 “ Thousand Pounds or two will put us in
 “ a Way of Trade, which would make us
 “ happy all our Lives ; and without that
 “ I am afraid the nuptial Hour must be
 “ prolonged beyond the Death of Mr.
 “ *Stem* ; for ’tis hard coming together
 “ with small Sums of Money ; for Money
 “ only gets Money in this Age, and Love
 “ will

“ will scarce keep the Wolf from the
“ Door.”

At this Hint of delaying the Marriage Mrs. *Molly* cock'd up her Ears, being fully convinced she had staid long enough already for any Woman upon Earth; that Maids were not like Tobacco the better for keeping; and tho' she was not, like a Builder's House, of Materials that would quickly decay, and the Bloom still remained upon her Cheeks as strong as ever; she was determin'd to exert everything in her Power to hasten the Day of Marriage; which, tho' it may sometimes lead to Plagues not much short of the *Tartarus* of the Ancients, is yet perhaps coveted with more vehement Desire than a Saint does the Day which must introduce him to Paradise.

For this Reason she cry'd, taking up her *Jemmy* in her Arms, (for these Lovers were not of the coy Kind, like your Dukes and Duchesses) and kissing him as freely as the Bagnio Ladies do their Paramours, “ Tell
“ me what I am to do, and nothing shall
“ prevent me from following the Direc-
“ tions of my dear *Jemmy*.” At the same time communicating a Hug, not much short of that which *Hercules* gave *Antaus*, and which Mr. *James* remember'd for several Days after, such Impression, had the Manner of imparting her Passion made upon him.

“ You

"You know, says he, Mrs. *Molly*," (the Squeeze preventing him from Words of Tenderneſs, for Things do not always beget their Likeneſs, and Fondneſs in one is ſometimes the Cauſe of Averſion in another, ſo oddly is Man compoſed; however this Diſtaſte paſſed off with the Effects of her Embrace;) "that the World is very ungrateful, and 'tis very probable that Mr. *Stem*, tho' he has been ſerved with the greateſt Fidelity by me, and with the utmoſt Tenderneſs by you, may die without thinking upon it, eſpecially as his Memory begins to fail him; and thus poor Man he may be ſorry in the other World for the neglecting us his faithful Servants in this, which may diſturb his Peace in Heaven, a Thing much beyond all earthly Conſiderations, and which all good Chriſtians ſhould endeavour to prevent."

AND here I aſk Pardon for an Omiſſion, which is, that I had forgotten to tell you that Mr. *James* had been bred a Preſbyterian with his Maſter in the Country, and had learnt the true Cant to a Miracle, which will remain in the North of *England*, where the Maſter of the Family if there be a Room adjoining the Street, twangs the Dictates of the Goſpel through his Noſe all *Sunday*, and diſobeys them all the reſt of the Week.

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To all this Speech Mrs. *Molly* most readily acceded: She agreed it was a pity her Master, poor Gentleman, should suffer in the next World for being unmindful of them in this; and added, if Mr. *James* would instruct her, she would certainly take all possible Care to preserve him from Punishment in another World.

THIS, as Mr. *James* did very privately, and as the very Words never came to the Author's Ears, he is determin'd to omit in this Place; and for another Reason also, holding it extremely impertinent to treat his Readers with Repetitions of the same kind, like *Æsop's* Feast consisting all of Tongues; and thinking it almost as much against the Rules of History, as the Drama, to give Recitals of what is to pass before the Spectators Eyes, and spoil an Entertainment by giving the Bill of Fare; or like the unskilful Shewers of wild Beasts and Puppets, who prevent their own Advantage in their Trade, by exhibiting the Pictures of them publicly in the Streets.

FOR this, and many other Reasons, he desires to let nothing of this Scene be seen till the Effects of it come upon the Stage, or at least till the next Chapter.

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

In which Mr. James Barter's Capacity is opened, Mrs. Molly's Tenderneſs for her Maſter display'd, and young Mr. Stem offends his Uncle. Being the true Way of circumventing old Perſons to the Ruin of their neareſt Relations, very uſeful for all Servants, humble Couſins, and pretended Friends.

IT is a very old Obſervation, which I hope will make this Chapter particularly delightful to the Antiquarians, that apt Scholars need little Teaching; and ſo it proved, in the Caſe of Mrs. Molly. For as ſoon as Mr. James had more fully opened his Deſign, ſhe comprehended the Thing with vaſt Readineſs, and ſet about accompliſhing it in the following Manner.

BUT at the ſame time I muſt tell my Reader, that whiſt Mr. James was inſtructing Mrs. Molly in the Art of wheedling herſelf farther into the good Graces of her Maſter, he was himſelf inſinuating into Mr. Thomas Stem the Nephew the Diſadvantages attending Trade. He ſaid, “ for
“ his Part, if an Uncle would leave him
“ Thirty Thouſand Pounds, he would not
“ trouble

“ trouble himself with cringing to little
 “ Country Shop-keepers, but would enjoy
 “ Life and live like a Gentleman ; that the
 “ Person who was not contented with
 “ Thirty Thousand Pounds, would be con-
 “ tented with nothing ; and that if Happi-
 “ ness was not to be obtained by that Sum,
 “ it could not be found upon Earth.”

NOTHING is so soothing to young Minds
 as the Love of Idleness and Pleasure ; for
 this Reason the young Man, not being di-
 rectly under the Eye of his Uncle, spent
 much of his Time from Home in public
 Places, dressed to the best Advantage,
 which improving his Person was another
 Species of Flattery, which seduced him to
 determine on the Life of a Gentleman
 when his Uncle should die.

THINGS being in this State, Mrs. *Molly*
 one Evening sitting by the Bed-side of her
 Master, who was now grown weaker in
 Body and Mind, took occasion to utter
 three or four Sighs, the first nor second
 succeeding, each of which would have
 turned the Vanes of a Windmill.

THIS, Mr. *Stem* taking notice of at last,
 bid her not grieve so much for him, for
 that he should shortly arrive at a better
 Place, where his Pains would find an End.

“ AH ! Sir, says *Molly*, to be sure it is a
 “ trying Thing to part with a Master which

“ one loves so well, and must needs draw
 “ Tears from every good Servant’s Eyes;
 “ but, Sir, this is not all the Reason of my
 “ Concern, I grieve to think how the Mo-
 “ ney, which you have gotten together with
 “ so much Pains, will be squandered when
 “ you are gone.”

THIS alarmed the old Man into an En-
 quiry about the Conduct of Mr. *Thomas* his
 Nephew; for tho’ he had lost all Sensation
 of one Side, yet it had not abated a bit the
 Sense of Money in him. Which Mrs. *Molly*
 related to him, not lessening by Compassion
 one single Circumstance which might place
 the young Man’s Proceedings in a favour-
 able Light; so fond of the Truth was she,
 that she rather told more than less of it.
 And thus having made up her Story, she
 desired that Mr. *James* might be consulted
 upon the Matter: “ For God knows my
 “ Heart, says she, I would not tell a Lie
 “ for the World, or injure a Worm that
 “ crawls upon the Earth.” To which old
 Mr. *Stem* replied, “ I believe thee, *Molly*,
 “ truly.”

THIS being the State of Affairs, Mr.
Stem sent for Mr. *James* up to him, at which
 time Mrs. *Molly* withdrew, as one that was
 above appearing to influence Mr. *James* in
 Favour of what she had said.

MR. *James* being come into the Chamber, the old Gentleman enquired about the Life of his Nephew ; to which being answered with Words in his Favour, accompanied at the same time with an Air of Reserve, as if he was not speaking the Truth, the old Gentleman cried out, “ Ah! *James*, “ I see how it is, your good Nature would “ willingly hide his Extravagancies from “ me, but it is in vain ; I know how Things “ go ; he shall never spend the Money “ which I have very hardly earn’d ; I’ll “ prevent that, I warrant you.” At which Words, Mr. *James* taking his Leave with a low Bow, left the old Gentleman in full Possession of this pious Resolution, without offering one Word of Apology for the young Man his Nephew ; conceiving, to be sure, that a Master knew better than a Servant what was to be done in such a Case, and therefore it would not be good Manners to interrupt him.

Thus far Things went well ; but it must be imagined, that the old Gentleman would naturally represent Things to his Nephew, and try to reclaim him from his pernicious Practices. This Mr. *James* saw very perfectly, tho’ Mrs. *Molly* did not. And here give me leave to speak a bold Truth, without intending to depreciate any Man alive, I question whether any Ambassador, Resident,

dent, or Chargé des Affaires amongst all the sharp sighted and sagacious Number sent from the various Courts of *Europe*, would have conducted an Affair so well near the Minister where he resided, as Mr. *James* did this Affair with his Master.

THE better to make this Impression of Mr. *Thomas Stem's* Course of Life strike strongly into the old Gentleman his Uncle, Mr. *James* had contrived that this Overture of Mrs. *Molly's* should be made on the only Day in the Week when the young Gentleman staid out late at Evenings, which was on the Occasion of a Ball, at the *Castle Tavern* in *Paternoster-Row*, passed in reputable and agreeable Company.

THE old Gentleman then when Mr. *James* left him, bid him send up his Nephew; to which he answered, "Yes," tho' he knew he was gone out; and then sent up Mrs. *Molly* (who, the Reader will remember had quitted the Room, I hope, without my telling it him) to acquaint the old Gentleman he was gone abroad very finely drest.

AT these Words, finely drest, the old Gentleman sigh'd from his Soul, thinking of his Money, and asked, "What the "Cloaths were?" which Mrs. *Molly* told him, embroidering the Coat, and lacing the Waistcoat; the Fashion of which I

would tell the Reader also, if I was not afraid I should not have room enough for my intended Design, or if I wrote by the Sheet for my Bookseller.

It happened more particularly that this Evening Mrs. *Molly* was so touched with Goodness for her poor Master, whom she lamented as one not only afflicted with Disease, but with the Behaviour of a most undutiful Nephew; that she determined to wake by his Bed-side all Night, in hopes that he would be calmer and easier with her Care than another's.

WHICH Care in truth, good Reader, lest you should not see the Intent of it, which all Readers may not, was the Care of certainly waking her Master when Mr. *Thomas* came home; lest, peradventure, his going up Stairs very softly through Fear of disturbing his Uncle, might not be sufficient for that Purpose; and this, tho' Mrs. *Molly* was the Actor, was in fact planned by Mr. *James*. It seems these two great People, like the Marshals *Saxe* and *Lowendahl*, did best in Concert; the one laid the Scheme, and the other took the Town.

THE old Gentleman then not having closed his Eyes till Midnight, with reflecting on his Nephew's abandoned Practices, was just got into a pleasing Sleep; when Mrs. *Molly*, hearing Mr. *Thomas* going softly

softly up Stairs, cried out aloud, "He is come." Which awaking the old Man, he asked *Molly*, What Noise he had heard, not knowing the Cause of his Waking: To which she answered, "Ah! Lord, Sir! are you awaked? I am sorry for it; you were just got into the sweetest Sleep! it was nothing but Mr. *Thomas* going up to Bed." He then asked, What o'-Clock it was? and being told past Three, he sighed again heavily from his Heart, and would have seen Mr. *Thomas* directly, to have chastised him; which Mrs. *Molly*, knowing that his Cloaths were neither laced nor embroidered, opposed; which Want of Finery, as it was a Reason for her not letting him be seen by his Uncle at that time, is another also for our not describing his Cloaths before; and a better Reason, perhaps, than every Author can have for concealing the Truth.

THE Time of Mr. *Thomas*'s Rising being come, his Uncle required his Attendance before him; where, believing every Word that *Molly* had said, to be as true as the Gospel, and as demonstrable as Questions in Algebra, he gave him a severe Repri- mand, and told him, "That one such an- other Action should turn him out of the House, and deprive him of all he intend- ed to give him."

THE young Gentleman modestly attempted to vindicate himself, denied the Facts; and desired to know who had informed him of so many Falsities.

“ FALSITIES, says the old Man, Sirrah,
 “ did not I hear you come home last Night
 “ at Three o’Clock? Here is the honest
 “ Girl who has told me the Whole of your
 “ Tricks, your Expences and idle Life;
 “ and with no other Intent, but to keep
 “ me from being ruin’d before I die, or
 “ having all I have, spent within a Year
 “ after I am buried.”

To which Mr. *Thomas* replying something, not much in Favour of Mrs. *Molly*, (for it seems there was no good Blood between them) and which I would not stain this Paper with any more than her Answer, thro’ fear of offending the chaste Eyes of Ladies who will read this History, they concluded in Mr. *Thomas*’s appealing to Mr. *James Barter*; who was immediately summoned into the Chamber, and asked his Sentiments, with respect to the Manner of young Mr. *Stem*’s spending his Life.

Mr. *James* said, “ Indeed he knew nothing of Mr. *Thomas*’s spending his Time
 “ amiss; to say the Truth, he was not always at home, any more than other
 “ young Gentlemen; that he knew no
 “ Harm of him; he was sure that Mr.

“ *Moses*

“ *Moses Smart*, *Mr. Billy Gibbins*, and *Mr. Samuel Trip* were much more abroad, than *Mr. Thomas*.” Which three young Fellows the old Man knowing to be the greatest Reprobates in the City, cried out, “ Oh Lord! oh Lord! does he keep them Company, then he must be undone!” In answer to which *Mr. James* assuring him, that he did not to his Knowledge, at least he was not sure of it. “ Ah! says old *Stem*, “ *James*, I see how it is; you are willing to screen him from my Anger. Get you gone, says he to *Mr. Thomas*, let me never see your Face more.”

BEING come down Stairs, *Mr. James* comforted *Mr. Thomas*, by telling him that Sicknefs and old Age were always peevish, that he should take no notice of it, that certainly *Molly* was a blabbing —; and that keeping out of the old Man’s Sight for a few Days, he did not doubt, but during that Time all might be reconciled again with his Uncle, which he promised to effectuate; and which *Mr. Thomas* obeying, as thinking *Mr. James* his Friend, we shall take the Hint and keep off from the Sight of our Readers, as he did from his Uncle’s, till the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

The Talents of Mr. James Barter farther display'd. Mrs. Molly's great Skill in the Management of Affairs. The last Will and Death of Mr. Thomas Stem.

THE Counsel which Mr. *James* gave to Mr. *Thomas* in the last Chapter, as the Heart of Man cannot be looked into, a cautious Reader would not swear to the Design of; and yet I think whoever had been initiated in the Knowledge of the great World, would have suggested it was not given with a good Intent; if it was, Mr. *James* was a bad Counsellor, as the Observation of it certainly completed the Nephew's Ruin in the Uncle's Opinion. Mrs. *Molly* imputing his Absence entirely to Undutifulness, instigated thereto by Mr. *James*, which is one Reason why his Advice seems to be given with no good Intent.

In short, Things proceeded in this way: Mr. *James* assuring the young Man, that he could not pacify the Uncle; and Mrs. *Molly* harping upon the String of Undutifulness in the Nephew, eternally in the Ears of her Master, with an Addition, that it was pity such ungrateful Wretches should have

have the spending an Estate gotten with Industry and Care; that for her Part, if she had a thousand Relations she would give her Estate, if she had one, to the Poor of the Parish, rather than to Cousins, who would squander it amongst Whores and Gamesters.

THIS the old Tobacconist, touch'd with the Thoughts of his darling Cash, thought was right Reasoning; and assured her, he would divide his Estate between her and Mr. James, who had been his faithful Servants, and not give his reprobate Nephew a Shilling. These Words having escaped Mr. Stem's Mouth, Mrs. Molly without taking Leave, escaped from the old Man and stept down to Mr. James to acquaint him with the News of it, and to take his Advice about making the Will.

Now in this very Place, if an Author could lay Wagers with his Readers, Thousands of Pounds might be won; but as he cannot, it may serve as a Bet at *Whit's*, where the Lives of Men are play'd at Chuck-Farthing; which is, what Part of the Account Mr. James was displeased with? Would not almost every one think, with that of not being to be left more than one Half; whereas, in fact it was, that he was to be left any Part at all.

C 5. Now,

Now, as this may seem to be a little paradoxical to many of our Readers, we shall take upon us to solve it. It being much the Fashion amongst some late Writers to make Paradoxes, for no other Intent on Earth than that of shewing their Skill in solving them; a Thing common with Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, in *Scotland*.

Mr. *James Barter*, tho' not of the kind of that Philosopher in *Syracuse*, who pledged himself to *Dionysius* for the Return of his Friend, tho' he knew he was to be executed at the Time of his coming back; nor of the *Cherokee* Indian, who being advanced in Years, freely gave his Life to save that of a younger Man his Relation, who had forfeited it; yet always preferred the Preservation of a good Character to the Loss of it, when Things might be equally as well done; having made many Observations, that he who has lost his good Name; has lost the best Power of deceiving.

For this Reason, he chose that Mrs. *Molly* should be made sole Executrix of all that the old Gentleman was possessed of, himself only Ten Pounds to buy a Suit of Mourning; and nothing to the Nephew, who was now totally deserted, and whom the old Man, supposing his keeping from seeing him entirely owing to Disregard and Untruthfulness, had ordered Mrs. *Molly* to bid

bid to quit the House ; which Order she would most willingly have obliged him in, but that Mr. *James*, who foresaw that such a Proceeding might be extremely dangerous to them, prevented her, continued to soothe the young Man with Hopes of Reconcilement with his Uncle, and kept him in the House till the Day of the old Man's Death.

THE same Day the Will was made by Mrs. *Molly's* Brother, who had been a Hackney Writer to an Attorney, in which all was bequeathed to Mrs. *Molly*, tho' the old Gentleman divided his Possessions between them. Mr. *James* ordering it so, knowing that he had at any time the Power of destroying the Effect of it by his Oath, and consequently Mrs. *Molly* in his Possession. This Will was witnessed, the old Gentleman declaring it to be his last Will and Testament, before three People who were ignorant of the Contents.

AFTER this he seem'd to be more at his Ease than before, and yet so uncertain is Life, (a moral Reflection) within three Weeks he was taken into the Embraces of Mrs. *Molly's* second best Friend, who is not only her's but that of many a pining Heir also, who sighs grievously for his Father's Estate, and which Friend is no other than the King of Terrors call'd Death.

WHICH

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WHICH Accident, as it put a Period to the Life of Mr. *Thomas Stem*, Tobacconist, shall here put an End to this Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

A very short Chapter, wherein is recounted what happened upon the making, and before the opening, the Will of Mr. Stem.

THE last Testament of Mr. *Stem* being signed, sealed, and delivered, Mr. *James Barter* began to think that entering into the holy State of Matrimony might not be now so much amiss; and therefore, at their Afternoon's Tea, being a little more amorously inclined than usual, he proposed to Mrs. *Molly* the performing that Ceremony the next Morning at *May-Fair*, and keeping it secret till a proper Opportunity for the disclosing it.

THIS, Mrs. *Molly* had but one Objection to; which was, that having staid too long already, and knowing Time to be precious, she conceived that beginning the Ceremony that night with only inverting the Ends of it, might be better than staying till To-morrow; for gaining Time is gaining every
every

every Thing in Love, Trade, and Politics; and therefore she let fall half-jest half-serious some Expression, which led to that Inclination.

MR. *James*, who was never slow at taking a Hint, perceiving what she would be at, promised to steal to her Bed side that very Evening when all was quiet below; which, notwithstanding, he was prevented in. Mrs. *Molly* herself, who thinking he might fall into a deep Sleep and forget it, friendly tripping secretly to his Chamber in the Dark, to remind him of his Promise: Where we shall leave them, without staying to throw the Stocking; a Ceremony never performed when a Wedding begins at the End which this did. And thus we conclude this Chapter, being determined to keep our Words with our Readers, which we promised should be a short one.

C H A P. VII.

In which that Part of the Marriage Ceremony which stands first in the Office, is in this Instance the last in the acting. Together with two other Ceremonies, the burying Mr. Stem, and opening the Will. Young Mr. Stem's Affliction. The Consolation, good Advice, and Generosity of Mr. Barter.

MR S. Molly and Mr. James having spent the Night in the Dark, [which must necessarily prevent every one from seeing what passed, and many a waggish old Reader from a liquorish Description,] there would be great reason to believe that all Accounts of it would lean to the Fabulous; we shall therefore decline every Attempt of that Kind, and only say, that they got up in the Morning and finished the matrimonial Ceremony, where more People are imagined to begin it, than perhaps is strictly true. Indeed, to say the most that can be said against this way, it is but performing it Hebrew-wise, and beginning from the Christian *Finis*; that is, where the Church supposes the married Couple leave off; every Part of the Ceremony being performed, which ultimately comes to the same Thing.

Thing. For 'tis as sure as Fate, that the Person who goes to *Dover* from *London* passes through the same Towns, as he that comes from *Dover* to *London*; the Length of the Voyage is the same to both Parties; with this Difference only, that one Man is at *Dover* in the Morning, and at *London* at Night; the other at *London* in the Morning, and at *Dover* at Night. And this, we conceive, was the whole Difference between the common Method and that which was pursued by Mr. *James* and Mrs. *Molly*.

We must now beg Leave to take our Readers back again to Mr. *Stem*, who was laid in his Coffin, covered with Velvet, and a Silver Plate fixed on it, comprehending his whole History, *videlicet*, the Day of his Birth and the Day of his Decease. One more Paragraph excepted, which had been printed in the Daily Papers, telling the World that important Piece of Intelligence, that Yesterday died Mr. *Thomas Stem*, an eminent Tobacconist; which Word *eminent*, in all such Instances, means nothing but rich.

THE Funeral was pompous, all Parties agreeing to that. The Nephew being in good Humour, from believing that the Effects and Estate were now his own; and Mr. *James* and Mrs. *Molly*, from knowing the contrary. And, perhaps, the Observa-
tion

tion of *Dr. Swift*, that one finds most merry Hearts in mourning Coaches, was never more strictly verified than on this Occasion.

BUT, alas! how transient is human Felicity! it is a Flea that leaps from Place to Place, rioting in Blood like a Buck in Claret, which at last is cracked by the Nails of the Chambermaid, and is seen no more. It is a Mushroom, which springeth up in the Morning, and is eaten at the *King's-Arms* Tavern at Noon. It is a ———, in fact, it is very short-lived, as will be shewn in this Chapter.

OLD *Stem* being decently interred, and *Mrs. Molly* having shed more Tears over him than would have driven an overshot Mill, for we love to speak within Compass; in truth, she was abundantly gifted with Weeping, which is the more extraordinary considering her Sex; they returned to the House which had been old *Mr. Stem's*, and which young *Mr. Thomas* had for some Days concluded was his own, with Design to read the Will.

NOW, Reader, if you have ever seen *Mr. Garrick* in *King Richard*, when he wakes from his Dream; or the Philosophers of *London*, when the Madman predicted another Earthquake. scampering out of Town; you may conceive the Astonishment which
young

young Mr. *Thomas* expressed, when he found that he was excluded from every Shilling of his Uncle's Effects.

IN plain truth, having exhibited some Strokes of Amazement, he fainted away into the Arms of Mr. *James*, who took care to bring him to himself; whilst Mrs. *Molly* went to take a Dram to keep up her Spirits, which were almost exhausted in fearing, lest that should not be in the Will, which she knew to be there; so difficult many People are of believing their good Fortune, when they know it is certainly arrived to them.

"TAKE me away, Mr. *James*," says he, coming to himself: "Let me fly this cursed House, and the Sight of that pernicious Woman, who has seduced my Uncle to my Undoing. I see, says he, by the Will, that you could have no Hand in this Wickedness; your Fidelity is rewarded like my Duty; he has deprived his only Relation of Bread, to bestow it on a false deceitful ———" What we shall not name, being really as reserved as the Author of *Joseph Andrews*, who used the Name of She-dog on the like Occasion.

MR. *James* bewailed his unhappy Situation, and attempted to console him by telling him, there was surely a Providence
whose

whose Eye was over all his Works, and would certainly have the Innocent and Injured under his peculiar Protection; that, as *Cato* said, "the Ways of Heaven were dark and intricate;" and therefore, the very Accident which he took for his Ruin, might possibly be his Happiness in the End; and begged him to be of good cheer, which Exhortation he backed with many Texts of Scripture.

Mr. Thomas the Nephew, thanking him for his good Advice, now said with a Sigh, "Since my Lot is thus unexpectedly changed, from what I had Reason to believe, with the Three Hundred Pounds which were left me by the best of Parents, I will go to the University, and prepare myself for Holy Orders." Which Inclination *Mr. James Barter* much commended him for.

Now, tho' the Reader has been already told, that *Mr. James Barter* had converted *Mrs. Molly Drab* into *Mrs. Barter*, yet the Thing was a Secret to all others but the Parties concerned; and this *Mr. James* determined should yet continue longer in that manner to the World, for Reasons which shall be soon discovered. This Night, however, these two Persons, who had been known by the Names of *James* and *Molly*, being now certainly worth Thirty Thousand Pounds,

had

had a Right to drop those two servile Appellations, and take that of Mr. and Mrs. *Barter*. In this following their Betters, as the Son of a Baron takes that of my Lord, and drops the Honourable Mr. at the Death of his Father.

In serious Truth, they sat down together, and enjoyed for the first Time, without Fear of Molestation, what the old Gentleman had left behind him.

My Reader must have remember'd, or else he has a very bad Memory, that Mr. *James* had all along thought a good Name a good Thing, without the Reputation of which no great Matters could be done in Trade; and this Maxim he continued, after being called Mr. *Barter*. For that Reason he concluded that Twenty-eight Thousand Pounds and a good Character was better than Thirty without it; and foreseeing that some small Sprinklings of the Sarcasm of the World might fall on his Wife, and even on himself, like the dirty Drops which fly from a twirling Mop of some incautious Chamber-Maid on a White-gown'd Passenger; if nothing was given to the young Gentleman to prevent it, or if his Marriage was discovered, as having been transacted before the Death of their Master.

INDEED, he was willing to get a good Name, tho' his Wife might lose it; for
tho',

tho', like a good Christian, he knew that Man and Wife were one Flesh, yet he knew also that one half did not always suffer or rejoice with the other; and therefore was more sedulous of his Moiety than hers, and determined to coax the World into a good Opinion of his Honesty, whatever they might think of his Spouse. In order to obtain this, he desired his fair Consort would grant him two Requests, with an insinuating Leer which would have seduced a more knowing Person.

To which she answered as obliging in the Affirmative. Which were, that the blissful Day of their Nuptials should be yet kept a Secret, and that Mr. *Thomas Stem* the Nephew, might be presented with Two Thousand Pounds; the last Article of which she was a long while in consenting to. With respect to the first, as she received all the Emoluments of a Wife as fully as if she had been proclaimed in every Market-Town in *Great-Britain*, she gave herself no trouble about; but the Two Thousand Pounds, being a weighty Affair, was not so easily removed.

SHE expostulated with her Husband, that Two Thousand Pounds was a great deal of Money to give to a Person who was no ways her Relation; that Money was not so easily got in these Days; that, to be sure, her
Master

Master was a good Master, but that she dearly deserved every Penny she had left her; and that she was not sure whether such an Action was not breaking the Will of the Dead.

HOWEVER Mr. *Barter* getting the better of the Argument, got the better of her Resolution, and determined the Money should be given to the Nephew which he had proposed; and to behave as a Servant to his Wife, till a proper Time should arrive for the declaring to the World the Secret of their Marriage.

ABOUT two or three Days after this Mr. *Barter* paid a Visit to Mr. *Thomas Stem*. He found him in a certain Tranquillity of Spirits which naturally follows a great Dejection in most Minds, when the first Pangs are somewhat abated, not unlike that Stillness in the Sky which is sometimes observed when two opposite and gentle Winds, or Summer Breezes have just overcome one another's Motion; or like the Tide at the Moment of high Water, before it has received the contrary Direction. In this manner Mr. *Barter* finding Mr. *Thomas*, he told him what he had obtained for him, which the other strenuously refused to accept at first, from the Hands of that villainous Woman, as he named her, till being reasoned with by Mr. *Barter*, whom he considered

sidered as his best Friend, he at length complied with this Request, and accepted the Money.

THIS Affair being told by Mr. *Thomas Stem* to the young Fellows who came good-naturedly to comfort him in his Affliction, and piously to d—n his Uncle to Hell; concluding at the same time that he was certainly gone there already, they swore that *Little James* was a d—m—'d honest Fellow, and deserved to be considered; in which Thought we acquiesce, as well as these clever young Fellows; and therefore, dropping young Mr. *Stem* for the present, we shall consider *Little James*, alias Mr. *Barter*, through great Part of the following History.

C H A P. VIII.

Mrs. Barter begins to become a Gentlewoman. Her Ambition of the best Company. The Introduction of two Personages. Much engaged with People in high Life. A Division of the City of London on a new Plan, which we conceive to be the Invention of the Author ; and therefore lay our Claim to it.

MR. Barter having thus established a good Character amongst the young Men, which is always much easier and better done than amongst the old ; Youth being either more credulous, more ignorant of the World, or more honest ; all which we are apt to believe are more inclined to conceive People like themselves than old Age, which is not fond of decorating its Contemporaries with Garlands of those Virtues which it finds no Pegs in itself to hang them upon. This Piece of Generosity then, of *Little James*, these young Gentlemen applauded to the Skies, and spread abroad with great Vehemence every where ; so that his Reputation for an honest Fellow being so great, he conceived that the Foundation for deceiving was now so well established,

blished, that he made no doubt of raising an immense Fortune, which was his Ambition. At the same time being determined to use this Advantage but upon great Occasions, he laid it by to accumulate, as Misers do their Money in the Stocks, and never risque a good Character by the pitiful Tricks of short Weight, selling one Thing for another, arresting Men for small Sums of Money, casting up Accounts in his own Favour ; which imprudent Actions have been the Ruin of many an honest Man than himself, who foolishly parted with a Thing for five Pounds, which well managed would have brought them Thousands. He continued some time to serve Mrs. *Barter*, his lawful Wife, as a Servant by Day only, dining with her at the same Table, and sleeping in the same Bed ; two Things not very uncommon with Male-Servants in those Houses where the Mistresses are either Widows or old Maids.

THINGS passing on in this Way, Mrs. *Barter*, who from Ignorance of her State was called Miss *Molly* by her Stay-maker, Mantua maker, and Milliner ; all which positively affirmed, that she was the best Shape for a Lady of a largish Size that ever they had seen ; and indeed she was reduced to as small a Diameter as Whalebone and Canvass could make her, being braced

into her Stays like Cotton into a Sack ; which Complaisance of the Milliner and Mantua-maker being graciously received, was returned on Mrs. *Barter's* Side, by a Desire that the Ladies would drink a Dish of Tea with her, which Request was as readily granted, for Reasons which will be as readily suggested ; the Stay-maker going away unasked, the Lady not being knowing enough in Politeness to decide whether she should ask him or not. Tea being served, Mrs. *Barter* desired the Ladies would admit Mr. *James* to the Tea-table, for tho' Providence she said had been pleased to bless her with Wealth, yet thank Heaven she had not forgot, that she had been a Fellow-Servant with Mr. *James*, and therefore hoped they would excuse it, which being complied with, with the utmost Readiness, Mr. *James* participated of the Tea, and retired.

Now there is no Conjurer, however renowned he may be, that can foretel a Marriage or guess at a Man and Woman's Designs so shrewdly, as a Milliner or Mantua-maker ; for that Reason these two Ladies tipt the Wink upon one another during the Tea-time, as much as to say, here is a Match going on. In which the Reader sees, from the particular Favour of the Author's letting him into it, that they were once mistaken ; the Affair being already

concluded, which these Ladies imagined but just begun.

Mr. *Barter* being retired, Mrs. *Barter* told the Ladies, she hoped they should be better acquainted, for that being always very fond of the best Company, she should take it as a Favour if they would see her often, which Visits she would constantly repay very thankfully.

To this good-natured Overture Mrs. *Mockmode* the Milliner told her, that she should look upon her Company as the greatest Honour which could possibly be done her; and hoped she should have the Pleasure of seeing her at her House next *Thursday*, when Mr. *Doubletripe's* Lady intended her the Favour of a Visit; at which time, says she, I do not doubt of beginning an Intimacy between your Ladyship and Mrs. *Doubletripe*; a Lady, I assure you Miss *Molly*, of great Politeness, and much known at Court.

THIS Speech was seconded by just such another from the Mantua-maker; both for the same Reason, the Hopes of bringing more Custom; for these Baggages knew that Fifty Guineas from Mrs. *Barter* was equal to Fifty Guineas from Lady —, and much sooner received from one than the other; which in a Tradesman or Woman's Opinion makes a good Amends between

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tween heading a Bill with plain Mrs. and the Honour of,

The Right Hon. Lady Lucy Tiptoe.

To Martha Mockmode ————— *Debtor.*

For, strange to tell! these unpolite People are so foolish to imagine, that ready Money from a Tobacconist's Wife is equal to the Honour of crediting a Duchefs.

NOTHING was ever in higher Spirits than Mrs. *Barter* was this Evening: She told Mr. *Barter* the Honour she was like to have, and the Civility she had received from Mrs. *Mockmode*; she protested, a Word she had that Day learnt from the Milliner, that she did not believe there was a *more politer* Woman about Town, than Mrs. *Mockmode*. And here, before I conclude this Chapter, I shall give you the true Reasons which entered into the Head of the Milliner, to make this Advance of Mrs. *Barter*'s meeting Mrs. *Doubletripe* at her House.

It is, or ought to be perfectly well known, by all who have made the least Remark upon this great City of *London*, that nothing can be more unlike than the two Extremes of it, meaning *Wapping* and *St. James's*.

AND yet, in beginning at *Wapping* and proceeding to the Court, the Politeness of Manners increases so gradually, that you cannot perceive the least Distinction in pas-

ing from one Individual to another between the two adjoining Neighbours, the Difference is so little; the Scenes from Barbarity to good Breeding running from the Landlady at *Wapping* to the Duchesses at Court, like the Scale of animal Beings in Nature, which if we suppose beginning with an Oyster ends in a Man, all forming a Chain.

IN Truth, the Increase of Manners is as imperceptible as the Hand of a Clock; which, tho' Experience tells us is constantly moving, the Eye is not sharp enough to distinguish in its very Time of Motion; and only judges from the comparative Places of its pointing at different Times, that it makes any Progress at all.

IN order then to create a perceptible and striking Difference between the Inhabitants of this great City, it has or should have been divided into four Capital Parts, the Court, the Law, Trade, and Navigation. The first including what is distinguished by the Appellation of, *the other End of the Town*; the second the *Temple*, its Purlieus, and the Inns of Court; the third *the City*, properly so called; and the fourth, that Part called *Wapping*.

Now it has been Time immemorial a Custom in *England*, for those who are called our *Betters*, to think they have a right to laugh at those whom they imagine to be
their

their Inferiors ; for that Reason, the Ladies of Nobility and high Life have always simpered at the Ladies of the Law, and laugh'd out right at the City Ladies ; the Ladies of the Law have, in their Turn imitated the Quality, in simpering at Sheriffs Wives and Lady Mayoreesses, and laughed at others of inferior Quality at *Wapping* ; and the City Ladies have always simpered at the low bred People who have started into Riches three Years later than themselves, and made *Wapping* their standing Butt of Pleasantry ; which Place being filled with Sailors, the Inhabitants did nothing but laugh at one another, and all the rest of the World, whilst honest *Jack Tar* had any Money in his Pocket. In this manner the Laughter continually runs from one to another, in repeated Explofions, like those Kind of Cannon which are called Chambers, fired by a Train of Gunpowder.

FOR this Reason it was, that Mrs. *Mock-mode* had cunningly devised an Entertainment of Laughter for Mrs. *Doubletripe*, who desired of all Things to see Mrs. *Barter*, of whom she had heard so much ; and Mrs. *Barter*, a Regale of Honour, who was extremely proud of sitting in Company with so great a Lady. And this is what

is sometimes understood, by sorting your Company at the other End of the Town.

THIS Visit, however, tho' it might make a good Epifode in the History, we chuse to say nothing about, but hasten to the Hour in which the Marriage was declared between Mr. *Barter* and Mrs. *Barter* as having taken place only six Days, which had really been celebrated six Months. And this we think will make a pretty Beginning for a separate Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

The Marriage declared, with several new Similies. Mr. Barter's Idea of strict Probity. His Way of taking Vengeance on the Enemies, and treating the Fellow Subjects of Great-Britain. Mrs Barter's resembling Sarah, the Wife of Abraham the Patriarch. The Birth of her two Daughters; and, Mr. Barter's commencing Philosopher.

THE Time being come when Mr. *Barter* thought that his Marriage with Mrs. *Barter* might be intrusted to the World, without Loss of Character; his Lady was allowed to own she had taken him

him to her Arms, under one of which he lay like the Liver beneath the Wing of a Turkey, the Pinnacle by the Side of a Man of War; or, which is the best Simile which was ever invented for a Man and his Wife, where one of the Couple is shorter than the other, and which I hope all future Authors will use on the like Occasion, the Sheath of a Knife and Fork, where the two Parts being strongly united, making like Man and Wife not one Flesh, but one Utenfil; the Sheath of the Fork being shorter and less than that of the Knife, resembled Mr. *Barter* and his Lady; for tho' their Heads were equally high on the Pillows, their Bodies were very far from extending equally low in Bed, Mr. *Barter's* Feet reaching no farther than the Knees of his Spouse.

THIS Marriage being declared, Company received in due Form, the Milliner and Mantua-maker making no inconsiderable Part of the Visitors, Mr. *Barter* set his Heart upon being extremely rich, and Mrs. *Barter* on being a fine Lady; and yet such prevalent Things are Custom and Education, that every Morning in coming down Stairs she found herself going several Steps into the Kitchen, before she recollected herself; the Pots and the Spits coming strongly into her Head, as it did into *Teague's* at the Sight of Mrs. *Day*, in the Committee.

MR. *Barter* being Thirty thousand Times richer, perhaps, than ever he once imagin'd he should be, was now determined to be Thirty thousand Times richer than he was, if possible; such is the Disposition of Man thirsting after Wealth; and this we could prove from many Greek and Latin Authors, but that we are afraid of being taxed with writing sometimes in a Language unintelligible to many of our Readers; whereas we chuse to be as plain as possible in all we deliver.

To this end he enlarged his Trade, and made Correspondencies abroad, whereby to obtain the earliest Intelligence of all Merchandises shipped for *England*. He was extremely punctual in his Payments, never caviling about Trifles; smooth and simpering to all Men, and hated what he called a little Thing; which is to be understood, defrauding any one of a little Sum of Money, to the Loss of a great deal of Reputation.

YET he was not so weak as not to know what a Character was worth, and keep it upon his Hands by over rating the Merchandise; for which Reason he never failed selling To-day Five thousand Pounds Worth of Goods, which he knew by Intelligence would not be worth half that Money Tomorrow from a fresh Importation, to any
Man

Man who was ignorant of the approaching Alteration. This indeed, tho' deem'd as very unjust in Gaming, is esteemed very honest in Trade: So different are Things made by two Names only.

IN the *French* War he insured by Commission for the *French* Merchants, their Ships and Effects in *England*, and then was concerned in Fitting out Privateers to intercept them in their Return; and there are not wanting some Insinuations that he was engaged in *French* Privateers, and betrayed the Sailing of the *English* Ships to the Captains of them in *France*: By which we see he was strictly a Man of Integrity, and carried the Christian Doctrine of loving his Enemy as his Fellow-Citizen, and doing by one as the other, to a great height. A very rare Example of Uprightness in this degenerate Age!

BEING successful in all his Undertakings, he became one of the richest Merchants on the Exchange of *London*; and Mrs. *Barter* one of the finest Dames in the City, if fine Cloaths, fine Jewels, and fine Furniture can make fine Folks, as fine Feathers make fine Birds.

BESIDES this, he was bless'd with two Daughters; Mrs. *Barter*, to her great Sorrow, having never given her Husband a Boy; and now, like *Sarah*, she began to think the Time of her Bearing of Children was past.

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Indeed she had no small Reason to be of that Opinion ; but as the Almanack is lost, in which her Father inserted in the Margin her Name opposite to the Day she was born, as 'Squires in the Country do the Foaling of a Colt, we hope we shall be excused from telling it.

MR. *Barter* was now too rich to mind Character, and too proud to do a little Thing ; and having an Ambition of being a Man of Sense, as well as a Man of Riches, he kept company with a Set of Free-thinkers ; and thus, from a Presbyterian slid easily into an Infidel : A Transition which is more easy than People are apt to imagine, no two Things being nearer a-kin than Hypocrisy and Infidelity.

His chief Companion was an elderly Man, of a grave and comely Aspect ; bespeaking Sense if beheld at a Distance, and something different from it at a nearer View. He wore a Wig flowing on his Shoulders, and his Conversation was sententious. The former Part of his Life was spent in that Occupation which the Greeks call Παιδαγωγος ; but being a Man of Ambition, he passed from the Country to the Service of a late Minister, for whom he wrote in explaining the evil Tendency of Religion, and the Advantages of ruining his Country. But, his Patron being dead,
he

he had since returned to his old Way of Teaching Boys in Coffee-Houses, that there was no God; with a pious Intent to prevent such Notions from having an Influence on their Morals, and hindering them from rising in the World.

THIS Gentleman had frequently the Honour of Dining with Mr. *Barter*, to whom his Conversation and Reasoning upon Matters of Religion were extremely entertaining: His Life, in some measure, wanting such a kind of Philosophy, for the Sake of internal Quiet: All not being quite well within.

To this Gentleman's Company, Miss *Molly*, his eldest Daughter, was very often introduced; her Father imagining, from what he had heard of the Court, that Infidelity and Politeness were the same Thing; and therefore he was determined his Child should not complain, that he had not given her a genteel Education.

As to his other Daughter, she was of another Cast from the eldest; and not having the best Health, was obliged to spend her Time in the Country; where having read the Bible, she had taken a Prejudice in Favour of the Christian Religion, which Mr. *Narrowbottom* and her Father had no Hopes of weaning her from; and therefore all Thoughts of that Kind were given over.

WHICH

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WHICH two last Words put us in mind that it is high time to give over this Chapter, if it be but for the sake of beginning another.

C H A P. X.

New Matters of Delight for the Author, exemplified by two Similies. The Description of the eldest Daughter, and then of the younger: The Difference left to the Reader's Decision. A new Family introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance.

THOSE who have never been Writers can never conceive how happy an Author is, that has travelled through the disagreeable and sterile Parts of his Work, and is now arrived at that which offers some Beauty to his Mind, and refreshes his Fancy with pleasing Sensations: It is not unlike a cooling Spring, which bubbles at the Feet of some weary Traveller parched with Thirst in the Deserts of *Arabia*, inviting him to drink; or a full and frothy Pot of strong Beer smiling on a thirsty Porter: Which two Similies we have chosen, one to shew our Poetry, and please those Readers
4 who

who delight much in the Likenesses of Things which they have never seen, as Men raging like Lions, fierce as Tygers, and weeping like Crocodiles ; and the other to entertain those who have no Notion of any Thing but what they have seen ; which Disposition in us, we hope, will be taken in good part by both Sorts of People.

Of these two young Ladies then, the eldest, who was called after her Mother, *Mary*, resembled the good Lady from whom she descended, as much as the *Mediterranean* Sea does the Ocean ; being entirely of the same Qualities, but not quite of the same Quantity. She was at eighteen as tall as her Mother, tho' much less in the Girt ; and her Mind endowed with the same excellent Qualifications, being of an ambitious Turn, and from her Childhood determined to be a Lady ; which many People imagine was put into her Head, by her Mamma, and others a kind of intuitive Perception of what was to be her Lot ; tho' her Parents at first never conceived her being any thing above a Lady Mayoress, in the most romantic Excursions of their Fancy.

THIS Female then, as she is so rich an Heiress, and to figure in this History, we must give a more ample Description of, and particularly her internal Excellencies ;

the

the external being always, tho' never so eminent, ever to be postponed to the former; and this we dare to aver, tho' many Ladies of our Acquaintance are of a different Opinion, relying entirely on the Charms of their Persons.

Miss *Barter*, we have already said, was as tall as her Mother; which being already described to be six Foot, the Reader will know her Height as well as if he had measured her, at three Applications of a Two-foot Rule.

HER Face was flat and bony, her Cheek-Bones standing out in the Northern Taste. Her Eyes were grey, little, fiery, and secured from external Injuries by the Eyebrows and Forehead jutting out over them, like a Balcony over the Door of a House; but in Compensation of the Littleness of her Eyes, Nature, who is always very kind, had made her ample Amends by the Extent of her Mouth, which was bounded by two thin Lips, and adorned with two Rows of black Teeth; which, for the sake of Variety, seemed reeling from one another. And if Mr. *Maddocks* had been obliged to walk on the Top of such a Line, he must have altered his rectilineal Step to that which is described by a Man whose Head has been sodden with too much strong Liquor. Her Nose was long and sharp, and her Chin

sharp and long. Her Neck was like a Skeleton covered with a transparent Cloth, the Bones being visible enough; and in the new-fashion'd Negligée, she really was, at some Distance, in Shape not unlike a *Hungary* Water Bottle; only the two Arms, which being very long, and reaching down within six Inches of her Knees, terminated with a Pair of broad Hands, not unlike those Oars which are known by the Name of Paddles, sometimes destroy'd that Resemblance: In fact, she was a kind of a walking Embryo, which only wanted being filled up with Flesh to resemble her Mother. Her Voice was neither Treble nor Base, but of such a singular Kind, that *Handel* or *Geminiani* would have run mad at the hearing it; it would have succeeded in the Opera at *Paris* to a Miracle.

THIS extraordinary Body of hers was filled up with a Mind as extraordinary; having an Ambition within her not easily to be equalled, her whole Pleasure consisting in being thought to be richer and finer than every other Person, and the greatest Fortune in the City. She had learnt *French*, to read and to write, but not to spell; her Mamma often lamenting the Want of that Art, was determined her Child should not know the same Inconveniency, exclaiming against the Negligence of Parents in the Education

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ducation of their Children, tho' her Daughter was the first of her Family that ever could write ; but then she paid it going in Reasoning, which she had been taught by Mr. *Narrowbottom* and her Pappa ; and indeed, she would have made a good Figure at several Clubs in this City, where the only Requisite is to disbelieve every Thing which is the most necessary to be believed, and which has stronger Proofs than almost any thing else : Nay, it was with Difficulty she was restrained from visiting *Robin Hood's* Club, and shewing her Talents to the Baker.

As to the Disposition of her Soul, she was so far from being possess'd with those Passions, which make what is called Female Weakness, that she knew nothing of one of them : But then again, the manly she had in a very eminent degree, being extremely apt to be angry and malicious ; and so far was she from being a Slave to the foolish Passion of Love, that there does not appear she had ever shewn the least Hint of it in any Instance but two, which were the Love of plaguing every one but her Father and Mother, whose Favourite she was, and whom her Avarice only determin'd her to please ; and in seeing the Dog and Cat scratch each other, which always drew a Laugh from her.

HER

HER Employment was forming a Coronet with Pins in her Pincushion, whilst she was dressing; and her Conversation with her Father was about Money, Stocks, and Infidelity. A strange Character which Mr. Barter had made, because he had no Son to listen to his Talk, and he could not be silent.

THE other young Lady was called *Eliza*. She was of the Size of that Grecian Statue of *Venus*, which stands in the Gallery of *Florence*; but rather more plump, tho' not so much in that Taste as the Graces of *Rubens* in the *Luxemburg* Palace at *Paris*. Her Features, separately taken, were not perfectly fine; and yet the Composition of the whole produced something more pleasing than Beauty itself. Her Physiognomy being inform'd with a Sweetness which does not captivate, but seduce the Hearts of those who behold it; creating that Sensation thro' the Eyes which Harmony does thro' the Ears, and converting the whole Soul into one uniform Complacency and Approbation.

HER Complexion was rather pale than florid, tho' not at all unhealthy; and a little *Parisian Rouge* would have made it the finest in the World. Her Neck and Head were joined inimitably beautiful; and her whole Person was such as *Guido* would have chosen

chosen for a *Madona*, having a native Innocence in her Looks and Air, which would become the Virgin-Mother looking down on the Saviour of the World. In fact she was the precise Taste of Beauty in that Painter, which tho' not so perfectly exalted and correct as that of *Raphael* and *Carrache* in the Drawing, has in its Air and Whole something as pleasing and desirable to those Minds which are tempered with Sweetness.

HER Voice was low, yet Harmony itself, coming from the whitest and evenest Teeth that ever were formed, placed behind the most rosy Lips that ever articulated a Word; which Words were truly a Perfume.

HER Temper was all Serenity, having no Pleasure in the Thoughts of Ambition; and tho' she was sensible of Injuries, she never resented them, only declining the Occasion and the Person who had been the Cause. It has been already said, that she was bred in the Country during the greatest Part of her Life, where she amused herself with learning *French*, Drawing, and Musick; and tho' her Voice was not loud enough or had sufficient Compass for difficult Airs, it was perfectly in Tune; and thus in Retirement she amused herself with Singing, Playing, Reading and Drawing, unenvying and unenvied. Besides this, she had the tenderest Heart which ever beat in

a Female Bosom, and could not behold even those who deserved it in Pain, without great Sensibility and Heart-ach. She gave largely of that Money which her Parents allowed her to a destitute Widow of a Captain of a Ship, who had been murdered by the Negroes on the Coast of *Guiney*, in her Father's Employ; the old Gentleman not chusing to see the Wife of that Man who was so consumedly negligent, he said, as to let a Parcel of Blacks get the better of him, and lose a fine Ship on her first Voyage, without one Farthing insured.

SHE gave Money to all the little Boys of the Village where she lived, who would not rob the poor Birds of their Eggs and Young, and purchased their Freedom when they were caught. She spent whole Hours in observing the Pigeons, their Loves and Fidelity; and kept nothing in Confinement but two Turtle-doves, which the Inclemency of our Island would not permit to live in open Air, and therefore could enjoy Life upon no other Terms; and who, being confined to a Cage from the Nest, had never tasted of Liberty; and perhaps, like the Sultanas in the Seraglio of the Grand Turk, believed that Spot the Paradise of this World; and never sigh'd for greater Freedom, or Change of Condition. Such was the second Daughter of Mr. *Barter*, as unlike

like her Sister as the muddy Streams of the River *Avon*, which wash the Walls of *Bristol*, are to the Waters of the Silver *Tbames*. Not the white Down which decks the Silver Swan is more unlike the sooty Raven's Back, nor Truth to Falshood, than was *Eliza* to her Sister *Mary*.

INDEED she appeared descended from another Race, and not the Offspring of those she came from. At the Age of Seventeen she left the Country, the Clergyman being about to leave the Living, with whom she had lived, and who had been her great Instructor, for a much better near *Totness* in *Devonshire*; of which County he was a Native.

WITH this Gentleman, his Wife, and a Daughter of her Age and Disposition, *Eliza* had passed a Life of Sweetness, Ease and Understanding; learning from the smiling Dictates and Example of this good Man and Family, what Life needs for Happiness; a Philosophy, which nothing but Experience can teach, and a good Heart give relish to and enjoy.

THE Name of this Gentleman was *Thoroughgood*; his Family consisted of one Son, who was a Fellow of *Exeter* College at *Oxford*, and the Daughter which has been already mentioned, was so much like Miss *Eliza Barter* in the Degree, tho' some Difference

ference in the Kind of Beauty and Person, that it would be ridiculous to attempt the Description of her; their Minds were as much resembling each other as two Drops of Water, or two equal Portions of pure Space; it is scarce a Figure to say, that they were animated by one Soul.

THE Day being come when *Eliza* must quit her lovely Friend and Companion *Fanny Thoroughgood*, which Day was no more than the most afflicting of the preceding Month, every Hour having increased in Pain from the Moment they knew they must part; every Minute of which was past in silent Tears, in Heart-felt Sighs, Embraces that seemed to unite them into one Body, with Words expressing their Fears of never seeing each other again. At last, poor *Fanny's* Heart, almost bursting, permitted her to utter what shall be seen in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

A Description of the parting of two Female Friends, rarely found at Court. The Admonitions of a Parent; and the continued Friendship of the Ladies.

“**Y**OU are going, my dear *Eliza*,” says *Fanny*, beholding her with Tears, “to Scenes of Pomp, Expence and Pleasure, of very different Kinds from those which this rural Spot has afforded. Will you, says she, remember your constant *Fanny*, amidst the Tumult of the World and Whirl of Gaiety, and give to our old Friendship a few Thoughts on one who will never forget to love and remember you? Shall I be permitted to weep with Joy over your frequent Letters?”

“CAN my *Fanny*, says *Eliza*, doubt of the Truth of what I have so often repeated? Believe me, I should be glad of an Occasion which might determine me to be for ever your Companion; and so little Charm has the pleasurable Life of *London* for me, from what I have seen at my short Stay in it, that I would with Joy relinquish all my Expectations of
“Fortune

" Fortune for that which would support
" me with you, (for as yet her Heart had
" received no Impression of Love.) My
" Letters you shall never want."

" ALAS! says *Fanny*, I do not fear your
" Inconstancy, yet I love you too well to
" be entirely at Ease; excuse my Doubts,
" *Eliza* knows how well I love her!"

AFTER ten thousand Kisses, repeated with the greatest Emphasis, the Father and Mother looking on, the Tear stealing down their Blood-shot Eyes; after going and returning to embrace a thousand once-more's, thanking the good Man and Woman for all their Cares and parental Kindness; she at last stepped into the Coach, which carried her from the loveliest Friend, imparting an Anguish little less than that of the Moment when the Soul leaves the Body.

SILENT as the Midnight-hour, unmoved as the Statue of Despair, poor *Fanny* followed with her Eyes the Coach which bore away her lovely Companion, her Father and Mother being but little less afflicted; and when she could no longer see it, her Soul as if it would still pursue her Friend forsook her Body, and she would have fallen fainting on the Ground, if her Father had not prevented it by catching her in his Arms.

By

By some little Applications she soon recovered from this Fainting, and a Flood of Tears gave Ease to her oppressed Heart. During which Time, her Father knowing what Relief such Discharges afford to human Nature, did not attempt to expostulate with her on the too great Degree of her Passion; but leaving her some little Time to recover, he began

“ My dearest *Fanny*, says the good Man,
 “ it is with Pleasure that I have beheld
 “ such convincing Proofs of your Friend-
 “ ship for that amiable young Lady, who
 “ is just now parted from us; and yet I
 “ tremble for you, my dear Child, when I
 “ consider what Pain you must feel for me
 “ and your Mother, when the Day shall
 “ come which must summons us to ano-
 “ ther, and, I hope, a better Life; tho’
 “ Providence has given me no Reason to
 “ complain of this.”

“ My dear Child, continued he, there is
 “ nothing on Earth but the Loss of Virtue
 “ which may not be bewailed too much;
 “ Friendship and Duty have their Bounds,
 “ and of consequence the Sorrow which is
 “ occasioned by the Loss of the Object in
 “ each should be limited also.”

“ I AM sensible how little I can practise
 “ what I know to be right, and can re-
 “ call the Moments of Affliction which
 “ your

“ your dear Mother and myself underwent
 “ when we thought we beheld Thee struggling
 “ in the convulsive Agonies of Death,
 “ yet we were mistaken, thou wert restored
 “ to our Arms and Prayers; and some
 “ kind Occasion may yet arrive, to unite you
 “ and the lovely *Eliza* inseparably in this
 “ World; at least the Time is short, which
 “ will produce that Period in another.
 “ Believe me, Child, it is not worth the Tribute
 “ of all these Tears and Affliction.”

WITH these, and such kind of Reasonings, the good Man and Woman endeavoured to make the Grief of *Fanny* pass off as lightly as possible; which, indeed, was much alleviated also by the writing out the Sentiments of her Soul when it was overcharged with Affliction in a Letter to the lovely *Eliza*, assisted much by Letters as constantly coming on the Part of *Eliza* to *Fanny*, who felt her equal Share of Pain in the Separation. Thus, nothing but the Eye seemed to be deprived of its Pleasure, in the Division of these two Friends, this Intercourse of Letters and Ardour of Friendship continued unabated and pure as the vestal Fire; Mr. *Thoroughgood* going into *Devonshire*, with his Wife and lovely *Fanny*; where we shall leave them to step back to see what was passing in the Family of Mr. *Barter*.

C H A P. XII.

In which Mrs. Barter's Ambition and Mr. Narrowbottom are communicated to the Reader. Mr. Narrowbottom's Manner of Speaking, and Offers of Friendship. To which is added, Mrs. Barter's Dream, for the sake of Interpreters in Visions.

ONE Day Mr. *Narrowbottom* in dining with Mr. *Barter*, who was now more fond of his Company than ever, as the Tenor of his Life daily required a Philosophy which might explain away the Terrors of another World, and his Fears of it grew stronger with advancing Years; discoursing of an Act which was passed, to prevent the Marriage of those who were under the Age of Twenty-one, without Consent of the Parents, Relations, or Guardians; ask'd him why he did not think of marrying his two Daughters to two Peers of the Realm? " For, says he, this Act will throw all the " Money into the Hands of the Nobility, " who, purchasing the Boroughs, will " chuse what Commions they please; by " which means they will become the Re- " presentatives of the Lords, and not the " People; the ——— will be a mere Cy-
pher,

pher, a Kind of Pensioner of the Lords.
 " Make your Family noble, if you can;
 " take my Advice, remember what I say."
 To this, Mr. *Barter*. perceiving the Truth
 of what was said, and Mrs. *Barter* catching
 greedily at the Word Lord, she asked Mr.
Narrowbottom, " If he knew of any young
 " Nobleman, who would chuse Sixty or
 " Seventy Thousand Pounds with her eld-
 " est Daughter: As for *Betsy*, says she, a
 " Baronet will do for her, with the Thirty
 " Thousand which we intend giving her;
 " for I am not willing that my Husband
 " should part with more than a Hundred
 " Thousand Pounds during his Life." By
 this Proposition it will plainly appear, that
 Miss *Barter* was the Favourite; and *Eliza*,
 like Virtue, had not the Esteem or Reward
 she merited.

" I DON'T know, Madam, says Mr. *Nar-*
rowbottom, but I may; there's the Earl
 " of *Wormeaton*'s Son, my Lord *Sapplin*, is a
 " fine young Fellow; a fine Estate, a little
 " Debt upon it, or so, perhaps, a Trifle;
 " the Father crippled with the Gout, can't
 " spend more of it: I don't know but such
 " a Thing may go down there: I'll try;
 " feel the Pulse of the old Lord; there's
 " no Harm in that; I know him very
 " well. You shall hear from me the End
 " of this Week, Madam."

AT this Place Mr. *Barter*, who, tho' his Pride made him much in Love with Marrying his Daughter into a noble Family, yet his Cunning and his Love of Money made him desire Mr. *Narrowbottom* not to propose a Match, if the Estate was indebted very largely : “ For, says he, if my Money
 “ goes to pay off a large Incumbrance, the
 “ Estate will hardly maintain two Families,
 “ the Father's and the Son's, which has
 “ not been hitherto sufficient for one:
 “ Therefore, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, let us
 “ have no Treatment upon this Matter,
 “ without you are sure that the Debt is not
 “ large, and that the Settlement on my
 “ Daughter may be made securely.”

“ WHAT! mistrust your Friend! you
 “ don't know me, you mistake me for a
 “ Christian!—What! think I'll betray you
 “ for any Lord alive!— I have no other
 “ Thoughts, but to serve your Family.—
 “ Depend upon me—all shall be done as
 “ it should be, one way or another.” This was uttered with some little Vehemence by Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who delighteth much in the Laconic Style and short Sentences.

THINGS being settled in the above manner, the two Gentlemen drank a Bottle of Burgundy, with Success to the intended Marriage, being now and then pledged by the Lady in so good a Cause; and Mr. *Narrowbottom*

rowbottom promised at the same time to look out for a Husband for Miss *Betsy*, which the Parents said they were in no hurry about; because one Thing being well over, they could the better provide for another. But as Mr. *Narrowbottom* entertained some Ideas different from Mr. *Barter* and his Lady, relating to the Marriages of their Daughters, he was determined to transact both together, for Reasons which will appear in the succeeding Sheets of this Work.

THE Day being passed very pleasingly to all Parties, that is, to Mr. and Mrs. *Barter*, and Mr. *Narrowbottom*; the young Ladies knowing nothing of the Conversation; the Philosopher withdrew, and the Master and Mistress of the House retired to Bed; where Mrs. *Barter* was amused with the following Dream, which we beg Leave to add to this Chapter, because it seems hardly long enough without it; for we are not only determined to deliver nothing but the strictest Truth in relating this History, but even tell the Truth in every other Circumstance, particularly the Reason of our Writing it at all, in the last Chapter.

Mrs. *Barter* then having reclined her rosy Head upon the Swan-white Pillow, which looked like Mount *Hecla*, whose Top is ever burning amidst surrounding Snows,

dropt into a sweet Slumber, accompanied with that Sound which resembles the Drone of a *Lancashire* Bag pipe ; and which, Mr. *Barter* being long accustomed to, it was no more offensive to his Ear, than the Murmuring of falling Waters, the vernal Breeze sighing thro' the Leaves, or the melodious Song of the Evening Nightingale.

DURING this Sleep, like *Agamemnon*, she was favour'd with a Dream from *Jupiter*, in which she fancied that she was transformed into a very large Pumpkin ; [the Fruit of a Plant, which never rises from the Ground without some Support to sustain its Branches, but creeps along the Surface ;] that she became by much the biggest of the whole Season, and when being thoroughly ripe she at last split, and there were found in her but two Seeds ; one of which being placed in a Hot-house, to make it produce Fruit the soonest that it could possibly be done, seemed to spring up with great Vigour at first, then suddenly grew rotten and came to nothing ; the other being entirely neglected on the Ground, came in due time to be the most beautiful Plant which ever was seen of the Kind, rising round the Stem of a fine Fruit-tree, and climbing into the Branches where the Fruit appeared extremely pleasing and beautiful.

THIS

THIS Dream Mrs. Barter related to Mr. Barter, at her waking; but as there was no Solution of it to be found by either of these two Persons, so we pretend to be no Interpreters of Dreams, leaving all these Things like obscure antique Inscriptions, or the Ænigmas of the Ladies Diary, for the Entertainment of our Readers Imaginations; and yet, in Imitation of *Titus Livius*, whom we should be proud to imitate in all our Writings, relating the Prodigies of the Year. And now, having brought this Chapter to a sufficient Length, we desire to be permitted to conclude, and begin another.

C H A P. XIII.

The first Appearance of Mr. William Worthy. His Descent and Character. A philosophical Account of Love; proving that Lovers are no more than two Instruments in Tune. The Insatiability of the Passion of Love.

BESIDES the Family of Mr. Barter, which we have already mentioned, there was in his Counting-House a young Gentleman of a very ancient and honourable

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Family,

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Family, whose Ancestors had never deviated from the Service of their Country, resisting the Temptation of the grand Corruptor the Earl of —, and constantly voting with unbiaſſed Heart for the Welfare of that Kingdom which gave them Birth, and claimed their Regard.

HE was the ſecond Son of Sir *Simon Wortby*, of —, in *Cornwal*; and, as his Father had ſupported himſelf in his Borough, for his Country's Sake, he was the leſs enabled to leave large Fortunes to the younger Children. This Gentleman then was placed with Mr. *Barter* (his Father being dead) by his elder Brother, now Sir *Simon Wortby*; where Merchandiſe and Trade might increaſe the Four Thouſand Pounds which was left him by his beſt of Parents.

THIS Gentleman was of as amiable a Diſpoſition as could enter into the human Compoſition; the Honour of his Anceſtors blended with the greateſt Humanity, good Senſe with good Nature, conſcious of his Birth yet knowing what becomes a Man who is deſtined to Trade, he diſtinguiſhed what was laudable from what was lucrative; and entertaining the fulleſt Philanthropy which can be imagined, he hated nothing but Iniquity, not diſtinguiſhing between the Vices of Politeness and the Vices of Commerce, perhaps with a Soul not truly
formed

formed for accumulating great Sums of Money, or shining in the politest Company at *White's*. His Person was greatly agreeable; and tho' not a Male Beauty, like Mr. —, yet handsome enough for any Man alive, divested of that ill-founded Vanity which attends fine Persons and feeble Understandings.

THIS Gentleman was in the Compting-House of Mr. *Barter*, when Miss *Betsy Barter* returned from the Country; he was a Favourite of his Master, because of his Fidelity, Rogues having no Delight in trusting Rogues with their Affairs; even Mrs. *Barter* allowing that *Billy Worthby* was a good Lad.

Now if I had a mind to lard my History, like the celebrated Author of *Joseph Andrews*, with introductory Chapters, I would in this very Place insert a Dissertation upon Love; most certainly proving, that two Lovers are no more than two Fiddles in Tune, answering one another; for as in the two Machines the Strings in Unison are responsive to one another's Sounds, so Lovers Hearts are in Accord with one another; and thus whatever enters by the Eyes, Ears, and Lips in Kisses, passing on to the Seat of Sensibility, affects the Heart-strings of those who are enamoured with each other; which Affection

is certainly no other than Unison; and thus I hope that the Passion of Love is very well accounted for.

WHETHER this may be received by the Literary and Learned Societies of *England, France, Berlin, Edinburgh, Upsal, Florence,* and all others from *Japan* Westward to *Mexico*, as a true Account of the Phænomenon of the Passion of Love. I know not; but this I know, that I should be very glad if any of their Members would send me a better.

INDEED, whatever may be the Fate of our Philosophy, Mr. *Worthy* felt a Something about his Heart, at the Sight of Miss *Betty Barter*, which he was insensible of at the Presence of all other Females upon Earth; he never missed an Opportunity of gazing on her when he could; his Pen stood still, if she came to her Father in the Compting-House, and he was as immoveable and attentive to her as if she had been *Medusa*, and turn'd him to Stone; every Day he wish'd that Dinner was ready two Hours before the Time, tho' he felt no Hunger, and left the Table with Pain, because he left her behind him, tho' he was fully satisfied with eating; he would officiously leave the Compting-House to let her in, when he saw her at the Door, being in that respect the contrary to *Teague*, his Heart getting the better

better of his Legs, and running away with him, and did the Office of a menial Servant in that Action, without knowing that he descended from his Rank in Life. In fact, he was in Love, and knew it not: This Civility, as well as many others, which he politely did for her, was always rewarded with a Smile; for good Nature will ever smile with Gratitude for genteel Behaviour, which Return tho' it overpaid him a Million Times in his own Opinion, yet he was never satisfied with receiving; so greedy are Lovers of being rewarded by those they love, perhaps even these Smiles on the Part of Miss *Betsy* were not altogether the Effects of pure Complaisance, but an Effect of a kind of a Unison, which has been, or at least attempted to be, explained already. And here we think fit to leave our Readers to meditate on this new Philosophy; at the same time hoping, that some Men of profound Penetration will make farther Observations on this Discovery, and carry it into Trade; where, perhaps, the Merchants may consider the Improvement, it having been out of fashion to reward Ingenuity at Court, ever since Mr. *Hogarth* received that ample Reward of Five Shillings, for a Print of his March to *Finchley-Common*, after having exhibited the Picture,

ture, which Sum may be supposed to have quite exhausted the Fund for that Purpose.

C H A P. XIV.

Persons of great Dignity begin to appear. Conversation between a great Peer and a great Philosopher; in which is shewn the Honour of some Noblemen, and the Honesty of some Philosophers.

WE must now turn our Eyes towards the other End of the Town, to the House of my Lord *Wormeaton*, in ——— Square; where Mr. *Narrowbottom* will be beheld in that Light, which every Man of his way of Thinking may be seen in, if People would but take care to observe them.

It seems my Lord and he had often met together at a late Minister's, where the Peer and the Scribbler had come for the same laudable Purpose; the Receiving their Hire, for attempting to undo their Country, and acting in consequence of having no Conscience.

COMPLIMENTS being passed, my Lord, with his gouty Leg on a Stool, desired Mr. *Narrowbottom* to sit down; when the Philosopher

losopher began to open his Intent in the following Manner :

“ My Lord, we have been old Acquaintance, my Lord ; and I am always proud of serving your Lordship, or your Family.”

To which my Lord replied, he was extremely sensible of it.

“ THEREFORE, my Lord, as we were talking together some Days past, about a Marriage for my Lord *Sapplin*; I think I have got one for him, I can’t absolutely affirm it; but, if I am not mistaken, I have.”

In Answer to which my Lord, with as gracious a Smile as the Pain of the Gout would permit him, ask’d who the Lady was ?

“ It is, says Mr. *Narrowbottom*, the eldest Daughter of Mr. *Barter*, one of the richest Merchants in the City ; a Seventy Thousand Pounder— a great Sum, my Lord— down on the Nail— Seventy Thousand more on the Death of the Parents— scarce such another Fortune in *England*.”

“ Mr. *Narrowbottom*, says my Lord, if this Match can be accomplish’d, I shall think myself more obliged to you than to any Man living; it is indeed an Instance of that Friendship with which you
“ have

“ have ever behaved towards me, since I
 “ have had the Honour of being known
 “ to you, by means of our late great Friend,
 “ who is now no more. Yet, Sir, I hope,
 “ tho’ I am convinced this Generosity, I
 “ must call it so, springs entirely from the
 “ Motive of pure and disinterested E-
 “ steem for me, that you will not resent
 “ it, Sir, I hope you will not, when I de-
 “ sire you to accept a Bank-Bill of Two
 “ Thousand Pounds on the Day of their
 “ Marriage.”

Mr. *Narrowbottom* thanked his Lordship,
 and hoped, he said, his Lordship did not
 imagine him mercenary; he was sure he
 had no such Expectations, yet he could not
 avoid admiring his Lordship’s generous
 Disposition; and assured him, he would
 leave nothing unexecuted to complete the
 Affair, since it was so agreeable to his Lord-
 ship.

“ You cannot be a Stranger, Sir, says
 “ my Lord, that amidst the gay and ex-
 “ pensive World, Playing, Keeping, and
 “ other Matters, which Noblemen must do
 “ to preserve their Rank in Life, but that
 “ I must have drawn some Debt upon my
 “ Estate, which is but Six Thousand a
 “ Year; this Sum you mention will rein-
 “ state me in great Part, and the Remain-
 “ der will more than free it from all In-
 “ cumbrance.

“ cumbrance. Pray, what Age is the Father of the Lady?” To which being answered, Fifty-five.

“ I HAD rather he was older, says my Lord; but no matter, we cannot have every Thing as we please, we must do as well as we can. Now, Sir, you may have possibly heard that *Ishmael* the great Jew has a very considerable Mortgage upon Part of my Estate; at the same time there is another of those rich low-born Rascals, who has a like Tie upon another Part of it. Now, Sir, this Scoundrel complains, because I do not pay him his Interest; and has the Impudence to be very importunate about the Money, threatening I know not what, something in the Law, if I do not pay him the Money very soon; it is the Devil to have to do with such dirt-born Fellows.”

“ I SUPPOSE, continues my Lord, this Mr. *Barter* will require a Jointure to be made on this Daughter of his, a Man of his confined Manner of Thinking will scarce think it sufficient to part with Seventy Thousand Pounds to have a Child of his married into a noble and very ancient Family. In short, this Kingdom is not a Place for Nobility.”

“ You

38 *The* MARRIAGE ACT.

“ You are right, my Lord, says old *Nar-*
 “ *rowbottom*, he will insist on a Settlement,
 “ the old Dog said so : He is as cunning
 “ as a Fox, we must make a Settlement, or
 “ something like it, my Lord ; perhaps
 “ your Lordship’s Writings are in the
 “ Hands of those two Fellows you have
 “ been just mentioning ; an unlucky Cir-
 “ cumstance that ! my Lord, we must get
 “ over that, my Lord, very unlucky in-
 “ deed !”

“ It is very true, Sir, replies the Earl ;
 “ it is really enough to chagrin a Nobleman,
 “ to be so hamper’d by low Fellows ; and I
 “ assure you, Sir, I very much question
 “ whether either of these Fellows will trust
 “ my Honour with the Writings to shew
 “ them to the Counsellor of old *What-d’ye-*
 “ *call-him*, old *Barter* ; if either of them
 “ would, why that would do the Thing ; the
 “ Settlement might be made, and the Writ-
 “ ings return’d to the Jew ; because I would
 “ rather have those in his Possession, to settle
 “ that Estate on this Girl you talk of, and
 “ pay off that other Fellow, which is so
 “ arrogantly importunate about his Mo-
 “ ney, which being but Forty Thousand
 “ Pounds, whereas the other is Sixty, there
 “ would remain a small Sum of Twenty
 “ Thousand Pounds for my Son, to figure
 “ with after the Marriage.”

“ Now,

"Now, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, if you can effectuate this Thing, I need not say how much this ancient and noble Family of the *Wormeatons* will be obliged to you."

"My Lord, says the Philosopher, there is a Thing come into my Head, my Lord; I know a Quaker, a Friend of mine in the City, that is a sensible Fellow, knows the World, something for something, my Lord; he thinks as we do, in Matters of Religion; the City have learnt from the Court, they will be paid for what they do."

"Mr. *Narrowbottom*, I have too much Honour to desire any Gentleman should serve me for Nothing; if you will transact the Affair with him I leave it entirely to you, I know you are a Man of Honour, let it be done; you may depend on it, I shall not complain of your Manner of Executing this Affair: He shall have what he demands," says my Lord.

At which time Mr. *Narrowbottom* took Leave of my Lord, his Lordship being full of the most emphatic Expressions and Sense of his Kindness and Friendship; at the same time lamenting his Disorder, which confined him from waiting upon him to the Door, he rang the Bell, which bringing a Servant Mr. *Narrowbottom* withdrew;
my

my Lord cursing him for a mercenary Rascal, the Moment the Door was shut upon him; exclaiming against the Hardship of being obliged to have to do with such low venal Fellows, and that a Nobleman's Honour did not pass equal to a Commoner's Bond.

IN this Situation was my Lord; and as it is necessary that his Lordship's Son should be apprized of this Affair, we think it high time to introduce him to the Reader's Acquaintance, but not at the Fag-end of a Chapter; for tho' we agree in the old Adage, the latter End of a Feast is better than the Beginning of a Fray, and have as much Veneration for Proverbs as the renowned *Sancho* in *Don Quixote*;

YET we have more Manners than to bring an Earl's Son upon the Stage only to shew him, and shut the Scene; and therefore we begin with him and a Chapter at the same time, as may be seen if you cast your Eye on a little farther.

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

More great Company arrives in this History. The Style of the Hours fixed in London, in Imitation of the Style of the Year; in which we follow Mr. Hutchinson, rather than Sir Isaac Newton. Conversation between a Father and a Son; and a Discovery of great Duty, where one would not expect to find it. Together with the Opinion of Lord Wormeaton of the Merchants of London.

MY Lord Sapplin being now dressed, it being just Seven o'Clock in a Winter's Evening; which Time of the Day we think it absolutely necessary to distinguish, lest our Country Readers, being quite ignorant that the Nobility of London reckon the Time according to the *Mosaic* Custom, where the Evening and the Morning make the Day, might possibly be induced to believe it Seven in the Morning.

THIS Nobleman being drest, his Father desired to speak with him before he went abroad; which my young Lord accordingly obey'd, and the Earl spoke to him in the following Manner:

“ Mr

“ My Lord, says he, you are very well
 “ drest ; I like the Taste of your Cloaths,
 “ indeed, you or your Taylor have a very
 “ good Fancy ; I think I remember myself
 “ going to Court in something like this
 “ Suit of yours.” [His Lordship having
 been a great Beau in his Youth.]

“ I AM proud, my Lord, of your Appro-
 “ bation ; I wish you a good Evening, says
 “ the Son. I am just going to make about
 “ a Thousand Visits, and then to *White’s* ;
 “ good Night, my Lord.” Thinking his
 Father had no other Business but to see his
 Cloaths.

“ My Lord, says the Earl, I have at
 “ present something of Importance to im-
 “ part to you : Here has been old—old—
 “ old, that Fellow that wrote those rascally
 “ Papers in Defence of the Earl of ——’s
 “ Ministry.” “ *Narrowbottom*,” says my
 Lord *Saplin*.

“ RIGHT, says the Earl, the same ; he
 “ is come in great Precipitation from the
 “ City, with a Proposal of a Marriage from
 “ one *Barter*, who has the Vanity as all
 “ these Cits have who are rich, of marry-
 “ ing their Daughters into noble Families.
 “ Now, my Lord, as the Circumstances of
 “ our Estate require a pretty large Sum of
 “ Money to set it free ; suppose you were
 “ to think of taking this Plebeian, with
 “ Seventy

“ Seventy Thousand Pounds paid on the
“ Day of Marriage, and as much more at
“ the Death of her Father ; indeed, the
“ Fellow is not so old as I wish him to be,
“ however, Seventy Thousand Pounds is
“ something.”

“ You know, my Lord, in what Light
“ I look upon these Marriages, as a kind
“ of taking Money with the Mortgage of
“ a Wife to pay off a Mortgage on an
“ Estate ; and indeed the Legislature seems
“ to have look’d upon it in the same Light,
“ and contrived the Marriage Bill for the
“ Emolument of the Nobility, by this late
“ Act which restrains the Sexes from Mar-
“ riage till they are of Age ; for, my Lord,
“ these old Plebeian People, who are rich,
“ will always be actuated by Ambition or
“ Avarice, and generally marry their
“ Daughters to Noblemen, tho’ they live
“ wretched Lives ; which very Girls, if
“ this Act had not taken place, would have
“ chosen Husbands for themselves amongst
“ Men they liked, and been happy. These
“ mercantile mechanic Fellows, my Lord,
“ I have ever regarded, as the Slaves who
“ dig Gold in the Mines for the Nobility
“ of this Land ; and tho’ it is a provoking
“ Thing to be obliged to take the Incum-
“ brance of a half-bred Woman along with
“ it, yet it is a Chief-rent which we must
“ pay,

“ pay, and therefore, my Lord, I hope you
 “ will have no Objection to the marrying
 “ her.

“ As to the Affair of living with her,
 “ that is a Thing of another Nature ; if
 “ she has Sense enough, my Lord, to be
 “ quiet, or is Fool enough to know nothing,
 “ why, she may live in the same House
 “ with you ; if not, there is nothing so easy
 “ as to frame a Divorce, and all is well
 “ again ; besides, the Money is of abso-
 “ lute Necessity to our present Affairs ;
 “ Poor Thing ! it is a Thousand to one
 “ but she will be contented with the Name
 “ of my Lady, and run about the House
 “ tame, and breed.”

My Lord *Sapplin* to this replied, “ He
 “ was willing to take her, provided the
 “ Thing could be done without much
 “ Trouble.” And then taking his Leave,
 left his Father, to arrive in good Time to
 that Place where one black Ball shuts a
 Man from the most consummate Honour
 in the Kingdom, that of losing his Money
 in the politest Company.

THE Earl of *Wormeaton* commended him
 for his Duty, and wished him much Suc-
 cess, with a “ Pray make my Compliments
 “ to Lord *Bonmot* ;” at which Moment my
 Lord slept off lightly, and quickly on the
 Tops of his Toes, and brushing into his
 Chair,

Chair, ordered himself to be carried to Miss *Lucy Shelton's*, in *St. James's Place*.

THIS young Lord was an only Son, and having never left his Father's Side, was educated by a Tutor; who had positive Orders never to teach him any Thing (Mr. *Hoyle* excepted) lest the Application to Study should damp the Fire of his Imagination, and cramp his Genius; which, my Lord insisted was always best left to Nature and its full Swing, without the Fetters of Pedantry; and quoted the Genius of *Shakespear* in Defence of his Argument.

My Lord, being indulged in all Things, was a Buck of the first Head; he kept Running-Horses, Fighting-Cocks, Packs of Hounds, and Women; in truth, for we hate to belie any Man, Noble or Commoner, he kept every thing but Three, his Church, his Honour, and his Money; neither of which, as the Fashion was not in their Favour, did he keep at all.

DURING this whole Conversation on the Marriage, the Reader may have observed, or it is not our Fault if he has not, that neither the Earl nor the Lord, the Father nor the Son, have shewn the least Attention to what was the Person, Understanding, or Age of this Lady, which was to be taken into the Family: In fact, she was considered as Musick Printers do Compo-

sitions

sitions in Musick, when they tag two bad Concerto's with one good one, which is to sell them; or, as a Mansion-House out of Repair upon a good Estate, which must be kept up, and yet the Possessor would be glad to let drop; as an Aqueduct which is to bring Streams to fatten the Land, a Ship wasting Gold from Ophir, or a Piece of Parchment conveying so much Money from the Pocket of Mr. *Barter* to the Pocket of my Lord *Wormeaton*; and in no other Light whatever was this Female considered by the Ancient Right Honourable and Noble Family of *Wormeaton*.

C H A P. XVI.

Sir Roger Ramble his Travels, Taste and Versu, are introduced into this History. His Holiness the Pope's Civility to English Travellers. Mr. Narrowbottom's free Conversation with this Baronet, and his Bargain with him.

THERE is not the least Doubt in us, but our Readers have out-run the History which we are writing, and have already fancied that Mr. *Narrowbottom* was gone

gone to settle Matters on the best Footing, to accomplish this Match between the Son of my Lord *Wormeaton* and the Daughter of Mr. *Barter*.

BUT here we must beg our Reader's Pardon, and assure him, that this said Mr. *Narrowbottom* was a Man of too much Refinement in Politics to proceed in that Manner, having studied under so great a Master, to set about doing one Half of his Work which might probably prevent the other; he therefore applied to one Sir *Roger Ramble*, a Baronet, who was just return'd from his Travels; and who, for the Honour of *England*, had spent more Money in the distant Courts of *Europe* in three Years, than he ought to have done in ten; having an Estate of Three Thousand a Year, and being absolutely indebted Thirty Thousand Pounds.

THIS Sir *Roger* was a young Gentleman, whom Mr. *Narrowbottom* before he began his Travels had taken much pains with to erase all those foolish Notions of another World, a Providence, Obligations of Religion, and other idle Conceits; which, he said, cunning Men had devised to keep Fools in awe, and reap their Advantage from it. Besides this, he was deeply learnt in *Virtu*, no Gentleman having ever purchased so many Pictures of *Raphael*, *Car-*

racche, Corregio, Guido, Titian, Dominiquino, antique Busts and Statues, Intaglias and Camæas, Coins, Medals and Reliefs, and other inestimable Curiosities of this Kind. In short, by particular Order from his Holiness, who had heard of his Expences in that kind, there was special Orders given for the letting his Collection pass the Gates of *Rome*, without paying the usual Duties; the Pope being determined to encourage Strangers to lay out their Money in those Merchandizes, the Stock increasing vastly upon his People's Hands. In short, in no Nobleman's Catalogue was there to be seen so many Names of eminent Masters in Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and polite Arts, as in *Sir Roger Ramble's*.

Few Gentlemen of *England* have ever travelled to so good a Purpose, or have been so much altered by their Travels as this Baronet: In short, he had been seven Times tried by Fire, and was returned as pure as Gold; tho' indeed the Allay, which was flux'd out of him had left so little of the Original remaining, that, his Height excepted, he did not come back one Third of the Substance he went out. In truth, he was so very near a finish'd Gentleman by these three Years Voyage, that many People believed another Half-year would have completed him entirely.

No

No *Englishman* was ever more famous abroad than this Baronet, or did his Country more Honour by his expensive Living: He kept at one time the little *Raye* of the *French Opera* at *Paris*, *Madamoiselle Gogault* of the Theatre, and threw away some Hundreds to no Purpose on *Coraline* of the *Italian Comedy*; and yet, of all these noble Exploits, there remained but two Tokens, which were only a small Alteration of one Feature in his Face, namely, a Sinking of the Nose, and a certain Sound of Voice, which generally accompanies that Accident; which, in my poor Opinion, were but small Acquisitions for all he had spent upon himself, and too dearly purchased by Ten Thousand Pounds; and which, really, many People were weak enough to imagine, were no Improvements either to his Person, or Manner of Speaking.

To this Gentleman *Mr. Narrowbottom* applied, in a more familiar Way than to the Earl, the Baronet having been his Pupil; and therefore, he accosted him with more Freedom.

“ RARE News, brave News, by *Jove* :
 “ I have found a Fortune for you, Thirty
 “ Thousand Pounds in Hand : Take no
 “ Denial, pretty Wench ! Faith, take no
 “ Denial : Give me your Word.” These
 Expressions he utter’d the Moment he en-

ter'd the Baronet's Apartment; at which, with something more than usual Readiness, Sir Roger ask'd, What he meant by this Speech? To which Mr. *Narrowbottom* having answered, and mention'd the Affair of Miss *Betsy Barter*, the Baronet consented. "But," says he, "Can't it be made Forty Thousand? There is another Ten Thousand Pounds Worth of *Vértu*, which I would gladly purchase in *Italy*, in a small Voyage which I would make thither; however, I shall not hesitate to take the Thirty Thousand Pounds: She is not positively intolerable: One can pass one Night with her; hey, old *Narrowbottom*? I am determin'd to sleep with her but ———; however, to follow the *French* Mode, and live in two different Apartments; and therefore you may propose it."

"You'll remember me then, says the old Man; a Thousand! aye, a Thousand! not less by *Jove*." "Oh! oh! old Ministerial, says the Baronet; you have not forgot, you are still at the same Game, I see; well, well, get the Fortune increased, and never fear me: Go—go, make it Forty, and you shall find me full of Acknowledgments."

AND now, gentle Reader, it seems to be the proper Time for Mr. *Narrowbottom* to seek

seek his Friend *Abraham Sly*, the Quaker, to which Place we shall conduct him; but, as during his Walk through *Pall-mall*, the *Strand*, *Fleet-street*, *St. Paul's*, *Cheapside*, to the *Exchange*, there fell out nothing which might not have happened to any other Man. We shall not fill up our History with such Descriptions, thinking, that the common Occurrences which happen to all Men are not worth the Reading of any one Man; and this we dare to advance, in Contradiction to that Legion of Evening-Posts, Advertisers, Gazettes and Gazetteers, who live upon no other Merchandise.

C H A P. XVII.

The great Variety of this History appears more and more: A Quaker and a Jew now making their Appearance: In which the Rank of the different Sects in Religion are attempted to be settled; and what wonderful Effects pure Reason will produce in Morality, without one Spark of Religion, for the Benefit of Jews and Infidels. Turks being out of the Question.

MR. *Narrowbottom* being arrived to the House of his Friend *Abram Sly*, we shall not take the trouble to describe particularly Friend *Abram* to our *English* Readers, the whole Kingdom knowing what a Quaker is; and thus knowing what one is, of consequence knows all.

At the same time reserving the Liberty to ourselves of adding by way of Note in the *French, Italian, German, Polish, Swedish, Danish, Spanish*, and other Translations of this History, what constitutes a true Quaker; and this thro' the Love of Truth, and for the sake of dis-abusing the World who have been induced by Mr. *Voltaire* and *Abbé Blanc* to believe this Sect much resembling the primitive Christians; where-

as

as we shall in that Note take upon us to prove that those Gentlemen resemble a certain Order amongst their Countrymen, called Jesuits, which we apprehend to be so far from a primitive Order, that if our Memory is to be trusted it is the very last of all amongst Christians.

To him Mr. *Narrowbottom*, at his Coming, never minced a Word of his Errand; for these two Gentlemen had been used to spend Evenings together, with one Doctor *Morgan*; who, being full as good a Divine as a Physician, used to employ his Talents in Theology to as good purpose as those in Medicine; destroying the Religion and Morality of all he had the Happiness to be intimate with.

THE Proposition being made, the Question was ask'd, how he could get the Writings from *Ishmael* the rich Jew? *Narrowbottom* having forgotten either accidentally or designedly to add what Sum of Money might be obtained from the Earl of *Wormeaton*, on a Completion of the Work.

FRIEND *Abraham* began, "Friend *Narrowbottom*, says he, Thee and I know
" one another well enough; Thee knowest
" that I have no Objection to this Thing,
" but the being caught in it,—the World
" has its Prejudices in spite of all that

“ Thee and I, Friend *Chub*, Friend *Mor-*
 “ *gan*, and other thinking Men have been
 “ able to say— therefore, tho’ there is no-
 “ thing in doing the Thing, yet it is the
 “ Devil to be caught, Thou art sensible;
 “ and that Fellow is a Fool who puts the
 “ Loss of Reputation against no Advan-
 “ tage, I speak to Thee as to a Man of
 “ Sense.”

To this Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who would
 have kept this Sum to himself, if Friend
Abraham would have transacted the Affair
 for nothing, which, tho’ he scarce believed,
 he knew there was no Harm in trying;
 told him, that he had Power to offer him
 Two Thousand Pounds, if the Writings
 could be had only one Month in the Posses-
 sion of the Earl.

“ WHY, Friend *Narrowbottom*, says he,
 “ whilst Thou hast been speaking, there is
 “ a Thought come into my Head, that this
 “ ~~Affair is~~ not impossible to be transacted;
 “ I will think upon it a little more, but I
 “ foresee it must be by the Consent of
 “ Friend *Ishmael* the Jew, he is too sensible
 “ a Fellow to be over-reached, Thee know-
 “ est. Come and dine with me To-mor-
 “ row; I shall go in my Conveniency to
 “ take the Air towards his House this Af-
 “ ternoon, when I will take Occasion to
 “ speak to him; and then Thou shalt have
 “ an

“ an Answer to thy Proposal, I’ll promise
“ Thee I’ll endeavour to serve Thee.”

WHICH Mr. *Narrowbottom* by no means disbelieving, left him; telling him, he was convinced of his Good-will: For those Fellows converse with one another in the same Words, tho’ not conveying the same Ideas, which Men of Integrity and Probity use with one another.

FRIEND *Abraham Sly* was as good as his Word, and paid the Jew a Visit in the Afternoon. Now, in my Opinion, in the Circle of our Religions in *England*, beginning with Judaism and running round the Sphere, it is Quakerism that is the farthest from it, and yet that which joins it; which lest it should look too paradoxical I shall explain. If a Traveller beginning at the City of *London* and going down the *Thames* Eastward, should proceed round the World over *Europe*, *Asia* and *America*, *Westminster* would be the last Place he could arrive at; and yet, turning his Back to the East, if he had gone Westward in his Progress, travelling forth over *America*, *Asia* and *Europe*, it would be the very first. In the same manner, Quakerism is the farthest from Judaism, in proceeding one Way over the various Sects of Christians, and the nearest in going from it another; it has none of the ceremonious Rites, but all the Craft which at-

tends the Professors of the Jewish Religion. And thus, these two Religions are united; like the two Cities above-mentioned in one End, and distant in another.

WHICH Discovery, we hope, is entirely new, being extremely ambitious of uniting Novelty with Truth; the other Conjunction of Novelty with Falshood having been practised by abundance of late Writers, whom, as we have no Desire to imitate or rival, we willingly leave in full Possession of that Union.

C H A P. XVIII.

Conversation between a Quaker and a Jew. Instructions to the Ignorant how they shall behave with Quakers. A Solution of a difficult Phænomenon: And, the Advantages of a simple Style in coming to Matters quickly.

THE Hour of Dining being over, *Abram* Sly ordered his Conveniency to the Door, and then ordered his Servant to drive to Friend *Isbmael's* in — street; where being arrived, and finding him at Home, he proceeded to the Room where
Isbmael

Ishmael sat; not moving that Hat, or bending that Body, which has been ever too proud to express Respect either to God or Man by any outward Tokens; reserving all these Things for the Action and Operation of the Spirit within; which, as no Man can see what passes in another's Heart, may never have been acknowledged either internally or externally, for aught that we know to the contrary.

“FRIEND *Ishmael*, says he, how do'st do;
“I came this Way, and therefore thought
“I would ask Thee how Thee ar't. Thou
“seemest in good Health by thy Countenance.”

To which *Ishmael* answering in the Affirmative with respect to his Health, desired Mr. *Sly* to sit down.

AND here, as Instruction in the Knowledge of Mankind is acknowledged to be the most useful Part of History, we shall with great Pleasure stop to communicate one useful Hint to all those who may have to do with Quakers, and have not yet heard of this necessary Article:

WHICH is, that Quakers never receive back the Friendship they have given; or, in other Words, that tho' they salute almost every one with the Name of *Friend*, yet they by no means are pleased to be thus accosted by another of a different Persuasion;

sion; which Phænomenon has been variously accounted for.

ONE of which is, that delivering this Epithet of *Friend* with an internal Consciousness that it is a Lie, they do not chuse to receive the Lie from another. Another is, that being in themselves too proud by Words to acknowledge a Superior, they think themselves the only Beings who should have the Word *Master* prefixed to their Names; and this has made some People to imagine, was the Reason why their menial Servants are always of another Persuasion; not chusing to be Thee'd and Thou'd by those, whom they think in Situation of Life beneath them; and therefore whoever would succeed with a Quaker, must use the civillest Terms, or he asks in vain.

“ FRIEND *Ishmael*, says *Abram*, has't
 “ heard any thing of Friend *Barter* lately?”
 To which *Ishmael* answered, No. “ Why
 “ then, says he, I'll tell Thee, it seems
 “ there is a Match in Agitation between
 “ Neighbour *Wormeaton*'s Son and Friend
 “ *Barter*'s Daughter; and, if I am not
 “ informed wrong, Thee hast a considerable Mortgage upon Neighbour *Wormeaton*'s Estate; and, on that Account, as
 “ our Friend *Narrowbottom* informs me,
 “ Neighbour *Wormeaton* is apprehensive
 “ that if Thou shouldst not let him have
 “ the

“ the Writings to shew to Friend *Barter*,
 “ the Marriage may not take place.”

“ WHICH I shall most certainly not do,
 “ says *Isbmael*. Does he imagine I’ll part
 “ with the Security of Sixty Thousand
 “ Pounds, and trust to the Honour of a
 “ Lord? Mr. *Sly*, you know that ’tis a
 “ Rule with us to believe, that no Man
 “ who cannot keep his Estate will ever
 “ keep his Honour, or any thing else.
 “ And surely no Man in his Senses, will
 “ trust a Lord, preferable to another Man,
 “ who has no Reputation in Trade to lose,
 “ and whose Person cannot be secured.”

“ FRIEND *Isbmael*, says *Abraham Sly*,
 “ what Thou sayest is true; but when such
 “ a Thing may be done, and Neighbour
 “ *Wormeaton* and Thee and I equally serv-
 “ ed, there is no great harm done: Thou
 “ art not against helping a Neighbour,
 “ when Thou canst help Thyself at the
 “ same time.”

To which *Isbmael* answering, he was not:
 “ Why then, continued *Abraham*, I’ll tell
 “ Thee, there is an Overture made me
 “ that Two Thousand Pounds will be
 “ given for the Loan of these Writings a
 “ Month; which I have imagin’d might
 “ be divided in this manner between us;
 “ Thee shalt have One Thousand, and I
 “ another. Thee shalt intrust me with
 “ the

110 *The* MARRIAGE ACT.

“ the Writings, and I will deposit *East-India* Bonds to that Value in thy Hands,
 “ till Thou hast them again; which Writings shall never part from my Hands,
 “ Thou needest not give Thyself any Pain about that.”

“ MR. *Sly*, says *Isbmael*, I know you to be a good Man; and, to oblige you, I consent, provided the Money be paid me on delivering the Writings into your Hand.” “ Friend *Isbmael*, Thou mayest depend on that; I shall engage in nothing without the Money in Hand; I think Thou mayest rely on me for that.”

Now, perhaps, the Reader who may have passed his Days in a College in studying Theology, History, Mathematics, or polite Literature, and has never been on the *Royal Exchange*, where Merchandise and Men are bought and sold, may wonder why *Isbmael* complimented *Abrabam* with the Epithet of *Good*; which Secret as no Dictionary can explain it unless, peradventure, that new one call'd the *Scoundrel's Dictionary* may find him an Explanation; we shall willingly let him into, in the following Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIX.

A Stroke of the Author's Precision and Settling the Ideas of Words. A Specimen of a Work much wanted for the Use of most Disputants, Writers, and Readers: Being a Dissertation on the Meaning of the Word Good.

NO Fault in Speech has been oftener taken notice of by Men who are acquainted in Literary Matters, than the Abuse which is made of Words: They complain that no Precision of Idea is to be found to many in Use, and that the fluctuating State of Language has annexed Ideas different from those of the original Intent.

PERHAPS this Word *Good* may justify those who complain of the unsettled Condition of Language; and those also who change the Idea, or affix a new one to an old Word.

Now it may be said, with some degree of Reason, that in the Times of Yore when this Island was overspread with Christian Darknes, before the Coming of those enlightened Days and Sun-shine of Reason, that this Word *Good* was applied to those Persons who believed and practised the Dictates

tates of the Christian Religion ; from whence when the World knew no better these People were called *Good*, thereby signifying that something excellent in itself was understood by the Term *Christian*.

BUT, as Knowledge increased, true Wisdom, moral Rectitude and Reason, got ground and drove out the idle Notions of Religion, the Epithet *good* became to lose its Application ; the Words *good* and *Christian* by no means being thought compatible, it was applied to those Things which were mostly esteemed ; and therefore in the City it was understood to signify Riches. A *good* Man, in the City Phrase, meaning no more than a rich Man, every Man's Goodness being always adequate to his Riches ; and thus the richest Man was always the best ; and, in consequence of this, the Answer to a Question which enquires into the Circumstances of any Man is, that he is a *good* Man if he be rich, and a bad one if poor.

Now this Definition has no Relation to the Manner in which the Money is gotten, but refers to the Sum alone ; a Twenty Thousand Pounder being twice as *good* as a Ten, a Fifty five Times, a Plum ten Times ; and so on, Goodness always increasing with Money ; which, indeed, has one Advantage belonging to it ; Goodness

being now brought to some certain Standard, whereas before it depended on some vague and undecided Notions of Charity, Humanity, Friendship, Piety, and several other Things, which as they are all visionary, cannot be brought to any regular Estimation.

In less than a League's Longitude Westward from the City, this Word from the same Causes is annexed to quite another Idea, *good*, applied to Company, signifying Titles, Ribbands, Routs, Diamonds, Brocades, cheating at Cards, and other Gentleman-like Qualifications; which, taken all together, make what is called *good* Company.

Thus my Reader will plainly see, tho' the Word *good* applied to a Man signified a pious, charitable, humane and beneficent Being, whilst those Things were falsely imagin'd to contain some Degree of Excellence in them; that at present the Truth being discovered, Money and Titles considered as the only meritorious Qualities, that Word *Good* has with strict Propriety been transferred from the first to the last. Hence it plainly appears, that those who continue in the Old Style, have Reason in complaining that the Word *Good* is applied to any thing but Virtue; and those of the New are right, in applying it to what they know is preferable to it, Money and Titles.

THIS,

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THIS, I hope, will be an Elucidation of what was advanced in the Beginning of this Chapter; and a Proof, that in the City-Sense *Ishmael* and *Abraham* were two good Men, being both extremely rich, the only Requisite necessary for establishing that Denomination.

C H A P. XX.

A Specimen of the Quakers open Style in writing Letters. A Speech of the Earl of Wormeaton's. A Hint of the Author's Skill in knowing what to leave out in History. An Instance of his Knowledge in polite Writing. The great Desire which Mr. Narrowbottom's Club had for his Company; together with the Reason for it: As also the Author's Ambition of imitating Homer, and wishing his Readers a good Night.

ABRAMHAM SLY having thus accomplished what he intended with *Ishmael* the Jew, returned to his own House, and wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Narrowbottom*.

“ *Respected*

“ Respected Friend,

I HAVE transacted with our Friend that
“ which Thou desiredst me to do for
“ thy Friend, and I conceive to thine and
“ his Satisfaction; therefore I have sent
“ Thee this for thy Government, and to
“ let Thee know, that we are ready to
“ serve Thee and thy Friend, whenever
“ Thou thinkest it convenient.

“ I am thy assured Friend,

“ ABRAHAM SLY.”

UPON the Receipt of this Letter, Mr. *Narrowbottom* repaired to the House of my Lord *Wormeaton* with no little Satisfaction; having recounted his Success my Lord appeared extremely satisfied with the Conclusion of this Affair; and desired he would propose the Marriage to Mr. *Barter* the next Day. At the same time pronouncing in a truly noble Air,

“ SIR, in this Affair you have shewn
“ what I always imagin’d you posselt, the
“ purest Heart and most perspicuous
“ Judgment, Talents which our late Friend
“ knew and acknowledged in you; and
“ tho’ his Name will be ever dear to my
“ Memory,

“ Memory, yet I must confess his Ingratitude was too manifest, in not having rewarded your Services for him and our Country, in that Manner which is becoming the Liberality of a great Minister to give, and a great Genius to receive.

“ THIS Crime you shall not find in me; the Service you have done this Family of *Wormeaton* shall not easily be effaced from my Heart, it glows in this Bosom, and will glow with unabated Ardour whilst this Being knows Existence.”

WHICH Speech Mr. *Narrowbottom* receiving with a Bow of deep Acknowledgement, just as he was addressing himself to speak having shaken back his Wig which had fallen too far forward in his Compliment, the Servant entered with an Account that Dinner was served; which unlucky Accident prevented Mr. *Narrowbottom* from making a very good Speech, and the Reader from the Pleasure of reading it. And thus he walked off, my Lord following him, to what he liked much better than any Oration of *Demosthenes* or *Tully*, a Table covered with elegant Fare, and served with the best Wines of the first Growth of *France*.

THE Dinner shall find no Description in this History, lest in displaying the Elegance of the Entertainment the Reader's Mouth should

should water more after the dainty Dishes, than the following Parts of this Work : A Thing, which no Writer of common Understanding would chuse to have happen to him.

HOWEVER, we shall assure our Readers that Mr. *Narrowbottom* drank again and again Success to the intended Marriage, there being present no one but the Earl and his Son ; and this he did from two Motives, his Love to good Wine, and Love to the Family ; one of which was a true one to my certain Knowledge, and which of the two I shall leave to the Reader's Determination ; having heard it remark'd by most excellent Critics, that something should be always left to the Reader's Imagination in all Works of Literature ; which we accordingly do in this Place, to convince the World how deeply we are conversant in all the Requisites necessary for a polite Writer.

DINNER being past, Mr. *Narrowbottom* left the two noble Lords ; who, the Moment he was gone, despised the dirty mercenary Dog. Says the Earl, " My Lord, " this Fellow was so well known by our " old Friend, that he always believed a " Shilling would determine him in a Sum " of Five Thousand Pounds, to write on " any Side the Question. But, continu'd he, " the

“ the Rascal wrote so execrably bad, that
 “ there was not the least Danger of his
 “ being bought off; that Party rather
 “ chusing to give him Money to write a-
 “ gainst, than for it; and yet he is now
 “ possessed of Ten Thousand Pounds,
 “ which he got by that Employment.”

MR. *Narrowbottom* knowing there was no Time to be lost, after having 'scaped the Servants, like a Tumbler through Hoops, without touching one of them, made the utmost Haste to the Dwelling of Mr. *Barter*; where, not finding the Merchant at Home, he discovered to his Lady the Success of his Embassy.

At which Discovery Mrs. *Barter* clapping her Hands together, which had not diminished in Size, nor yet been so much wean'd from their former Employment as to forget to blush, cries out, “ Mr. *Narrowbot-*
 “ *tom*, to be sure you are the greatest Friend
 “ I and my Husband have in *London*;
 “ for, to be sure, no Persons can be *more*
 “ *happier*, than we shall be by this Match—
 “ Good now, what Sort of a Man is he,
 “ pretty lusty I hope? My *Molly*, I believe,
 “ would not be against marrying a lusty
 “ Gentleman, that is, a Lord; but you
 “ are sure, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, that he
 “ will be a Lord; there's no Doubt of
 “ that, I hope.”

“ NONE, Madam, says he—What, think
“ I’ll deceive my old Friends—scorn the
“ Thing—Man of Honour—Lord, to be
“ sure—must be a Lord—can’t be other-
“ wife—an Earl’s Son.”

To which *Mrs. Barter* suspecting what there was no Reason to suspect, that *Mr. Narrowbottom* was almost angry, answered that it was her Ignorance of what related to Lords that made her ask, and nothing else.

Mr. Narrowbottom having drank Tea, the young Ladies being engaged to spend the Evening abroad, who were indeed already gone, and *Mr. Barter* himself not being expected home; after having told *Mrs. Barter* that he would send the two Suitors; one of which, forgetting poor *Betsy* she had never ask’d after, withdrew.

FROM this Lady he retired to a Club of Gentlemen, who were in deep Expectation of the Coming of *Mr. Narrowbottom*, more ardently wishing it than the rich Jews do that of their Messiah; several of them wanting again to have it proved that there was no God; which, tho’ he attempted to do every Evening, and they retired firmly believing it; yet so stubbornly is this Truth impressed on the Minds of Men, that their Consciences were disturbed by it every Hour more and more till Eight o’Clock
in

in the Evening, when they were again re-instated in their former Belief; in this Respect resembling an old-fashioned Clock which wants drawing up, and being set right every Twenty-four Hours, yet never goes true during the whole Time.

IN this Place we shall leave him; and, as it is now drawing towards Eleven o'Clock at Night in this History, we desire our Readers to take a Nap, and suffer the Author to do the same; having an Ambition that some future Critic shall speak of us, as *Horace* has of *Homer*,

Aliquando Bonus dormitat——

And here we wish our Readers a good Night.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

In which Mrs. Barter shews great Tenderness to her eldest Daughter in discovering that a Lord was to be her Husband, thro' Fear of a Surprise; and great Positiveness that her youngest shall marry a Baronet, whom we have already introduced into this History. A Specimen of his Preference of Vertu to Love.

MRS. Barter did not fail to communicate the News which Mr. Narrow-bottom had told her, to her Husband at his coming home; who received it with no less Joy than the good Woman, being very ambitious of ennobling his Family.

THE next Morning, after a sleepless Night, tho' no Cares or other vexatious Matters kept her from Resting (such is the Effect of Joy, as well as Sorrow) this Lady got up, being determined to let her Daughters into the Secret, particularly Miss Molly, who we have already hinted was the great Favourite of the Mother, as well as the Father, tho' not so violently of the last.

Now, as she imagined that this Affair should not be declared too suddenly to her Daughter, lest it might occasion a Surprise,

she sent for Miss *Molly* into the Parlour, and gently began:

“MOLLY, we have gotten a Lord for thy Husband.” At which Words Miss *Molly* cried out, “Lord have Mercy! why did you tell me so? You have made my Heart come into my Mouth with the Suddenness of the Thing.” “Indeed, *Molly*, ’tis true, I assure you; Mr. *Narrowbottom* is our great Friend, if we should live for ever we should not live half long enough to return this Favour.”

“WELL, says Miss *Molly*, I always said I should have a Lord; when do you say he will come here, Mamma?”

“THAT I know not, says Mrs. *Barter*; but I suppose very soon.”

“SURE, Mamma, says the Daughter, you have not joked with me; he will come, will he not?—Well, now I shall take place of Miss *Doubletripe*, Miss *Ninepenny*, Miss *Scribble*, and a thousand Misses more; I shall shew the Aldermens Daughters what it is to be a Lady —Will he be here To-morrow? I long to see him. Pray, Mamma, how long will it be till we are married? Not long, I suppose.” Thus, asking Questions of her Mother, and answering them herself, she went on in a Sort of Extasy, which is little short of a poetic Frenzy; and which
any

any Writer of Poems for the Magazines will gladly explain to his Neighbours, who may read and not understand these Words.

Miss *Molly* was not of that Sort of Ladies who require many superior Talents in a Lover, nor vastly delicate in her Choice; provided her Husband was a Man and a Lord, it answer'd her Purpose; she scorn'd those little Niceties of Examination which many People affect. In fact, she saw nothing in one Man preferable to another, and required no more than what every one of them is supposed to be able to give; for she had in her Composition a great deal of something which begins with an *L*; which, tho' it is not Love, is often mistaken for that Passion, and deceives many good People into an Opinion of their possessing that which they never knew the least Syllable of.

THE old Lady made no doubt of Miss *Molly's* Duty and Obedience in this Matter; she now dismissed her, and bid her send down her Sister *Bessy*; which, creating a Suspicion and a Question, whether *Bessy* was to be married also? Her Mother answered, "Yes:" A Lord, Mamma! "No; a Lord! what do you imagine I or your Father would think of a Lord for her? "No, Child." Which settled Mrs. *Molly's*

growing Suspicions ; for of all her Mother's Children she loved herself best.

ELIZA being come into the Parlour, her Mother began, " Child, as your Sister "
 " *Molly* is about to be married to a Noble-
 " man, I and your Father think it our
 " Duty to look out for a Husband for you
 " too, that you may have no Reason to
 " complain that you are neglected."

" MADAM, says *Eliza*, I should not have
 " complained of my Sister's being happily
 " married, tho' that should never be my
 " Lot." " But, says her Mother, you do
 " not think it a bad Thing to be married,
 " with a handsome Fortune, to a Baronet ;
 " I hope you will not refuse such a Match,
 " such Offers don't come every Day."

" MADAM, says *Eliza*, if the Gentleman
 " be an agreeable Man, and such as I think
 " I can love, my Duty will always be ready
 " to obey your Commands ; you would
 " not have me marry a Man with whom I
 " cannot live happily."

" THINK, you can love him ! why, is
 " not he a Man ? what does any Girl love,
 " when she marries, but a Man ? is not a
 " Man a Man ? I am sure I loved your
 " Father, because he was a Man, and for
 " no other Reason ; have not we lived hap-
 " pily together ?"

To

To which, Miss *Betsy* desiring to see this Gentleman before she gave a positive Answer; the old Lady told her, she might see him if she would, but have him she should; her Sister had none of these disobedient Tricks about her, and she should not be indulged to her Ruin. For it seems the old Lady was determined to get rid of this Daughter, not abundantly caring for her Company; their Manners by no means agreeing together, and fearing that she might at last get the Ascendant in her Father's Affection if she remained in the House.

In this State Things stood, when a Letter from Mr. *Narrowbottom* came to the Hands of Mrs. *Barter*; intimating that my Lord *Sapplin* would positively pay his Respects to the Family of Mr. *Barter*, and drink Tea with Miss *Molly* in the Afternoon.

At this the old Lady, who had listened to this Letter which was read by Miss *Molly*, looked full in the Face of her Daughter, as she did in that of her Mother, neither speaking a Word for one Minute, each being struck dumb with Joy, Wonder, and several other Things of that Nature.

WHICH Silence being just got over Mrs. *Barter* ordered the Fire to be lighted in the Dining-Room, the Curtains to be taken out of the Paper-Bags, the Carpet to be
G 3 laid,

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laid, the Silver Tea-kettle and Lamp, Coffee-pot and Waiter, and all Things necessary for the Reception of so splendid a Guest to be got in Order, and gave Six-pence to the Boy in Livery to have his Hair curl'd, and make him look smart on so joyful an Occasion.

It seems the Baronet being engaged at an Auction of Dr. *Mead's Vertu*, could not have the Honour of being there the same Day; being determined to purchase some Paintings, which were supposed by all who knew nothing of the Matter to be the Works of *Rubens*, being the History of *Achilles*; and by all who did, to be Prints stuck upon Copper-Plates, and for this simple Reason, the Attitudes being all left-handed; and for that ingenious Conceit of *Cbiron's* Teaching *Achilles* to ride behind the human Part on the Horse, and having a Whip in his Hand to flog himself, lest one Part of him should tire or be lazy, and not keep company with the other, or the Horse-Part forget what the Man was doing.

THIS Sale, and those Pictures he was determined to attend and buy, being rather inclined to miss the possessing the Lady than the Paintings; which is no small Proof of his great Love for and Judgment in the polite Arts, and no less Encouragement to the

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the Professors of them. The last of which is much wanting in this Kingdom.

C H A P. XXII.

The Arrival of Lord Sapplin at Mr. Barter's, and the Circumstances of the Family at the Rapping at the Door. A metaphysical Account for a Footman's Falling up-stairs, and the Superstition of an Infidel, with the Author's Remarks. The Taste of the Barter Family, and my Lord's Approbation of it. Together with a Proposal and Acceptation of Miss Molly's Fortune.

WE must now take our Readers into sublimer Scenes, and move the whole Family of *Barter* from the Parlour up into the Dining-Room ; and here we desire the Perusers of this History will take notice how fond we are of raising the Personages of this Performance, having already elevated Mrs. *Barter* from the Kitchen to the Parlour, and now from thence into the Dining-Room.

In this Place the Family were all attending the Coming of my Lord *Sapplin* ; the old Woman, with more Trepidation than

many a pious Soul awaits the Day of Judgment, in all her Life having never been in better Company, nor in any other Lord's than that of a Lord-Mayor, whom she conceived to be (compared with this Lord) no more like him than a Ha'p'worth of Gingerbread is to St. *Paul's* Church; such favourable Ideas do the Citizens entertain of our Nobility, particularly those who have never had the Honour of being in their Company.

WHILST the Father, the Mother, and Miss *Molly* were sitting together, for Miss *Eliza* was not permitted to be of the Company, the old Lady taking it into her Head that it was possible my Lord might like her the best of the two; a Thing not very improbable, if his Lordship had been to come thither to like any Thing but the Money, and which, not knowing his true Errand, she was not willing to risque.

DURING this Time a Coach with two flaming Footmen, in two flaming Liveries, with two flaming Flambeaus, stopt at Mr. *Barter's* Door; on which Miss *Molly* cried out, he is come; the old Lady felt something like the Rising of the Lights, being as it were almost choaked with she knew not what, and old *Barter* trembled more at receiving this Lord than receiving Ten Thousand

Thousand Pounds for Merchandise, which he had sold iniquitously.

THIS Stop of the Coach was attended with a Thundering at the Door, not much inferior to the Firing of all the *French* Cannon which took some of the Towns defended by the *Dutch* last War in *Flanders*.

THIS gave a second Flurry to their Spirits, and opened the Mouth of *Mrs. Barter*, who declared she was sure he must be a Lord by his Footman's Knocking, no Citizen's being able to knock half so cleverly.

FROM the Chariot descended my Lord *Sapplin* and Mr. *Narrowbottom*; the Boy or Man in Livery, for he was neither one nor the other, stood to receive them at the Door; which Place leaving to precede my Lord with a Candle, and not being able for his Life to keep his Eyes from his Lordship's fine Cloaths, he walked with his Head turn'd over his Shoulder, and as it has been observed by some great Metaphysicians that the same Idea being always in view makes Time appear extremely short; and by some great Lovers, that Pleasure makes Time fly rapidly; so the Lad being come to the Stairs before he imagin'd he was, deceived by the same Idea and the Pleasure of seeing the fine Cloaths of my Lord, for-

got to lift his Legs, and thus fell up-stairs rather than down; which old *Narrowbottom* beholding, cried out, “A good Omen! a good Omen! I am glad of that, glad of that, very lucky to fall up-stairs.”

Now we have remarked in the Course of our Lives, that it is the undoubted Privilege of an Infidel to believe what a Christian cannot, and that Superstition, tho’ not a religious one, infects their Minds as much at least as it does that of Christians. *Boulainvilliers* believing firmly in judicial Astrology, tho’ he did not credit one Word of the Gospel; and *Julian* the Apostate having his Superstitions also, tho’ not of the Christian Kind.

THIS Accident being recover’d, my Lord drest in a figur’d Velvet whose Ground was Silver and the other Part Rose-colour, with every thing answering it, entered the Dining-Room, the Company having been standing ever since the Chariot came to the Door; at which Entrance Mr. *Narrowbottom* pronounced the Name of my Lord *Sapplin*, presenting his Lordship to Mrs. *Barter*, to Miss *Molly*, and Mr. *Barter*; my Lord turning round, and with infinite Ease and Politeness admiring the Room and Furniture, said to Mrs. *Barter*, “You are extremely well lodged here, Madam.”

Which

Which being a Court-phrafe, and something beyond the Comprehension of the old Lady, she mistook it, and told my Lord, "That it was not Lodgings, but their own House."

"MADAM, says he, I am convinced of that, to be sure; no Man would build who could find such Lodgings."

MR. *Narrowbottom* sat on the Side of the Room with Mr. *Barter*, and my Lord between the Mother and Daughter; the two first engaged in Conversation of a mixt Kind, something between Trade, Stocks, Infidelity, and my Lord; and his Lordship asking of Mrs. *Barter*, and Miss *Molly*, how they liked the Burletta?

To which Mrs. *Barter* telling my Lord, "That she seldom went from Home; that unless People looked after their Families all Things ran to Rack and Ruin; that Servants were never so bad as in those Days, nor ever wanted so much looking after: That her Children, she said, went to all these Places, once in the Year; to the Uprores, Ridotters, Plays, *Ranelar's*, and *Foxhal's*; and you have been where my Lord says, have not you, Child?" To which Miss *Molly*, for the first Time since my Lord came in, said Yes.

"AND, pray, says my Lord, how do you like it, Miss?" With a pretty dimpling

ling simpering Smile, “Extremely well,
 “says Miss, particularly ~~the~~ Girl; nothing
 “can be so cleverly acted as that Girl does
 “her Part: I think she plays far beyond
 “Mrs. *Cibber* and Mrs. *Pritchard*; as to
 “the other I can’t say I much admire
 “them.”

“Miss, says my Lord, I perceive you
 “have a most exquisite Taste.” “Yes,
 “indeed, my Lord, says Mrs. *Barter*, she
 “has; I always consult her in all the
 “Sauces I make, when we have extraordi-
 “nary Company, or so, to dine with us.”—
 Here Miss knowing that was not the Taste
 my Lord meant, looked a little blue at her
 Mother’s Speech. But my Lord, with in-
 finite Affability, admired that Excellence
 also, as he thought, he said, Taste in a
 Lady was the finest Qualification.

THE Tea-time passed on pleasing and be-
 ing pleased with each other. Old *Narrow-*
bottom whispering to old *Barter*, and de-
 siring him to remark what Fondness my
 Lord shewed for his Daughter; conclud-
 ing what a happy Thing it was, to marry a
 Child into so noble a Family.

AND now Mrs. *Barter* and Miss took
 Leave, neither from Knowledge or Instinct,
 but from a certain Whisper which Mr. *Nar-*
rowbottom deliver’d to the Ear of Mrs. *Bar-*
ter, intimating that no Time was to be lost,
 and

and that my Lord was so much enamour'd of her Daughter, that he intended making his Proposals this very Visit.

ON this Account Mrs. *Barter* left the Company, hoping that she should soon see his Lordship again; and Miss *Molly* followed her curt'ying very profoundly: My Lord bowing, smiling, and thanking her very graciously.

THE Ladies being withdrawn, Mr. *Narrowbottom* began, "We are all Men, Man—
" is a reasonable Creature, honest Men—
" all sensible Men— few Words are best.
" My Lord, shall I make your Proposals?" To which my Lord assenting, he asked Mr. *Barter* what Money he would give his Daughter? To which being answered Seventy Thousand Pounds down. My Lord said, "He would receive her with that
" Sum, and would settle upon her an Estate
" of Five Thousand a Year." "But," says Mr. *Narrowbottom*, whispering to *Barter*,
" there is a small Debt of Forty Thousand
" Pounds on one Part of it, which Mortgage shall be paid off, and the other
" Part of the Estate has not the least Incumbrance upon it, as you will see by
" the Writings." During this Whisper his Lordship looked at the China on the Chimney-piece, and entertained himself with a soft Whistle.

To

TO this Mr. *Barter* consented, with desiring Liberty to have the Deeds of the unmortgaged Part of the Estate put into his Lawyer's Hand; which being thought reasonable, was agreed to.

AND now my Lord took his Leave, together with Mr. *Narrowbottom*, desiring his Compliments to the Ladies; the Mother and Daughter returned, and all their Conversation was on the Perfections of my Lord, which lasted till it was high time for two Things; for the Company to retire to Bed, and the Author to finish this Chapter,

C H A P. XXIII.

In which two noble Lords look very strangely upon one another, which is removed by one lucky Thought of Mr. Narrowbottom. Sir Roger's first Visit to Eliza; and Mr. Barter's to the Earl.

THINGS being in this Situation, my Lord *Sapplin* having acquainted his Father in what Manner he was received, neglecting no single Circumstance which might draw Ridicule upon the Family; at the same time admiring the foolish Vanity which

which those upstart Mechanics (a Name with which Tradesmen of all Kinds are distinguished by Persons in high Life) entertain of marrying their Daughters into noble Families ; he said Mr. *Narrowbottom* would be that Day at his Lordship's House to receive some farther Instructions. At which Time Mr. *Narrowbottom* arriving, according to the old Proverb, " Talk of the Devil, and you shall see his Horns." The Earl thanked him for his Friendship, which he had so eminently manifested for the Family of *Wormeaton*. " Now, says he, you have nothing to do, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, but to get the Writings of my Estate from *Isbmael*, and deliver them into the Hands of Mr. *Barter*'s Lawyer."

" YES, says Mr. *Narrowbottom*, with all my Heart, my Lord ; but your Lordship must give me the Two Thousand Pounds for Mr. *Sly* and Mr. *Isbmael*, or one of them will not engage to procure, or the other deliver, the Writings."

IN this Place, and at these Words, the Earl and his Son stared upon one another with the same Confusion, as if each had seen a Spectre ; well knowing, that at that time they could as well have worked Miracles, and rose the Dead, as have risen Two Thousand Pounds.

It seems they had never imagined this Sum was to be paid till the other was received ; however, my Lord *Wormeaton* asked Mr. *Narrowbottom*, if he believed Mr. *Sly* and Mr. *Isbmael* would not take his Honour, or his Bond ? Which Question being answered, by saying, he believed the contrary ; with an Addition, was it his own Affair, he would do it : But he conceived these two Gentlemen would not, as Death and several other Circumstances, such as Discoveries and other Things, made it improbable they should.

How soon are the finest Days overcast with Storms ! how will the Small-pox blast the finest Beauty, and what Havock will the rude Hands of a Bailiff make with the finest Collection of *Vértu* ! how nipping is a Frost to the blushing Flower ! and how — several other moral How's we might make here ; but we beg Leave to tell our Readers, that all these Things were only introduced to shew the Wantonness of our Imagination, and thus hasten to explain How one lucky Thought of old *Narrowbottom* set all Things to rights, and restored the Jaw-fallen Countenances of the disconsolate Father and Son :

WHICH was no other, than by asking, if they had any Jewels belonging to the Family ; and being answered in the Affirmative,

tive, he demanded, at what Value? "Per-
 "haps, at Five Thousand Pounds," says
 the Earl. "Then, says Mr. *Narrowbottom*,
 "give them to me, and these will answer
 "to the Money which Friend *Abraham Sly*
 "shall advance."

THESE Jewels then my Lord pledged
 with Mr. *Abraham Sly*, at the same time
 manifesting by his Looks that he would
 much rather have pledged his Honour, be-
 ing a Thing which might have been more
 easily withdrawn than Five Thousand Pounds
 Worth of Jewels.

NECESSITY has no Law, he gave them to
 Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who transacted the Af-
 fair with his Friend *Abraham*, who trans-
 acted the Affair with *Isbmael*; these Writ-
 ings *Abraham Sly* put into Mr. *Narrow-*
bottom's Hands, who delivered them to the
 Lawyer of Mr. *Barter*; which Writings
 having been considered by this Lawyer,
 were returned to Mr. *Narrowbottom*, with a
 favourable Answer to Mr. *Barter*.

THE Day was now approaching a-pace,
 when the Marriage Ceremony was to be
 solemnized between my Lord and Miss
Polly; which, if I was to paint, I would
 follow *Guido* in his *Aurora*, only placing
 Love for that Figure scattering Gold, *Hy-*
men in the Place of *Apollo*, and the first
 twelve Hours dancing round the Cart;
 and

and yet, tho' our Readers may be all longing to see that happy Time, we shall stop them in their Career, and turn their Eyes upon Sir *Roderick Ramble*. This Gentleman, notwithstanding he had determined to purchase the Paintings already mentioned, had, by entering into a Dispute with a gay Traveller, whether the *Roman* or *Lombard* School had furnished the greatest Masters in Painting, missed the Opportunity of this valuable Work by Eagerness in one Place, and Inattention in another, and this to his no small Mortification.

HOWEVER, the next Day Mr. *Narrowbottom* introduced him to the House of Mr. *Barter*; where the Desires being not quite so vehement for this Match, in the Parents and Miss *Eliza*, as they were in them and Miss *Molly*, the Baronet passed an Hour at Tea-drinking with the Family, without feeling much Emotion for the Lady, or she for him: Their Souls, according to our previous Philosophy, not being in Unison with one another.

He took his Leave, and going home in his Chariot with Mr. *Narrowbottom*, this last Gentleman asked him, how he liked his Mistress? "Why, faith *Narrowbottom*, I cannot say she is altogether ugly, and considering she was born in this vile City of *London*, I am almost astonish'd how

" she

“ she came to be so well ; upon Honour,
 “ I think, if she had a little more Spiri-
 “ tuality in her Face, and a little *French*
 “ Rouge on her Cheeks, she might sit at
 “ the Head of my Table without bring-
 “ ing me much Disgrace. Faith, what she
 “ said was not absolutely Nonsense, and
 “ very modest ; but, *Narrowbottom*, I po-
 “ sitively declare that Wheelbarrow-full
 “ of a Woman, her Mother, shall never
 “ come publickly to my House, any more
 “ than that little self-sufficient Impertinence
 “ her Father : These Things, I presume,
 “ may be hinder’d.

“ So, *Narrowbottom*, d’ye hear, I’ll wait
 “ upon her again To-morrow, or next
 “ Day, and then desiring to see the Lady
 “ alone, is that necessary ? whilst you talk
 “ with the Parents ; we will bring this
 “ Matter to a short Issue, and be married
 “ the same Day my Lord marries her Sis-
 “ ter.” “ Well then, let it be so ; I’ll go
 “ with you ; we’ll do the Thing— let me
 “ alone for that,” says old *Narrowbottom*.

MR. *Barter* being satisfied with my Lord’s
 Proposals, thinking all secure, the Bargain
 was agreed upon ; and he went and dined
 with the Earl of *Wormeaton*, where much
 Parade and Elocution was wasted in En-
 comiums of the ancient and honourable
 Family of *Wormeaton* by the Head of it
 himself,

himself, and some cajoling Touches on the great Merit of a Father that rose his Family by his Industry and Capacity.

“THERE must have been, says my Lord, “a Time, tho’ no History can discover it, “when this Family of mine was not noble, and therefore some Action in my “distant Predecessors must have begun it; “and tho’ we have never, thank Heaven, “degenerated from our Rank, yet it was “owing to that great Ancestor that this “Family became first ennobled: You, “Mr. *Barter*, are to your Family, what “that Man was to us; you are the Fountain, whence all future Honours flow; “the Stream is the Consequence of the “Fountain, and to that it owes all its “Beauty and Worth.”

WHICH Speech Mr. *Barter* not being able to answer very readily, only thanked his Lordship for the Honour; and, after having spent the Day, he retired to his Wife, not too well pleased with the Manner of my Lord’s Living. The Nobleman considering that as supporting the Dignity of his Rank, which the Tradesman looked on as running out his Estate. Such different Notions arise in two Heads, from one and the same Object.

ON this Account he expressed some Uneasiness to his Wife, who laughed at him, and

and said, "That a Lord, to be sure, had
" other Ways of getting Money, than Mer-
" chants; or, how could they live? Be-
" sides, your Daughter must have a good
" Jointure, and be a Lady." Which two
Considerations a little abated the Qualm-
ishness which was rising in the Stomach of
Mr. *Barter*.

My Lord *Sapplin* repeated his Visits, to
the great Joy of Mrs. *Barter*, and conversed
with Miss *Molly* with great Familiarity,
tho' we could never find with much Ten-
derness. He chose her Wedding Cloaths,
and entered into all the Decorations of her
Person, with much Spirit. The new Coach,
new Chair, and new every-thing, was left
to my Lord; who, being a Beau, was
mightily pleased with this Part of the Cere-
mony. However, during this Time of
Love he was never so enamoured, as to quit
a certain Damsel whom he visited in *St.*
James's-Place; and therefore, by way of
Episode, we shall give our Readers a Con-
versation of what passed between him and
this Lady, just after he had left his intend-
ed Bride, being driven directly from the
House of his Father-in-Law to that of his
kept Mistress.

C H A P. XXIV.

A small Episode, in which Lord Sapplin describes Miss Molly Barter to Miss Lucy Shekton. Her Remarks on married Ladies. And, an Observation on the true Manner of a Parent's educating a Son, founded on Experiment.

BEING arrived at the Door of this Lady, he sallied from his Chariot, and ran directly up Stairs to his dear *Lucy*.
 " Oh! my dear Girl, he cry'd, take me to
 " thy Arms; I am fatigu'd to Death with
 " passing a whole Afternoon with that
 " aukward Thing, which is to be my Lady
 " *Sapplin*; she certainly is the strangest Being
 " that ever was created! two long
 " Arms, and broad Hands that would
 " make Battle-doors for the two Giants in
 " *Guildball*; two long Sides, like that of
 " an Elm-tree; two long Legs, that would
 " spread like the Colossus at *Rhodes*; and
 " a Face, an Ell broad. Well, I vow to
 " Heaven; *Lucy*, you shall some way or
 " other come at the Sight of her, that you
 " may see what a Thing I am going to
 " marry; we must have one good Laugh
 " at her; a Man may laugh at his Mistress,
 " tho'

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“ tho’ not at his Wife. I would bring
“ her to the Play, but I am afraid *Billy*
“ *Rigdum* or my Lord *Fun* will be there.
“ I wish to God we were married, and
“ that d—mn—d Wedding-night over,
“ that I might live without being obliged
“ to see her. Did you behold the Thing,
“ how aukward in her Finery! she looks
“ as uncouth, as the *May* Girl dancing
“ with a Milk-pail on her Head. Poor
“ Devil, she sweats under the Weight of
“ her Finery; and yet to see the Vanity of
“ being a Lady, and the good old Wife
“ her Mother, like the Prince’s Simile of
“ Sir *John Falstaff*, the *Manningtree* Ox
“ with a Pudding roasted in his Belly. If
“ you saw how fond she is of me, with
“ praising her Daughter for having an ex-
“ cellent Taste in Sauces. Well, *Lucy*,
“ when I am married, I shall love thee
“ more than ever.”

“ WHY, really, my Lord, says *Lucy*,
“ Matrimony has seldom been a Preju-
“ dice to us, who enjoy the Company of
“ Gentlemen without that Clog, and this
“ Marriage-Law bids fair to improve our
“ Advantage. Wives, in general, grow
“ so negligent and inattentive to their Hus-
“ bands, because they think themselves se-
“ cured of their Persons by Marriage, that
“ they send their Hearts to us; who must
“ use

“ use them with Civility, to preserve them,
 “ having no other Tie upon their Beha-
 “ viour.”

“ WELL, says my Lord, the Hour is al-
 “ most come, when I must surrender up
 “ myself to the Embraces of my dearest
 “ Wife.— *Lucy*, don’t you think I shall
 “ make a good Husband?”— “ Good e-
 “ nough for your Spouse, according to your
 “ Account of her, says *Lucy*.”— “ Well,
 “ then, kiss me, my dear Jade,” which she
 did.— When my Lord dismiss’d his Ser-
 vants, telling them he should sleep there
 that Night. “ Hark’ee, *Tom*, says he to
 “ his Servant, if my Lord asks after me,
 “ tell him where I have been, and where I
 “ am; and that I wish his Lordship a good
 “ Night.”

AND here may be plainly seen the vast
 Advantage of educating young Noblemen
 and Gentlemen in the utmost Familiarity
 with their Parents; it is by this means that
 a Father knows the true Disposition of his
 Child; therefore, if old Gentlemen would
 lead their Sons to Bagnios, instead of terri-
 fying them with the pernicious Consequence
 of following lewd Women, and get them
 enrolled Members at *White’s* or *Maeklin’s*,
 as soon as they know the Cards, instead of
 filling their Minds with the destructive No-
 tions of what accompanies Gaming, they
 would

would find their Sons as docile as my Lord, and no more conceal their keeping Mistresses than Canary-birds. This Practice I have known followed by more than one Father, which had this happy Effect, the Son by his Amours was at One-and-Twenty too rotten to hold together, and the Estate in the same Condition by Play; and thus the Father got rid of both Incumbrances at the same time.

Now you may see what a Calamity it had been to both these Persons, if the Son had been educated in any other Manner; he would have found no Estate to inherit, and to the Father also to have had a Son when he had no Estate to leave him. And thus the great Utility of this Manner of Education, is proved by Experiment.

INDEED there is always one Resource left for those who have been steady in supporting the Minister, and in ruining themselves: The Governments in *America* are bestowed upon them; and for the best Reason I can conceive, these Governments being fit for them, and they not for the Government.

C H A P. XXV.

In which we return to the main Story. Sir Roger's Conversation with Eliza Tete-a-Tete; in which she proves, that some Women have at least as much Understanding as some Men. Mrs. Barter's Apology for her Daughter's Behaviour; with a Sample of her own Delicacy and good Breeding.

WHILST these Things were transacting between Lord *Sapplin* and Miss *Barter*, that is, the Wedding Finery providing, Sir *Roger Ramble* made a second Visit; at which time, by the means of Mr. *Narrowbottom*, Sir *Roger* had an Opportunity of conversing alone with Miss *Betsy*.

AFTER looking two or three Minutes fillily upon one another, the Baronet taking out his Watch, and saying it was Seven o'Clock, half yawning and half taking Snuff, began: "Miss, says he, I presume you are acquainted with the Reason of my coming here, by your Parents,— I should therefore be obliged to you, if you would let me know in what manner you think of me."

"SIR

"SIR Roger, says the young Lady, I really do not know enough of you, to have form'd any Thoughts about you : This is the second Time I have ever seen you."

"THAT is not what I mean, Miss ; I would know, whether my Estate and Offers of Settlement are such as you can think proper to receive?"

"As to that, says *Eliza*, my Parents are to judge ; but with respect to determining on the Person one chuses to pass one's Life with, that indeed, I think, cannot be decided without more Acquaintance than I have yet the Honour to have with you, Sir."

"Miss, says Sir Roger, I apprehend that the Affair of passing a Life together, is by no means a Thing to be considered in Marriage. In those Days it is all Matter of Conveniency to both Parties, the Ladies of *England* generally wanting to get a Title, and the Men of Quality a Fortune. And this, Madam, says he, will certainly happen in this Union of ours ; and I cannot conceive, what Objection you can possibly have to it."

"BUT, Sir Roger, says *Eliza*, suppose my Person should be disagreeable to you, or my Disposition after Marriage, what

“Remedy will you have against these In-
 “conveniencies?”

“Do as they do in *France*, Madam;
 “have separate Beds, separate Apartments,
 “separate Equipages, and every thing else
 “separate, says the Baronet. Believe me,
 “Miss, I have travelled, and am convinced
 “how foolish all this Stuff called Love,
 “Fidelity, Billing and Turtling in *England*
 “is: Depend upon it, your only happy
 “Marriages are those where People do not
 “care a Farthing for each other, each pur-
 “suing his own Way; Liberty is the Life
 “of all Pleasure. When I say this, I mean
 “for People in polite Life. As to Cits of
 “small Fortune, who are obliged to sit
 “doating one against another in one little
 “Parlour—why not to be shocking to each
 “other, may be thought necessary.—But
 “for People of Rank, who can avoid each
 “other’s Company at Home and Abroad,
 “I see no Reason why such a Husband
 “and Wife should like each other better
 “than any Body else.”

“THIS is your Manner of Thinking
 “then, Sir *Roger*,” says *Eliza*.

“UPON my Honour, Miss, it is, replied
 “the Baronet; not only mine, but of all
 “Gentlemen of Figure and Knowledge of
 “the World.”

“THEN,

“ THEN, Sir, says she, I am determin’d
“ never to marry a Man, to avoid him ;
“ one whom I have Reason to believe I
“ can never please, and whose Behaviour
“ and Conversation is too modish for my
“ humble Way of Thinking : Believe me,
“ Sir, I will never marry for Love, to lie
“ upon Straw ; or marry for Title, with-
“ out that Passion to improve it : There-
“ fore, the most agreeable Thing Sir
“ Roger can do for me, is never to see me
“ more.”

WHICH Conversation ending in this Place,
Mr. *Narrowbottom* and Mrs. *Barter* entered
the Room, and Miss *Eliza* left it soon after ;
at which time Mrs. *Barter* began with Sir
Roger in the following Manner :

“ SIR Roger, says the good Woman, I
“ hope my Daughter has not misbehaved
“ herself : She has, indeed, had a Country
“ Education, her Health obliging me to
“ send her there ; for which Reason I can-
“ not answer for it, as well as if she had
“ been bred up under my own Eye.”

“ MADAM, says Sir Roger, without doubt
“ there are many Allowances to be made
“ on that Account ; and to that I impute
“ her Answer, which she has given me.”

“ WHAT, says the Mother, she has not
“ offered to refuse you, has she?”

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“ SHE has indeed, says Sir *Roger*, desired
“ me to see her no more.”

“ HAS she? then leave that to me : I
“ thought she would prove a disobedient
“ Girl ; you shall have her, Sir *Roger*, and
“ that you may depend on me for ; I shall
“ teach her, to disobey her Parents : Con-
“ tinue your Visits, and you shall find her
“ of another Mind To-morrow.”

SIR *Roger*, who had no Inclination to miss
this Thirty Thousand Pounds, nor the old
Woman who was determined to get rid of
the Daughter she did not love, to lose him,
were of the same Mind in this Affair ; on
which the Baronet promised to repeat his Vi-
sits, tho’ it were entirely to shew that Regard
which he had for her Politeness to him.

THUS the Baronet took his Leave, with
Mr. *Narrowbottom* ; and the Mother went
to expostulate with her Daughter. Which
Opportunity we shall also take of closing
this Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXVI.

Mrs. Barter's gentle Proceedings with Eliza. Eliza's Answer, and Expostulating with her Mother. A second Conversation with the Baronet. The Parents Resolution to marry her to Sir Roger. And the different Thoughts that employed the Imaginations of the two Sisters, described.

MRS. Barter being much inflamed with what she had heard from Sir Roger, went with no little Wrath to the Chamber where her Daughter was retired; when opening the Door, with a Countenance quite unlike that of a Ghost, being as red as the other is pale, her whole Person having nothing ghostly in its Appearance, tho' not less terrifying in fact: She began in this manner:

“WHY, here is fine Doings, indeed! I shall make your proud Stomach come down, I warrant you; because your Sister is to be married to a Lord, you are determined not to have a Baronet. Fine Doings, indeed! as if there were no Difference in Daughters.”

“MADAM, says *Eliza*, permit me to assure you, you are mistaken; I have no

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“ Objection to Sir *Roger*, because he is no
 “ Nobleman, but because his Person and
 “ Manner of Thinking are not agreeable to
 “ me. As to my Sister, I wish her all
 “ possible Joy in this Match; and I know
 “ nothing that would give me so much
 “ Pleasure, as seeing her happily married;
 “ which, I hope, she will very soon be.
 “ All I request, Madam, is, that as I never
 “ will marry any Man without your Con-
 “ sent, I may never be forced to marry
 “ any Man contrary to my own.”

“ FORCED, cries Mrs. *Barter*, a great
 “ Force indeed, for a young Girl to be
 “ married to a Baronet! why, is not he a
 “ young Man? I am sure I should not
 “ have thought it a Force at your Years:
 “ Why, I had lived many Years older
 “ than you, and did not think it a Force
 “ when your Father married me; a fine
 “ Force indeed!”

“ MADAM, says *Eliza*, I beg you to suf-
 “ fer me to refuse Sir *Roger*; though you
 “ should oblige me to give him my Hand,
 “ I am afraid all the Powers upon Earth
 “ cannot make me give him my Heart;
 “ and as it is very probable that this Dis-
 “ like may grow greater, rather than di-
 “ minish, after my being married to him,
 “ you would not chain me with what must
 “ for ever be disagreeable to me, and make
 “ me wretched.”

“ MAKE

“ MAKE you wretched ! where did the
 “ Wench get these Tantarums into her
 “ Head ? Why, is not Sir *Roger* a Man ?
 “ What would the Girl be married to, but
 “ a Man ; what are other Girls married to
 “ but Men ? Take my Word for it, marry
 “ him thou shalt, or I’ll see who will be
 “ Mistress ; What your proud Stomach will
 “ not down with a Baronet ! because your
 “ Sister is to be married to a Lord.”

Now the Reader may remark, that Mrs. *Baxter* was not half so much stocked with Sensibility of Soul, as she was with something of another kind ; she could not conceive what was the Reason of her Daughter’s refusing a Man ; a Sentiment very common in some Women.

THIS Refusal therefore, or something like it, of the Baronet, this Mother communicated to the Husband ; who, being much obedient to his Wife in these Matters, joined with her in laying his Injunction upon *Eliza*, to receive Sir *Roger* with more Politeness the next Time he came.

THIS Command, tho’ vastly disagreeable to her, *Eliza* determined to obey ; with some secret Hope, that by expostulating with Sir *Roger*, she might prevail upon him to relinquish all Thoughts of marrying her. Accordingly, when Sir *Roger* came, and they were together alone,

ELIZA said, " Sir Roger, I find you per-
 " sist in your Intention of marrying me,
 " and to this you are encouraged by my
 " Parents ; whatever they may have said
 " to induce you to this Pursuit, I will tell
 " you very freely I cannot find your Per-
 " son agreeable to me. This, I dare say,
 " may be an ill-founded Prejudice ; but it
 " is what I can never overcome : Let me
 " therefore intreat you to desist from this
 " Design. You, without doubt, will find
 " some Lady more amiable in all Respects
 " than I am, and I may meet with some
 " less worthy Man, who may yet be more
 " agreeable to my confined way of con-
 " ceiving Things. Think what it is to
 " make a young Creature miserable, re-
 " lieve me from the Distress I am in,
 " create in my Mind the highest Respect
 " for your generous Behaviour, tho' I can-
 " not feel that Passion in my Heart for
 " you, without which I never must marry
 " any Man, however elevated in Rank and
 " Fortune he may be. May you be happy
 " as you can wish, and may you find in
 " some other Woman what is more adapt-
 " ed to your Manner of Thinking and
 " Living."

To this Sir Roger attempted to answer
 by a kind of Raillery upon her antiquated
 Notions of Things ; that Life was quite an-
 other

other Thing than she imagined ; that Love was a Visionary, which never out-lived the Honey-moon ; and a thousand Strokes of that Kind : And, what is strange to tell, he began to feel an Inclination to possess her Person ; because she was averse to him, the Difficulty incited him, and created a Desire for that which he did not care two Straws for before. And as to the being affected with what she said, is it to be imagined that the Man who had made many a beautiful Girl miserable, and given large Sums to seduce them to their Ruin, would hesitate to effectuate the same Perdition on a Female, who was to bring him Thirty Thousand Pounds ; such hackney'd Hearts are insensible to the Touches of Humanity.

HE therefore concealed from the Mother and Father every thing which he did not like in her Conversation ; and those two Persons determined that she should be married the same Day with her Sister.

DURING all these Transactions, Miss *Barter* had been the Conversation of all the Routs in Town : Her fine Cloaths, fine Jewels, fine Equipage, and all Kinds of Finery tho' very fine had yet been made ten times finer by the Tattle of the Town.

THE Imagination of this Lady was entirely filled with her approaching Grandeur ; she dreamt of nothing but her Titles
and

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and Splendour, and waked several times at the imagin'd Sound of a Voice, which cried,
 “ Lady *Sapplin's* Chair there, Lady *Sap-*
 “ *plin's* Servants: By your Leave, make
 “ room for Lady *Sapplin's* Chair.”

FAR other Thoughts employed the Head and Heart of the gentle *Eliza*, whilst her Sister was meditating on the Glories of the coming Hour, she was laying some Scheme by which she might prevent the impending Ruin; being determined to suffer any thing rather than that wretched State, which she foresaw must be her Fate with Sir *Roger*.

C H A P. XXVII.

In which Mr. William Worthy discovers his Passion to Eliza, with her Manner of receiving it. Eliza's Resolution.

THE Reader may recollect that in the House of Mr. *Barter*, we have said, there was a young Gentleman, whose Name was *William Worthy*; whose Heart had conceived a Passion for *Eliza*, tho' his Lips had never given it Utterance but in Sighs.

THIS

THIS young Gentleman, finding that his dear *Eliza* was like to be married to Sir *Roger Ramble*, felt that Grief which Lovers can only conceive in the Fears of being de-
 vided from all their Souls hold dear. Every Moment at Table his Eyes were employed in gazing on her, whilst the ready Drop stood trembling in them ; his Breast heaved with almost incessant Sighing, his Face grew wan, and a Dejection not much short of Despair possessed his Soul entirely.

TEN thousand Times he designed asking Leave to retire into his native Land for the Recovery of his Health, on purpose to avoid the Sight of that dreaded Hour when his dear *Eliza* was to be for ever severed from him ; and yet, tho' this was the Scene he feared the most on Earth, he could not find the Resolution to lose one Moment's Power of gazing on her he loved, before the Time arrived that he must see her no more ; or, if he did, entirely from his Power of possessing her, in the Arms of another.

THIS Concern *Eliza* discover'd in him, from a sympathetic Sensation in her own Breast ; she wished that Mr. *Worthy* had been the Person proposed, in the Place of Sir *Roger* ; and would gladly have given up the Title of Lady, for the Name of *Worthy*, and all external Pomp for the sole Joy of living with him she loved.

Not-

NOTWITHSTANDING this mutual Passion, the Secret had hitherto escaped from the Eyes alone, unless Sighing may be called the Language of Love. One Day however, the Family being engaged in Attendance upon my Lord *Sapplin*, Mr. *Wortby* found *Eliza* in the Parlour, unknowing she was there; the pensive Look and flowing Tear which ran down her Face, were irresistible at that Moment in that Situation; he ran to her, and, falling on his Knees, beseeched her to tell him what was the Cause of her Affliction; "If it be in my Power to give
 " you Ease, you may command my Life;
 " indeed, indeed, Miss *Betsy*, I love you
 " more than Life: Let me know—make
 " me serviceable to you, you may trust me." This he said with all the emphatic Earnestness of sincere Passion, witnessed by Tears.

" Oh! Mr. *William*, says she, I am undone; two Days hence destines me to
 " the Arms of him I detest. Oh! pity a
 " poor, distressed, friendless Creature."

" I do, I do, my dearest *Eliza*, says he
 " with bursting Passion, (for the Singularity of the Accident had taken off all
 " Thought of Restraint) tell me what Danger I can undertake, to prevent it: Will
 " you fly with me, I have enough to find
 " Happiness for us both, with Love like
 " mine. Let us escape from this detested
 " Place.

“Place.” This he said, pressing her Knees as he still remained kneeling before her, with great Energy.

SHE bad him rise, and told him, “That
“flying with him, she never would consent
“to; and yet, Mr. *William*, it is not from
“any Dislike to you.” She added, “But
“running away, even with the Man we
“love, is not a laudable Action.”

“AND does my *Eliza* love me? Am I
“that happy Being? Does she confess she
“loves me?” says Mr. *Worthy*.

“Did I say I loved you, says *Eliza*;
“indeed, Mr. *William*, I do not hate you:
“Certainly your Affection for me deserves
“a better Return than Hate.”

THE Fear of being surpris'd drove him from this Attitude of Kneeling, assisted by her Request. At which time, says she,
“Let me implore you, Mr. *Worthy*, not
“to condemn my Behaviour, in what I
“am determin'd to do to avoid this Mar-
“riage; and believe me, that during Life
“I shall always entertain the greatest Re-
“gard for him, who has manifested so
“much Tendernefs for me, even in these
“few short Moments.

“DRIVE me not from your Memory,
“says she, tho' I never see you more; and
“believe me, was I Mistress of my own
“Person, I would not hesitate to bestow

“ it

“ it where I am convinced it would be most
 “ acceptable.”

THESE Words ran through the Heart of Mr. *William*, he would have undertaken Impossibilities to serve her, implored her to know her Design, and ten thousand other Questions; all which she desired to be excused from the discovering. And thus they parted, being alarmed by some one whom they had Reason to apprehend would have occasion to enter into the Room in which they were.

THIS Night Mr. *William* spent in more Tranquillity than he had passed a Night for many Weeks; tho' he slept not, he wept no more; tho' he feared he might never be happy in the Arms of her he loved, he had the Pleasure of finding he was beloved by her, and that his Rival would be disappointed. This was a vast Improvement of his Situation: Hope, that Stranger to his Breast, began to spread its genial Ray thro' his Heart, and recall the vital Powers which were almost exhausted.

If Mr. *William* past the Midnight Hours with less Pain than usual, *Eliza* past them in resolving her Escape, and contriving the Manner of it. She had made no Parade, nor Preparation for her Marriage, tho' her Mother had incited her to it. She had only prepared three Linnen Gowns, which
 were

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were brought secretly into the House, and which no one had known any thing of but herself.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Eliza prepares for Flight. A Receipt for the Fair, more effectual than Dr. James's Powder, or Mrs. Stevens's Medicine. A second Dream of Mrs. Barter's. The Discovery of Eliza's Escape. An Instance of Welch Peggy's Courage. Mrs. Barter's Discovery of this Affair to Sir Roger. His Behaviour on that account.

ELIZA having determined on her manner of Escape, seemed more easy the next Day; she told her Mother she would go early in the Morning To-morrow to her Milliner's to buy something, and return at Dinner-time; which, she accordingly did. And, at this time, she took a Place in the *Exeter* Coach, which was to part at Three the next Morning.

THE Evening being passed with Lord *Sapplin* and Sir *Roger* at Mr. *Barter's* House, and all Things ready for the intended Nuptials of the two Ladies the following Morning,

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ing, about Twelve the two Suitors departed, and the Family to their respective Chambers; where we leave every one but *Eliza*, who had determined to escape the Man she could not love, and who she plainly saw had not conceived the least Passion for her.

AND now, ye gentle Souls, whose Bosoms feel the purer Touches of celestial Love, aid me with your Wishes whilst I recount the Manner in which the lovely *Eliza* fled from that which ingenuous Minds detest beyond the Pangs of Death.

AFTER retiring to her Chamber, she immediately applied herself to the most effectual Manner of disguising her Person, supposing that some very severe Enquiry would be made after her when she was found to have escaped.

Now, in this Place, I shall communicate to my Fair-hair'd Readers the most valuable Secret which has ever yet been discovered for that Part of the Creation; and this I do from pure good Will, desiring neither Patent to secure me the Property, tho' I am sure it is more effectual than Dr. *James's* Fever Powder; nor Parliamentary Reward, tho' it deserves ten times the Consideration of Mrs. *Stevens's* Medicine; particularly, as this is infallible, and has never been known to fail in any Instance; and to the
Truth

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Truth of this I could get a thousand Affidavits.

And here I caution my Readers, that by the Word *fair*-hair'd in this Place, if the Word *fair* should be either mis-spelt, blotted, or otherways defaced, they have full Power to place *red*. This single Instance of *Eliza's* excepted, whose Locks were truly auburn, shining likee Silk, and in great Abundance.

THE first Thing that is necessary to be done in this Process, is to light a large Tallow Candle, if there be not one already lighted, then holding a Pewter-plate over the Flame collect the Soot which sticks to the Plate; this being done, you must have ready at the same time some Brandy or Spirits of Wine, and with a Pencil of Camel's-hair dipt in the Spirit and the Soot, put it on the Locks, which most effectually imparts the Raven to all Colours; and has the quite contrary Effect to boiling a Lobster, converting the Red to Black.

THIS did *Eliza* perform; and thus having changed the Colour of her Hair, she put an ample Quantity of the true *Paris* Rouge on her Cheeks; and having drest herself in one of her Linnen Gowns, she left the House of her Father in the utmost Secrecy, guarded by the Powers which attend

tend the Steps of Innocence, Truth, and Virtue, till she came to the Inn; where, mounting the Coach, she proceeded on her Journey to *Exeter*.

HERE we chuse to leave her, and return to the House of Mrs. *Barter*, who was much disturbed by another Dream; being no less than that of having lost a sound Tooth, the only one which she had remaining in her Head.

THE Morning being come, Mrs. *Barter* and Miss *Barter* who had not slept much that Night, being kept awake with the Thoughts of being a Lady, rose more early than usual; and after having been some time up, they wondered that *Eliza* was not come down to Breakfast; to which Mr. *Barter* said, "Perhaps the Girl is not well, send some one to her Chamber, to know what is the Matter." When, lo! the Servant who was employed in that Office came down she knew not how, crying, "She is not there, she is gone, and has not been in Bed To-night!"

AT this Intelligence, they all stared like stuck Pigs one upon another. "Why, sure, says the Mother, the Girl has not made away with herself! step up, *Nanny*, and see if she has laid violent Hands upon herself." "Lord, Madam, says *Nanny*, I can't go up by myself; let
" *Peggy*,

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"Peggy, go with me, and Jack." Which Request being complied with, they all three mounted the Stair-case together, not one Word escaping their Lips, till arriving at the Chamber, Nanny says, "Do Jack, do you go in first." "Not I, says Jack; let Peggy." Now Peggy was a Welch Girl, and had good Blood in her Veins. "Cod save you, says Peg, what was you 'fraid of; faith you was mack a prave Sojer, inteed! what the Tevil if hur was tead, hur was tead; Name o'Cod I will co in." Which Words being uttered, Peg opened the Door, not without some Trepidation from the Apprehension of finding *Eliza* dead.

BUT after hunting the Closet, and perceiving there was no *Eliza* to be found dead nor alive, Peg cries out, "Aye, faith this was prave Toings, inteed; if hur hat found hur tead, or hat found hur alive, hur could tell what was become of hur; but now was not find hur tead, or alive: Faith hur cannot tell what to think of it. Name o'Cod, says Peg, here is the Gown she did wear Yesterday, I suppose hur has taken all hur pest Close away; faith hur was commend hur for that."

THE Search being to no purpose, the Servants were called to ask, if the Door was found

found unlocked this Morning; which being answered in the Affirmative, they all agreed she had made her Escape that Night, but still they were under some Anxiety on account of the Gown being left behind; this seemed to be beyond the Power of accounting for: All which was owing to the Ignorance of her Linnen Gowns.

IN the same manner it happens that some Heads who are wisely planning future Actions, or cunningly scrutinising into the past, under full Determination of coming to the Truth; one single Circumstance omitted, as in the Case of the Gown, destroys all the Labour of their Thinking, and every thing remains unaccounted for; the Work takes a different Direction from what they intended, and the wisest Head is scarce righter than the weakest.

Miss *Barter* however called her Mother aside to ask, if *Betsy's* running away was to hinder her marrying? "Indeed, says she, "I see no Reason for that." To which the Mother reply'd, nor she neither: "If she "has run away from her own Wedding, "she has no right to make you run away "from your's— But, says the Mother, I "must speak to my Husband on that "Score."

ACCORDINGLY she talked with Mr. *Barter*, who was led by his Wife in these Things;

Things; and it was agreed, that Miss *Barter* should be married to Lord *Sapplin* that Morning; but the Difficulty lay in the coming off with Sir *Roger*. And now the happy Hour had brought Lord *Sapplin* to the Door; and, in a few Minutes after, Sir *Roger*.

My Lord going into the Dining-Room, Mrs. *Barter*, who had undertaken to open the Affair to the Baronet, remained below; and when he descended from his Coach, she desired to speak with him in the Parlour.

SIR *Roger* being come in, Mrs. *Barter* began:

"SIR *Roger*, says she, here is an odd Accident has happened To-night; that disobedient Girl is gone off."—"With the Footman, I presume, says Sir *Roger*."
 "No, Sir *Roger*, worse than so; by herself. Lord knows where she is, or can be; but, if she be found dead or alive, I am determined she shall marry you: For my Husband says, she can't marry any Body else by the late Law. And whenever we find her, she shall be brought back again with a *Sisserary*—I assure you, Sir *Roger*, 'tis not my Fault that she went off, for no Mother was ever freer to give a Daughter to any one than I am to you."

At

AT this News Sir *Roger* looked somewhat simple, and said, he was sorry it happened so; that he presumed his Presence was by no means necessary at that time; and then, mounting his Chariot, drove to his own Lodgings; but in the Road called upon Mr. *Narrowbottom*.

“*Narrowbottom*, says Sir *Roger*, here is
 “ a d—m—d Affair has happened, that
 “ little ——— of a Cit’s Daughter is run
 “ away To-night, to avoid being married
 “ to me this Morning. D—mn her, if
 “ she had staid till she was married, till
 “ To morrow only, she might have ran to
 “ the Devil, and I would have willingly
 “ consented to it, provided she had left the
 “ Money behind. But, by Heaven, this
 “ has damnably disconcerted me; I shall
 “ now be obliged to sell one half of my
 “ Estate, or my Vértu; and, if the latter,
 “ to what purpose have I travelled; and
 “ the other, faith, does not look quite so
 “ well, you know.”

“ RUN away—can’t be—it’s impossible
 “ —where should she run to—you joke—
 “ you joke—can’t believe a Word of it—
 “ ’tis to frighten me about the Thousand
 “ Pound—I know you joke.”

“ FAITH, *Narrowbottom*, says the Baro-
 “ net it’s true; I have lost the Thirty
 “ Thousand Pounds, and you the single
 “ Thousand;

“Thousand; for which Reason, and to
“avoid the Raillery of my Friends, I shall
“take myself to *Ramble-ball* till the Affair
“is a little blown over.”

MR. *Narrowbottom* looked extremely dejected at this Intelligence, having reckoned this Money as sure as in his Purse; and here we leave him ruminating on his Loss, to conclude for the present, and not link Matrimony and Melancholy in one Chapter.

C H A P. XXIX.

Lord Sapplin's Nuptial Day, and going to the Country to consummate. A small Mistake between the Father and Mother concerning their Daughters. Mr. Worthy's Distress, and what happened in the Stage-Coach.

THIS Flight of *Eliza's* did not sit quite so easy on Mr. *Barter*, as on his Lady; he would have been glad to have known where she was, and her Mother never to have heard of her more. As to Miss *Barter*, it would be ridiculous to think she could throw away one Thought after a lost Sister, who was just upon getting a Lord for a Husband.

THE Marriage Ceremony was performed, and that Moment the happy Pair ascended the Coach of Lord *Sapplin*, to proceed directly to the Seat of the *Wormeatons*. The good Mother forgot the Loss of her Daughter *Eliza*, in the Ladyship of her Daughter *Molly*; and old *Barter* wonder'd how he had been induced to give Seventy Thousand Pounds on the Nail.

MY Lady *Sapplin* sat in high glee by the Side of my Lord, who bade his Coachman drive swiftly through the Streets, to make haste out of Town; which his Bride construed, to arise from the Hurry and Ardour he was in to consummate; and my Lord, to prevent being seen in the same Coach with his Lady, by his Acquaintance. Be it which of the two Motives you will, the Coach flew so fast that it soon brought them to the Seat of the Earl of *Wormeaton*, where the Earl himself received his new Daughter with a florid Speech; a Specimen of which we have already given more than once, and therefore omit it in this Place.

DURING this Time Mr. *Barter*, who had sent to get Intelligence of his Daughter in vain, often said, "Well, I wonder where this poor Girl is?" "My Lady *Sapplin* is arrived at her Country-house, answered the Mother, by this Time, to be sure." "I mean *Betsy*, says old *Barter*." " *Betsy*,
" says

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“ says the Mother, your Head is always
“ running upon that Vagabond ; I have
“ told you before now what she would
“ come to.”

OLD *Barter* sigh'd at this ; but as he could never get the last Word from his Wife, since the Time his Marriage was declared, he had learnt to acquiesce and yield to that Power which nothing but Death could conquer.

WHOEVER came to the House was entertained by Mrs. *Barter* with no other Conversation, but that of Lady *Sapplin* ; my Lady *Sapplin* did so at her Marriage, Lady *Sapplin*'s Diamond Ear-rings and Necklace were made in such a Taste, Lady *Sapplin*'s Cloaths were made in such a manner, Lady *Sapplin*'s Coach was made in such a manner, Lady *Sapplin*'s Chair was made in such a manner : In short, wherever the Words Lady *Sapplin* could be thrust in, the Mother never neglected it ; and poor *Eliza* found no Place for one Thought in her Head, nor one Sensation in her Bosom. Such Mothers there are in this World !

THO' we have already said that Mr. *Barter* had made some fruitless Search in quest of his Daughter *Eliza*, yet there was another Person in the House who was not less anxious to know what was become of her, than the Father himself ; and this was no other than Mr. *William Worthby*. He had enquired

at every Inn where Post-chaifes are to be hired, and where the Stage-Coaches set up, and could not find any thing to answer to the Description he gave of *Eliza*, they were all positive that no such Person had gone from thence in a Coach or Chaise.

THIS threw a deep Melancholy upon his Mind, he remember'd the Words, "Drive me not from your Memory, tho' I see you no more;" and nothing could keep them from haunting his Soul eternally. He concluded she had chosen to put an End to her Life, rather than marry the Man she could not love; and lamented the Fate of the most amiable Maid that ever lived, and his miserable Situation of hopeless Love.

DURING this Time *Eliza* travelled in the Stage-Coach to *Exeter*, happy in the Escape she had made, and determined to suffer any Calamity, rather than be wedded to that Man from whom she had fled. Sometimes a Thought of Mr. *William* stole in upon her Soul, and press'd a gentle Sigh from her Bosom; however, the Journey was otherwise agreeable, and the Company civil to each other, which does not always happen in a Stage-coach; the Affability of *Eliza* appeared so striking, that amongst them there was one Gentleman who thought he could not use her with Politeness enough.

THIS

THIS Man looking over the Daily Advertiser at an Inn on the Road, saw a Description of a Lady, without a Name; who, if she would return to her Parents again, should be civilly received.

“ Miss, says the Gentleman, if it was
“ not for the Colour of your Hair, and the
“ Ruddiness of your Complexion; (for she
“ continued both these Disguises) I should
“ swear that you were the Person meant by
“ this Description, you answer to it so well
“ in all other Respects.”

“ AND pray, says *Eliza*, what is this Description,” which she pretended to read, to conceal her Confusion; when reading it to herself, she cried, “ Some Girl who has
“ fled from her Parents, I suppose, to avoid
“ being forced to marry a Man she does
“ not love.”

“ If that be the Case, says the Gentleman, I wish her well; this Marriage-Bill will have very fatal Effects, I am convinced: It has had some already, from
“ what I know of the Matter.”

“ IN what manner, pray Sir?” says *Eliza*.

“ I’LL tell you, Miss, says the Gentleman; there is in the Parish where I live—
At this Instant enter’d the Drawer, with a
“ Gentlemen and Ladies, the Coach is
“ ready, the Coachman is waiting on the
“ Box.”

“Box.” Which, breaking off the Conversation, must also break off this Chapter. For which Reason, we shall give the Story in the Coach, -which would otherwise have been told in the House; and crave our Readers Patience one Minute longer, till the Company is settled; which every one of them did with the utmost Hurry, to attend to the Story.

C H A P. XXX.

A Story by the bye to pass away Time on the Journey; in which is described a Family that every one in their Senses would be glad to be acquainted with; and an Instance that will make a Parent rejoice at the making the Marriage-Act, who thinks he may probably leave a Child in the Hands of a Guardian.

“THERE is, says the Traveller, in
 “the Parish where I live, a Gentle-
 “man whose Name is *Sharply*, if such a
 “Man can be called a Gentleman, who
 “was made Guardian to a young Lady of
 “great Fortune in the Country; being not
 “less than Twenty Thousand Pounds.

“IN

“ IN the Parish adjoining is a Gentleman
“ of an ancient Family, and strict Honour,
“ whose Name is *Trueman*; the Estate in-
“ deed is not very large, being no more
“ than a Thousand a Year; at the same
“ time this Gentleman having a numerous
“ Family, which he has educated well, and
“ living with Hospitality, tho’ without
“ Profusion, which a generous Heart can
“ with Difficulty avoid, he has saved but
“ little Money for his Family.

“ ON this Account he has bred his el-
“ dest Son to the Bar, who is like to make
“ an illustrious Figure in his Profession,
“ being esteemed the most promising young
“ Man of his Standing; he has mixed in
“ his Composition great Readiness of Ima-
“ gination, much Aptness of Expression,
“ a fine Person, a pleasing Voice, and his
“ Mind well stored with that which is ne-
“ cessary to be known in the Law, and
“ steady Attendance at *Westminster-Hall*.

“ THIS Gentleman came down to his
“ Father’s Seat, during the Vacation, where
“ the Father, Mother, three Brothers and
“ four Sisters attended him with the ut-
“ most Impatience; never was there a Fa-
“ mily so remarkable for loving each other,
“ their Faces filled with Attention and
“ Smiles at each other’s Conversation was
“ a more pleasing Concert to the Eye than

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“ any thing which can be conveyed thro’
“ the Ear in Musick.

“ PERHAPS no Sight could be more
“ pleasing to a generous Heart, than the
“ Reception which the Parents, Brothers,
“ and Sisters gave this their elder Brother
“ at his coming into the Country; each
“ striving to exprefs their Love by the
“ tenderest Embrace, and deepest impressed
“ Kisses, intermix’d with Smiles and Tears
“ like *April* Suns shining through the tran-
“ sient Showers.

“ THREE or four Days after his Arrival
“ in the Country, the old Gentleman and
“ his Son walking together through his E-
“ state, My dear Child, says the Father, I
“ need not tell you my Circumstances, that
“ my Family and Manner of Living have
“ prevented me from saving much Money
“ for my younger Children; therefore, says
“ he, my dear Son, as they may want Mo-
“ ney to settle them before you are in great
“ Practice in the Law, I have one Thing
“ to propose to you.

“ SIR, says young *Trueman*, if you want
“ to raise Money on your Estate to settle
“ my Brothers, or marry my Sisters, I shall
“ readily join with you; tho’ the Laws of
“ *England* have given me sole Possession of
“ it, after your Decease, they have not di-
“ vested me of Humanity. Tho’ it may
“ be

“ be very right in a political View, to give
“ that Male the Family Estate, who has
“ the Chance of being born first ; it is not
“ so in a natural one, where all Children
“ seem to claim an equal Division, and pa-
“ rental Attention. At least, I can answer
“ for my own Heart, that nothing shall
“ prevent me from making those Brothers
“ and Sisters happy, whose Happiness has
“ always appeared the making me so.

“ My Son, says the old Gentleman with
“ Tears in his Eyes, your Goodness is be-
“ yond what I ask ; you will overpower
“ my old Heart with your more than filial
“ Duty. Good Heavens ! says he, how
“ have I reason to thank you, that you have
“ bestowed me such a Child— You have
“ many, Sir, says the Son ; all my Bro-
“ thers, all my Sisters, would do the same
“ thing by me ; I am convinced they
“ would.

“ But, my dear Child, says the weeping
“ Parent, taking him to his Bosom, let me
“ explain what I intended saying to you ;
“ and here, says he, I will demand one Pro-
“ mise from you, that your Duty to me
“ does not carry you to any Excess of O-
“ bedience ; it is an Article in which you
“ are mostly interested, and therefore your
“ Happiness alone can make it mine.

" THERE is, my Son, says he, a young
 " Lady in the next Parish, whose Name is
 " *Sucky Brightley*, the Heiress of Mr.
 " *Brightley*; whom you have heard me
 " mention, I believe. This young Lady
 " is left as a Ward to Mr. *Sharply*; she has
 " Twenty Thousand Pounds in ready Mo-
 " ney, and is indeed, but little more than
 " Eighteen at present; but grown a Wo-
 " man, and of an amiable Person, if my
 " old Eyes can determine of such an Ob-
 " ject, which is truly that of Youth only:
 " We will, if you please, make a Visit to
 " Mr. *Sharply*; where, we shall see the
 " young Lady, and you may determine of
 " her Person. For, my Son, says he, tho'
 " I could marry you to the richest Woman
 " in *England*, I should make myself ex-
 " tremely wretched if you could not love
 " her; believe me, Child, says he, that Pas-
 " sion which has been so truly supported
 " between me and your Mother (however,
 " they tell me it is the Fashion to deride
 " it at present, which the late Marriage-
 " Act seems to take no notice of) is beyond
 " what all the Riches in the World can
 " possibly bestow on Mankind without it.
 " THEREFORE I here exact your Promise
 " that you do not think of marrying this
 " young Lady, without you are convinced
 " you can love her, and find her agreeable
 " in

“ in all respects. There is no haste, she
“ may grow older, without being too old
“ for Marriage, says the old Gentleman,
“ smiling; and you may have Opportuni-
“ ties of visiting her, and be truly acquaint-
“ ed with her Character whilst you remain
“ in the Country.

“ HOWEVER, says he, I think the first
“ Visit we make, I will tell Mr. *Sharpley*
“ my Intention; you know it is become
“ necessary to have his Consent by this late
“ Bill, and therefore we will proceed like
“ Men of Honour, and not seem to have
“ any Design upon the young Lady's Af-
“ fections, without first acquainting the
“ Guardian; and yet, my Son, it shall be
“ signified in such a manner, that your Ad-
“ dresses will only be made if you like her
“ Person and Disposition.” To this young
Trueman consented.

“ A FEW Days after the Father and Son
“ made a Visit to Mr. *Sharpley*, and were
“ politely received; the young Gentleman
“ liked the young Lady very well, for the
“ first Conversation; and Mr. *Trueman*,
“ the Father, told Mr. *Sharpley* the Intent
“ of bringing his Son thither, and asking
“ Permission for him to visit her; the
“ Guardian was not at all averse to his
“ Visiting, he said Mr. *Trueman* would al-
“ ways find a Welcome at his House; and
“ added,

“ added, Sir, Miss *Brighiley* and I will re-
 “ turn the Visit ; and thus she will make
 “ some Acquaintance with your young
 “ Ladies, which I am convinced will be
 “ very agreeable to her.

“ BOTH Families parted well pleased with
 “ each other ; Mr. *Trueman*, the Father,
 “ fancying that Mr. *Sharply* would be very
 “ willing of this Union between his Son
 “ and his Ward ; and young *Trueman* be-
 “ lieving he should like her well enough
 “ to make her his Wife.

“ SHE was, indeed, a Person which no
 “ Man could dislike ; being of the middle
 “ Size, a good Shape without appearing to
 “ be just joined in the Middle of her Body
 “ like a Fly ; her Hair was Jet-black, yet
 “ soft and silky ; her Eyes were of the same
 “ Colour, quick and piercing ; an aquiline
 “ Nose, good Teeth, pretty Mouth, and
 “ rosy Cheeks ; her Skin, indeed, was in-
 “ clining to the Olive.

“ AS to her Understanding, she had
 “ contracted a Reserve, from being much
 “ in-Company with Mr. *Sharply* ; and which
 “ he had purposely given her for Reasons
 “ which will be seen hereafter. On this
 “ account she appeared aukward in his
 “ Company ; and this was what was disa-
 “ greeable to young *Trueman* in his first
 “ Visit.

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“ MR. *Sharply* returned the Visit the same
“ Week to Mr. *Trueman*’s, with Miss
“ *Brightley*; where, being along with the
“ young Ladies of the *Trueman* Family se-
“ parate from her Guardian, she had a
“ Frankness and Ease which form’d the
“ most amiable Behaviour upon Earth, and
“ which really made great Impression on
“ the Heart of young *Trueman*; insomuch
“ that he was determined to make his Ad-
“ dresses to her.

“ THUS far all Things appear well and
“ promising: But, as it happened to a cer-
“ tain great Genius, who being at that an-
“ tient and laudable Entertainment where
“ Punch is the eternal Hero of every Per-
“ formance, not knowing what was behind
“ the Curtain, and taking Punch for the
“ Author of all the Smartness which he
“ heard, and believed as proceeding from
“ his Mouth; he was so enamour’d of his
“ Conversation, that he purchased him for
“ the sake of being the standing Bell-esprit
“ of his Table; but alas! he was deceived.
“ And, in the same manner, are many
“ Men deceived with specious Appearan-
“ ces, taking that for one thing which was
“ meant for another; and all for the same
“ Reason that this Man mistook Punch
“ for a Wit, because they do not see the
“ Motives in one, nor the Wires in an-
“ other,

“ other, which actuate both the Man and
 “ the Wood.

“ BUT, continued this Gentleman, there
 “ was in the same Village where Mr. *Sharply*
 “ lived a young Fellow, who was bound
 “ Clerk to an Attorney ; whose Father dy-
 “ ing young, had left him a Thousand
 “ Pounds in Money.

“ HE was of a good Figure, and had
 “ much animal Vivacity, being by far the
 “ smartest Person in the Village ; a Beau
 “ to the Extremity of Country Finery ; his
 “ laced Hat was cock'd in the smartest
 “ Taste, his Wig little, and one single
 “ Curl running round the Bottom of it ;
 “ he wore a white Lapel-Coat with a blue
 “ Collar, a green laced Waistcoat, Scarlet
 “ Breeches, white Stockings, and the thin-
 “ nest Pumps that the Shoemaker could de-
 “ vise, with an Iron-headed Oaken Stick in
 “ his Hand, and a Spaniel at his Heels.

“ No young Man had more Gentleman-
 “ like Accomplishments ; he swore freely,
 “ gamed freely, and drank freely ; he bred
 “ the best Fighting-cocks in the Neigh-
 “ bourhood, having in constant Pay a Fel-
 “ low to steal the Eggs from the Walks of
 “ other Gentlemen around the Village.
 “ He kept a good Horse, hunted much
 “ with a neighbouring 'Squire, and never
 “ missed a Horse-race within Fifty Miles

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“ of the Place where he dwelt. In short,
“ he minded every Thing but one, which
“ was his Master’s Business; and had by
“ this genteel Taste dissipated more than
“ one Half of his Fortune.

“ THIS Gentleman had cast his Eyes on
“ Miss *Sucky*, and had been in Company
“ with her more than once; but the Mar-
“ riage-Act had totally prevented all Power
“ of carrying her off, which had not a little
“ disconcerted his Views.

“ THE whole Village, at least those Fel-
“ lows who helped to consume him, did
“ not fail to tell him of the two above-
“ mentioned Visits; every thing in the
“ Country is a Marriage, where two young
“ People have seen one another more than
“ once; and therefore they agreed that this
“ must be one, between young *Trueman* and
“ Miss *Brightley*.

“ D—MN ye, says a Fellow in Company,
“ I would have her yet for all the Law,
“ was I Mr. *Smart*, (for this was the Clerk’s
“ Name) I would give old *Sharply* one half
“ and keep the other myself; half a Loaf
“ is better than no Bread; he’ll touch, I
“ know’en of old.

“ THIS Shot of his Companion hit the
“ Imagination of young *Smart*. In this
“ Affair he resembled Marshal *Villars*,
“ who took the Advice of two Citizens
“ of

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“ of *Doway*, by which means he conquered
 “ the Army of Prince *Eugene*, and saved
 “ his Country.

“ THE better to effectuate this intended
 “ Scheme he took an Oecasion one Day to
 “ speak to Mr. *Sharply*, something between
 “ Jest and Earnest; that if he would give
 “ his Consent that he should address Miss
 “ *Brightley*, upon Marriage they would di-
 “ vide the Fortune between them.

“ THIS was the very Overture which
 “ *Sharply* desired, and the very Cause that
 “ had made him continue the Visiting
 “ which was begun with Mr. *Trueman*.
 “ What, says he, *Smart*, do you imagine I
 “ will sell the Girl? you do this to try me,
 “ I suppose?

“ NOT I, says the young Fellow, swear-
 “ ing an Oath to bind it; if you will agree
 “ that I marry her, if I can gain her Con-
 “ sent, you shall have half her Fortune.
 “ Are you really in earnest, says *Sharply*—
 “ Yes, upon my Soul, answers *Smart*.
 “ Why then, says *Sharply*, we must have a
 “ little more Conversation on that Head.
 “ Which Conversation ended in this Agree-
 “ ment, that the Fortune should be divided
 “ between them.

“ AFTER this Time, young *Smart* found
 “ ways to see Miss *Brightley* in private, pre-
 “ tending that it was all unknown to the
 “ Guardian.

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“ Guardian. At the same time young
“ *Trueman* repeated his Visits, and grew
“ much enamour’d of the young Lady :
“ This Mr. *Sharply* beheld with no small
“ Concern, lest his Proposals being made
“ to his Ward should frustrate this Expectation of getting Ten Thousand Pounds.

“ To free himself from this Dilemma, he
“ made a Visit to Mr. *Trueman* ; when, after having spent the Day, he took occasion to speak to the old Gentleman, and with much pretended Affliction told him, there was too much Reason to believe that young *Smart* had found the Means to win Miss *Brightley*’s Affection ; and farther added, I am afraid she is already in a Situation which ought to follow Matrimony, and not to precede it.

“ THIS Intelligence startled Mr. *Trueman*, he could not help being sorry for so lovely a Girl. Why, says *Sharply*, without doubt, Sir, it is great pity ; but what would you advise me to do in such a Case ? Why, really, says the old Gentleman, I think, tho’ young *Smart* is much beneath her in Fortune, you should endeavour to marry them together, and save her Reputation as much as possible.

“ SIR, says *Sharply*, I am afraid I may be censured by the World, for this Affair ; but, I hope, you will have the
“ Goodness

“ Goodness to declare, that I consulted you
 “ on this Matter ; indeed it grieves me
 “ much, for I thought to have settled her
 “ in the Arms of your Son, where I am
 “ convinced she would have been happy.

“ INDEED, says the good Man, I was
 “ entertaining Hopes of that Kind, but
 “ there is an End of all Expectations of
 “ that Nature. I am afraid how my Son
 “ may receive this News, I am really con-
 “ cerned for him ; for he certainly has con-
 “ ceived an Affection for her, poor Girl !
 “ she is young, and easily deluded.

“ MR. *Sharply* being retired, full with
 “ Self-applause of his deep Cunning ; Mr.
 “ *Trueman*, the Father, related the Story to
 “ the Son, who bore it with much Pain,
 “ and sincerely wished he had never seen
 “ her : But, Sir, says he, don’t imagine I
 “ impute this to your Inclination to give
 “ me this young Lady. I am persuaded,
 “ that it is not Vice in her, which has been
 “ the Cause of this Indiscretion, but the
 “ Importunity of the young Fellow ; and
 “ that she would have made me a very
 “ good Wife. I think, Sir, continu’d he,
 “ we judge too hardly of young Ladies,
 “ who are deluded in this manner ; and I
 “ sincerely wish that this Law, which is
 “ designed to prevent clandestine Mar-
 “ riages, may not increase the Number of
 “ ruin’d

“ ruin’d Maids. Certainly Men have now
“ more to urge than before, and may im-
“ precate all Manner of Curses on those
“ who framed this Law, and hindered
“ them from being united to all their Souls
“ hold dear, as they will not fail to swear
“ in order to deceive. A Law may be
“ easily made against Marriage, which will
“ be difficultly put in Execution against
“ Love, and the Sexes who feel that Passion
“ for each other, will scarce be restrained
“ by Acts of Parliament from committing
“ what is more fatal than unequal Marriage,
“ to their Welfare and Reputation.

“ INDEED, my Son, says the old Gentle-
“ man, I believe your Remarks are just ;
“ and I wish we may not find them too
“ true.

“ THIS Master-stroke of Policy in *Sharp-*
“ ly prevented young *Trueman* from ever
“ seeing the young Lady again ; the Guar-
“ dian therefore treated her with more Se-
“ verity than before, and made her Life as
“ uneasy as he could ; which Behaviour in
“ him threw her into the Arms of young
“ *Smart*, whom she loved the more as she
“ wished more earnestly to avoid the other.
“ And this ended in *Sharply*’s consenting
“ to marry her to him, and in dividing
“ the Money between the Guardian and
“ Husband.

“ YOUNG

“ YOUNG *Smart* being possessed of Ten
 “ Thousand Pounds lived in a very pro-
 “ fuse Manner ; he neglected no kind of
 “ Diversion and Pleasure, which the Coun-
 “ try could give him ; but as *London* was
 “ a Place he had never seen, he determined
 “ to pass a Month in that City, and yet he
 “ did not chuse to take her with him, who
 “ had given him the Power of enjoying it,
 “ and therefore he left her without much
 “ Reluctance.

“ DURING his Time of being in *London*
 “ he frequented every Place of Expence,
 “ and spent his Nights in those innocent
 “ Places of Accommodation, called Bag-
 “ nio's ; where he caught a Disease which
 “ is generally to be found in those Conve-
 “ niencies of Rendezvous ; and, at his Re-
 “ turn, communicated it to his Wife. This
 “ Accident terminated her Days some short
 “ Time after, not a little assisted by the
 “ Mismanagement in treating it.

“ THUS ended the Life of this lovely
 “ Woman, who had been sold to this young
 “ Rake by her Guardian ; and I wish she
 “ may be the last which is treated in such
 “ a manner : For surely this new Law has
 “ rendered Wards more in the Power of
 “ their Guardians than before, and more
 “ than it ought ; if they are prevented from
 “ marrying themselves, they are render'd
 “ the

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“ the Property of their Guardians ; and of
“ their Parents too, says *Eliza* : To which
“ all the Company agreed, and in lament-
“ ing the Fate of the poor unhappy Miss
“ *Brightley*.” And thus ended the Story.

C H A P. XXXI.

Mr. Thomas Stem becomes a Captain in the Army. - A Dissertation on two Lines in Dr. Swift, and on a fine Gentleman. The Effect of Talents misapplied. The Commencement of an Amour with a great Welch Heiress. The Advantage of the Marriage-Act to those young Gentlemen who are not inclined to marry, and yet to receive the Fruits of it. Miss Bidley Lloyd's Reasoning upon this Law ; and Capt. Stem's Rapture.

WE shall now let *Eliza* pursue her Journey, without any further Account till she arrives at Mr. *Thoroughgood's*, where the Reader sees we are carrying her ; and suffering my Lord and Lady *Sapplin* to consummate their Nuptials in the Country, turn our Eyes back on Mr. *Thomas Stem*, the Nephew of old *Stem*.

THE

THE Reader may remember that the first Intention of this Gentleman, after the Disappointment of inheriting his Uncle's Effects, was to go to one of our Universities, and there study Divinity, with Design to take Orders. These were the first Thoughts which came into his Head; the Mind, upon any Disappointment, naturally leading to look on Things with an Eye of Piety and Devotion.

THIS however passing away, like an Ague-fit with giving him a small Shake only, and the Two Thousand Pounds which Mr. *Barter* had given him coming upon it quite unexpectedly; he changed his Mind from his former Intention of being bred to the Church.

IT has been already said, in the former Part of this Gentleman's Life, that his Person was agreeable, and that he had a Fondness to be well drest; now he considered with himself that the being a Divine must put an End to all the Heart-felt Joy of embroider'd Cloaths, laced Waistcoats, Bagwigs, laced Hats, white Silk Stockings, and all that Finery which delighteth the Heart of Youth, and adorneth the outward Man: For which Reason he deserted all Thoughts of taking Orders, and bought himself a Commission in the Army.—

Now,

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Now, perhaps, in this Place we may be greatly condemned for this Levity, which we have given to Mr. *Thomas Stem*, in suffering him to quit Religion for War; and yet we venture to affirm, that the Army in general owes its being filled with so many gallant young Fellows to the Love of fine Cloaths, more than the Love of Battle; it being the indisputed Right of a Captain, which is every thing above a Serjeant till you come to a Major, to go as finely drest as his Taylor will permit him: And this we say, without Design of impeaching the Courage of our Officers in the Army, which we know has been proved in the Face of their Enemies, who are ready to acknowledge it.

CAPTAIN *Thomas Stem* then having entirely relinquished all Thoughts of serving the Lord, or hurling Vengeance from the Pulpit on the Heads of Sinners, determined now to serve his King and Country, and exert his Courage and his Arm against their Enemies. To that Intent, as hath been said, he bought a Commission in the — Regiment.

Now, it has been long since observed by Dr. *Swift*, from whom we shall ever with great Caution dissent in what he has delivered:

“ That

“ That to give a young Gentleman right
 “ Education,
 “ The Army’s the very best School in
 “ the Nation.”

In which we truly acquiesce ; but then we can hardly conceive it to be universally so, only limited to a certain Manner of Study.

FIRST, we conceive the Army cannot be a School for the Law, that Assertion every Man would laugh at, because that consisteth in Words, and not Blows ; nor for Physick, it being equally ridiculous, because it delighteth in giving Wounds, and not healing ; nor for Divinity, because we have two Universities destined to that Study, and Parsons never take the Name of the Lord in vain, being always paid for it ; which Soldiers, on the contrary do : It is impossible also that he can mean the Art Military, because that would be so obvious a thing, that the Doctor himself would laugh, if any one should say, that the Army was the best School for the Army. He must intend then something in which all the finest Qualifications which belong to human Nature are supposed to unite ; and this is a fine Gentleman.

Now, when we say a fine Gentleman, we would not be understood to mean that kind
 of

of Creature which lived in the Time of *Charles* the Second, in which Wit, Politeness and Learning, were united with Gaiety and Gallantry; but a total Abolition of the two first, and a thorough Spirit of Intrigue or that which is designed by it at present, a Resolution to ruin as many Girls as may unhappily fall in his Way; without Respect to Honour, Family, or Reputation of the Female. This, together with fine Cloaths, makes the Definition of a fine Gentleman, and may be as readily learnt in the Army as in any School in *Europe*; notwithstanding which, I know many Officers myself who have been twenty Years in the Service of *Great Britain*, and yet are so devilishly dull, that to this Day they are no more fine Gentlemen in this respect, than if they had been bred in a College all their Lives, and never heard of the Term; and yet Fellows that will fight bravely, and serve a Friend with the greatest Pleasure, two Things by no means essential to the Character of the present fine Gentleman.

AND here let me make one Request to my young Countrymen, that they would not be seduced by the Love of fine Cloaths, which are present, to enter into the Army; and postponing the Consideration of the Danger of Battle, which is distant, run the risque of bringing a Disgrace on themselves

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and Family, by a small Species of Timidity called Cowardice, when the Day of Trial is at hand.

FOR certainly there is no Crime in being subjected to the Influence of Fear by Nature, the only Mistake lies in the Misapplication of our Talents; thus the Person who makes a bad Soldier, may make an excellent Divine; and the Captain of a Ship of War, who never comes within Gun-shot of his Adversary, may make an admirable Advocate at the Bar, where there is no Danger of Death, and it is the custom to fire only Powder to one another, to make use of a maritime Figure on this Occasion.

By means of this Misapplication of Talents it is, that Things run so cross and contradictory in many Parts of Life. Many a Man miscarrying in one Profession, who would have succeeded vastly in another. Hence it is we see so many Heads in *Westminster-Hall* uselessly applied to what requires thinking, which might have been employed to their Country's Good, in the manner the Ancients employed Battering-rams, and have been run against Stone-walls without the least Danger of being hurted.

To return from our Digression to Capt. Stem. This Officer was now as fine a Gentleman as any in the Regiment; he had deceived as many Girls, been cured of one Disease

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Disease as many times, drank as much *French* Wine, wore as fine Cloaths, walk'd as pretty a Minuet, play'd as good a Game at Whist, sung a good Song, and was as genteel a Figure as the Heart of a fine Gentleman could wish, or as any Man of his Standing in the Army.

WITH these Accomplishments, (some of which he had the Art to conceal) and with the Regiment, he was in Country Quarters at *Shrewsbury*; now this Town is remarkable for genteel Company, Men of good Sense, and Ladies of much Beauty; so that in the Assembly of the Town-Hall we have ourselves seen more fine Women than may be found at the Duchefs ———'s Rout; and in the Walks on *Severn's* Side, as many Beauties as *St. James's Park* has afforded this Year at any one time.

BESIDES these Excellencies in the Inhabitants of *Salop*, it has been the Custom to receive the Army with great Politeness, ever since the Days of *Farquhar* who wrote his *Recruiting Officer* on this Spot, to those of ourself, 1754, who are writing this History on another.

CAPTAIN *Stem*, with these Endowments, was not long unobserved by the Ladies of *Shrewsbury*; and, as it has been already said, was not without Talents to please; Habit had made him shrewd in the Knowledge of

Women: And thus, being an Adept, he soon found out that one Miss *Biddy Lloyd*, a young *Welsh* Beauty, (Heiress of Fifty Pounds a Year, and Twenty Years old) began to have the Sparks of the Fire of Love fall upon her Heart from his Flint, which wanted nothing but the Bellows of Kissing and Breath of soft Speeches to blow it into a Flame, and which Captain *Stem* was determined she should not be long without.

THIS young Lady he plied with all his Art Military, but to no purpose; she was more stubborn than *Bergen-op-Zoom*, and did not so much as leave a Postern open into which an Enemy might enter.

AFTER having attacked her with a continual Fire from the Batteries of Love, and battering whole Months without making a Breach, he began to try the *French* Manner, and corrupt the Governor within; he gave her several very elegant Presents, hired an *Oxford* Scholar to write a Song upon her Beauties, made the Organist set it to soft Musick which he sung to her, wrote her Name upon half the Glass-windows in *Shrewsbury*, and drank many a Bottle of Wine to her Health, and all to no purpose; she was still irresistible: The Captain had never thought of offering her Marriage, because he thought the Marriage-Act had effectually cut that Expedient from the Catalogue
of

of Resources in Gallantry. In this, however, he was mistaken.

ONE Day therefore, when he came to drink Tea with Miss *Lloyd*, he was determined to try the old Expedient of promising Marriage. Now I must let my Reader into a Secret, which is, that tho' Miss *Biddy* had not the least Inclination to be taken by Storm, yet she had no Objection to surrender on an honourable Capitulation, and put the Assailant in Possession of the Citadel itself on reasonable Terms; that is, in plain *English*, to give him her Person in lawful Matrimony.

THE Captain then began with inveighing strongly against the Marriage-Act, which prevented him from Proposals of that kind to the most amiable Person upon Earth: "My dearest *Biddy*, says he, would to Heaven I could testify the Sincerity of my Passion by the making you my Wife, I would instantly convince the World how much I adore thee; but alas! this cursed Law, so pernicious to all true Lovers, made only for the enriching the Rich, and aggrandising the Great, has deprived me of the Power of uniting us together in eternal Bliss."

To this Speech of his Miss *Biddy* cock'd her Ears, like a Hound in the Field, when

he fancies he hears the Tongue of *Comely*, who never opens till the Hare is gone.

“As to that Matter, says the Lady, I do not much regard the Act of Parliament; I don’t imagine that the Law has any Power upon sacred Things; can the Law abolish the Christian Religion? and therefore, since it cannot do that, it cannot abolish Matrimony, which is, in my Opinion, the best Part of it.”

THIS Speech the Captain caught hold of, at the same time catching Miss *Biddy* into his Arms, and exclaiming, “My celestial Maid, how am I doubly arm’d, my Death and Life, my Bane and Antidote are both before me; this, in a Moment, brings me to an End; and this informs me, I shall never die.” Which Words utter’d with Rapture, tho’ signifying nothing to the Purpose, had an excellent Effect on the Heart of Miss *Biddy*, who knew they were quoted from *Cato*; which Play is still admired in *Wales*. “How am I ravished, continued he, to find thy Soul above all the vulgar Prejudices, so inseparable from thy Sex.” Then, with a Squeeze with one Arm, and his Hand pressed on her Bosom with the other, a Liberty he had never taken before and which seemed to arise from an Ecstasy that hurried him into something he knew not what, he cry’d out, “When shall
“ the

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“ the Hour arrive that makes me happier
“ than *Adam* was in Paradise! when shall
“ we meet that Divine, whose Divinity will
“ unite our Bodies into one inseparable
“ Substance, as our Souls are already!

“ Where in the Gardens of eternal Spring,
“ Whilst Birds of Paradise around us sing,
“ Blest with my blooming Beauty by my
“ Side,

“ We drink rich Wines that in full Ri-
“ vers glide;

“ Breathe fragrant Gales o’er Fields of
“ Spice that blow,

“ And gather Fruits immortal as they
“ grow:

“ Exstatic Bliss shall our whole Powers
“ employ,

“ Till every Sense be lost in every Joy.”

This he repeated with vast Energy, closing the Whole with a Kiss so warm, and an Embrace so close, that Miss *Biddy* consented to give him her Hand, notwithstanding the Act to prevent clandestine Marriage, if he could find a Clergyman who would officiate in that Ceremony; which Captain *Stem* was determined to do, if Money could effect it.

C H A P. XXXII.

In which we introduce Parson Farley to the Reader's Acquaintance, and a Doctor of Divinity. The Reader may chuse which he likes. A poor Country Curate's Notions of the Court Clergy. Mrs. Farley's Distress; and Doctor Swallow's Letter.

THERE was in the Neighbourhood of *Sbrewsbury* a Clergyman, named *Farley*; who was an excellent *Greek* and *Latin* Scholar, the Son of a Tradesman in the Town, who died just as the young Man had taken Orders: His whole Income depending on the Profits of his Business, he could not leave this Son, who was his second, any Fortune; his Education being the whole he could give him. Soon after his Father's Death he fell greatly in Love with a young Lady, whose Fortune consisted in a good Person, a good Understanding, and good Disposition; three Things which might have been joined with much Happiness, to a Man of a good Estate, and would then have made a Figure in Life; but, as it happened, were entirely lost in the Situation she was placed, being no more than a Curate's Wife, who had

Thirty

Thirty Pounds a Year, and Three Children: The Rector living in *London*, who had never seen the Living but at the Time when he came to take Possession of it.

THIS Gentleman the Rector is greatly esteemed by the Ministry; he was a Coffee-House Spy during the Rebellion, and informed against much honest Men than himself, and better attached to the present Government. He has been concerned in bribing Boroughs, and giving the Electors Money to swear they had never received any thing to influence them to give their Votes in the manner they did. He wrote in Defence of the *Jews*-Act before it was repealed, and against it since; and stands now ready to attack the Christians, if ever the Great Man shall give the Word of Command. So faithful a Friend to his Country and the Religion of the Land, it was impossible could go long unrewarded; and indeed, whenever it is said that Merit does not meet its Desert, I beg leave to dissent from that Assertion: Let us first lay down what Merit is, and then I think the contrary will appear to be true, to every unprejudiced Person.

MERIT then, in my Opinion at present, consists in doing that for which a Man would have been hanged about an hundred Years ago, and deserves it at present. When

the Thing is truly stated in this Light, tell me, is there any one Man who has done any singular Act of that Nature, and not been rewarded with a good Place; unless, indeed lately, there may be more Candidates in this meritorious Way, than there are Places to provide for them? and then, pray, what Truth is there in that so general an Assertion, that Merit does not meet its Reward in those Days? It is in this Mistake, as in most others, People do not so much differ in the Things, as in the Ideas which are annexed to Words. Formerly Integrity, Learning, Love of our Country, signified Merit; and now the quite contrary.

To this Rector, the Curate having ran Twenty Pounds in Debt, which was inevitable, and for which he was prest by those to whom he owed it, wrote a Letter, desiring him to lend him that Sum of Money, and to augment his Salary Ten Pounds a Year; which, he said, considering the Living produced Two Hundred and Fifty, he hoped he would do, in Consideration of his increasing Family, his Wife being again far gone with a fourth Child. With this Letter he stopped his Creditors Mouths, making no Doubt of the Doctor's complying with his Request, and rendering him a happy Man.

“ My

“ My Dear, says he to his Wife, it is not
“ possible but Doctor *Swallow* will be glad
“ to comply with this reasonable Request
“ of mine; one who is so much favoured
“ by the Great, and has lately had the
“ good Fortune to be presented with an-
“ other Living in *London*, worth Four Hun-
“ dred Pounds a Year; surely this Letter
“ must give him great Pleasure, when he
“ finds that with so small a Sum he can
“ make a Family so happy. Certainly,
“ says he, if there be any Joy superior to
“ all others, it is that of giving Relief to
“ those who feel Distress doubly; from the
“ Sense which a better Education imparts
“ to Want, and from Want itself: What
“ can exceed the Pain which it gives to li-
“ beral Minds, when they are obliged to
“ conceal their Necessities, or even ask the
“ Compassion of others; and what can be
“ more eligible to human Nature, than the
“ Power of freeing them from this terrible
“ Sensation.”

IN this manner Mr. *Farley* reasoned with
his Wife, bidding her be of good Spirit.
“ I am convinced, says he, that something
“ better awaits us, my Dear. There is a
“ Power who has always beheld the Vir-
“ tuous with a favourable Eye, and who
“ will not relinquish us in this important
“ Moment.” Which he said, kissing off
the

the Tear that stood trembling in the Eyes of his dear *Nanny*.

“HEAVENS grant it may be so, my dear Mr. *Farley*, says she; but I own I feel a Sadness round my Heart, which forbids me to hope any Success, I know not why. My Reason and my own Disposition tells me I should certainly think it the greatest Bliss which Heaven could bestow me, to be impowered to relieve a Fellow-Creature in such Distress as we are; and yet I am withheld by I know not what, from believing that we shall receive any favourable Return from this Letter.”

“My dear *Nanny*, says he, you have nursed our Calamities so long, that you almost despair of being relieved, is this right? You know better, let me intreat you, my Dear, to divest yourself of this Melancholy.”

“Ah! Mr. *Farley*,” says she, the secret Tear stealing down her wan Cheek apace, “what can bring Comfort to me, when I behold these dear Children around me, and consider their Distress?” The eldest of which, the finest Boy that ever Eyes beheld, or *Corregio* painted, ran to her Knee, and said, “Don’t you cry, Mamma, God Almighty will bless *Tommy*,” which was his Name. At which the Tears ran in silent Sorrow down their Cheeks, as they turned

turned their Eyes from the Child to one another, and then back on him again.

“ My dearest *Nanny*, says poor *Farley*,
“ let me intreat you to compose yourself
“ till we get an Answer to my Letter, it is
“ not in Cruelty itself to deny me what I
“ have asked.”

By this time she grew a little more composed, Tears will give Relief even in the most wretched Condition, and lessen some Anguish of the most piercing Sorrow.

At length the Day arrived which brought the Answer to his Letter, and which robbed them of more than one half of the Money they had in the World: He took it overjoy’d, speaking aloud, “ My Dear, we shall
“ here find ourselves made truly happy.”

At which Words, opening the Letter, he read as follows:

“ *Mr. Farley*,

“ I AM surprized at your Assurance, in
“ desiring me to lend you Twenty
“ Pounds, or to augment your Salary.” —
At these Words the Letter fell from his Hands, and casting his Eyes on his lovely *Nanny*, he found her swooning away in the Chair; he ran to her, crying, “ My dearest
“ *Nanny*, my dearest Wife, for Heaven’s
“ Sake rouse yourself.” “ Let me alone,
“ says

“ says she, let me steal quietly from my
 “ Miseries to that Region where every
 “ Woe is at an end.” Saying this, she
 fainted quite away; poor *Farley* was distract-
 ed, he thought her gone for ever, he wept
 aloud, “ She’s gone, she’s gone!” The
 eldest Child, poor Boy, caught his Father’s
 Distress, and ran to the Door and cry’d out,
 “ Mamma is gone!” Which brought a
 poor Neighbour to his Assistance, by whose
 means she was recovered back to Life.

WHEN looking round, she said, “ Why
 “ did you stay my Flight, why bring me
 “ back to Calamities, which I can only in-
 “ crease? Oh! my dear Husband, have I
 “ lived to find it a Pain to behold thy
 “ Face!” Which saying, she burst into
 Tears, which again gave her some Relief.

POOR *Farley* put on a Resolution, which
 would have become a Martyr; he said,
 “ He doubted not of Relief from Heaven;
 “ there were Thousands yet, who would
 “ rejoice to find opportunity of assisting
 “ them, if their Distress was once known.”
 And, thus saying, he conveyed his Wife to
 her Bed, and then finished the reading the
 Letter secretly to himself; and which we
 shall give the Reader, as follows :

“ *Mr.*

“ *Mr. Farley,*

“ **I** AM surpris'd at your Assurance, in
“ desiring me to lend you Twenty
“ Pounds, or to augment your Salary :
“ Pray what Security can a Man have for
“ such a Sum, or how expect to be repaid,
“ by a Person who cannot live on so hand-
“ some an Income as I allow you. I am
“ amazed at your imagining, that I should
“ increase your Salary, when you know
“ that I can have the Living served for
“ Twenty-five Pounds a Year ; and which
“ I shall accordingly do : And I here de-
“ sire you to provide for yourself. I am
“ informed you took it into your Head to
“ preach against Perjury, just preceding the
“ last Election. Pray, what have you to
“ do with other People's Business, who
“ have enough of your own, if you mind-
“ ed it, as you ought. Had I behaved in
“ that manner, I should have been a starv-
“ ing Curate to this Hour. Am I to pro-
“ vide for the Children you beget ?

“ *Your's,*

“ SAMUEL SWALLOW.”

“ THIS Fellow! says *Farley*, this Block-
“ head! who was the greatest Dunce in the
“ College ;

“ College; this Villain, this Servitor, who
 “ has stood behind my Chair a thousand
 “ times; what Insolence! sure, if the Great
 “ Man who befriends him, knew of his de-
 “ testable Behaviour, he would never see
 “ him more.”

IN this manner was poor *Farley* venting his Anguish, when the same good Neighbour who had assisted him before, told him there was a Gentleman below, who wanted to speak with him. At which his poor *Nanny* desired him not to go down. “ Who
 “ knows, my Dear, says she, but that it
 “ may be some Bailiff to arrest you, and
 “ drag you to Prison: Let me go down,
 “ and see him first.”

“ BE quiet, *Nanny*, I cannot suffer more
 “ than I have already; Jails are a Paradise
 “ compared to the Insult of this insensible,
 “ barbarous Man, and the Anguish I feel
 “ on thy Account.” “ But, says she, my
 “ Life, will your Sufferings ease my Afflic-
 “ tion?” To which saying “ No;” he de-
 sired the Neighbour to ask the Gentleman’s
 Business, which being answered so as to sa-
 tisfy all Apprehensions of being in Danger,
 he went down to him.

C H A P. XXXIII.

The Arrival of Captain Stem to Parson Farley's. Conversation between the Warrior and Divine. The Parson and his Wife love one another as well as a Lord and Lady.

NOW the Person who had paid him this Visit was Captain Stem; he had learnt that Mr. Farley was a Curate, in most distressed Circumstances, and therefore imagined that Money would prevail upon him to do that, which another who was not so unhappily situated, tho' less honest, might decline.

AT Mr. Farley's coming near him, the Captain said, "Doctor, your Servant; I believe I have not the Honour of being known to you: I am Captain Stem, in ——— Regiment; and beg to speak a Word with you, if you please."

"If you please, Sir," says Farley.

"Why then, Doctor, says Stem. I think there is no one near us, is there, Sir?"

"No one," says the Clergyman.

"THEN, Sir, you must have heard, to be sure, says the Captain, of a Marriage-Act, which has been lately made."

"HEARD of it, says the Divine, I have read it many Times in the Church."

Now,

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Now, it seems the Captain having never read the Act, or been at Church since it was made, did not know that that was a necessary Part of it; so studious are our military Men of the Profession of Arms, and inattentive to all others.

“ OH, says the Captain, if that be the
 “ Case it is well enough; you must know
 “ then, Doctor, that there is a young La-
 “ dy with whom I am engaged in the so-
 “ lemnest Vows upon Earth to marry; no
 “ two Hearts ever burnt for each other, as
 “ ours do at this Moment; you yourself
 “ are no Stranger to Love, you must know
 “ how dreadful it is to be withheld from
 “ the Arms of all that is dear to us.”

“ YES, indeed, Sir, says *Farley*, I know
 “ what it is to love; and feel this Moment
 “ the dreadful Anguish on my Soul—I
 “ have a Wife—the best of Women,” at
 “ which the Tears started from his Eyes, “ she
 “ is now in the Moment as it were most
 “ perilous to human Nature; and yet such
 “ is the Ordonnance of Heaven, I have not
 “ wherewithal to procure what is necessary
 “ for her present distressed Situation.”

“ BE of good Courage, says the Captain,
 “ I am come to deliver you.” Heaven
 “ grant you may, says poor *Farley*—— see
 “ that little Boy which comes running to-
 “ wards me, is it not a fine Child? Is it
 “ not

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“not pity such a Child should be in—?” His Tears and some honest Pride would not let him speak out the Word, Want.

“It is a fine Boy, indeed; I’ll warrant he’ll make a Captain, says *Stem*; here, my Dear, take this to buy you a Cake.”

At the same time giving him a Crown, which, taking and making his little Compliments, in which he had been instructed by his Mamma, he ran to her to shew what the Gentleman had given him below. She smiled with Gratitude and Surprize; for to those who are in Distress, Five Shillings is often an infinite Sum, and brings a Joy unfelt by Affluence and Millions.

“WELL, then, Doctor, says the Captain, our Case is this, she and I are dying for one another; and yet, as she is but Twenty Years old, she cannot marry me without the Consent of her Uncle, who is cruelly determined never to give his Consent; not because I am not a proper Match for her, but because he is next Heir to her Estate; which, God knows, Sir, continued he, is next to nothing, Fifty Pounds a Year only; a Man may spend it on a March between this and *Worcester*.”

“NOTWITHSTANDING this Act therefore, Doctor, we were imagining that you, who are a Man of Sense and Learning, and
“above

“ above Prejudice, might have the Good-
 “ nefs to marry us. For the young Lady
 “ is convinced that Marriage is a sacred
 “ Ordonnance, and that therefore no hu-
 “ man Laws can fet it afide; and, as I can
 “ answer from my Soul, that I am of the
 “ fame Sentiment, we both wifh to be
 “ joined in holy Matrimony, to prevent
 “ the Sin of Fornication, and are deter-
 “ mined to keep it a moft profound Secret
 “ till fhe is of Age to chufe uncontrouled,
 “ which will be in lefs Time than a Year.”

“ You fee, Sir, fays the Captain, there is
 “ no ill Design: No Lady taken againft
 “ her Inclinations; no Fortune ftolen; no
 “ Mifchief done to any one; the cruel
 “ Uncle only prohibiting our Nuptials, in
 “ hopes that fhe may die this Year, and
 “ put him in Poffeffion of her Eftate.—
 “ Is not this extremely hard-hearted.—
 “ Does not this Law bear with great Seve-
 “ rity, in this particular Instance?”

“ INDEED, fays *Farley*, I think it does;
 “ but I don’t fee how I can remedy your Suf-
 “ ferings; you know, Sir, that it is in fact
 “ no Marriage, if I perform the Ce-
 “ remony.”

“ WE know that, fays the Captain; but
 “ Souls form’d for each other like ours,
 “ was it not for the Crime which we con-
 “ ceive we fhould incur in one another’s

“ Arms,

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“ Arms, neither she or I should hesitate
“ one Moment to rush together ; our Pas-
“ sion is beyond all Influence of Time, it
“ is no more than preventing the Sin in our
“ Enjoyments which has induced us to so-
“ lemnize the Marriage Rites, and no Dis-
“ fidence or Mistrust of the Flame abating
“ which now animates our Bosoms.”

“ SIR, says *Farley*, I am apt to believe
“ this may be true, from what I feel in my
“ own Bosom ; even distressed as I am, I
“ would not quit my lovely *Nanny* for
“ Mountains of Gold : But you know, says
“ *Farley*, Sir, I run the risque of being
“ transported for this Action, if it be dis-
“ cover’d.”

“ DISCOVER’d! Sir, says *Stem*, is there
“ that Ingratitude in Man ? Is it possible
“ the Person who thus makes two Lovers
“ happy, can ever be treated in that man-
“ ner ? Sir, we shall look upon you as
“ something more than Father, Angel, All.
“ You will restore us to the State of our
“ first Parents, before the Fall ; we shall be
“ immortal, all Extasy and Joy, Transport
“ and Rapture.”

THE Divine taking all this false Fire as
proceeding from real Passion, lamented that
it was not in his Power to make them hap-
py. “ But, Sir, says he, the Disgrace which
“ I should bring on the Order which I pro-
“ fess

“ fefs and reverence, muft withhold me
 “ from it. Wretched as I am, I dare not
 “ offend the Laws of my Country, and dif-
 “ grace the Character of a Divine.”

“ WHY really, Doctor, fays *Stem*, I am
 “ forry you have prevented me from mak-
 “ ing you a Prefent of Fifty Guineas, which
 “ I have here in my Hand, it was my De-
 “ fign; for, in my Opinion, the whole
 “ World would be too little if I could give
 “ it, for the being put in Poffeffion of my
 “ charming *Biddy*.”

THIS Sum of Money being vaftly beyond
 all the Parfon had imagined, being fuch as
 would put him free from his Debts, and in
 a State of Comfort to provide for that Mo-
 ment when his lovely *Nanny* was to give
 him another Child; he faid, “ Sir, give
 “ me Leave to confult my *Nanny* on this
 “ Occafion, and you fhall have my pofitive
 “ Answer.”

To his Wife he went, and told her every
 Circumftance, which has been already re-
 lated; adding, that he thought it beft to
 be complied with. “ You, my Soul, fays
 “ he, are in Neceffity of many Things,
 “ and who knows but even this harden’d
 “ Villain, the Doctor *Swallow*, may deprive
 “ me of this Curacy, and then we fhall not
 “ have wherewithal to feed thefe Infants:
 “ Better to run the Rifque of Death, than

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" see thee and them in Want ; what is there
" dreadful in being banished from that
" Land, which can breed such Monsters as
" this marble-hearted Villain, whom I have
" just mentioned."

" My Life, says she, do not, do not de-
" viate from what you have always held
" to be right, and practised ; I adjure you,
" let not my Distress incite you to break
" the Laws, and confine thee in a Goal ;
" that God, who has hitherto supported us,
" will support us still." Which she uttered
with a Sigh, and placing her Hand on
her Side, " Are you ill, my Dear ? says
" *Farley*, are you in Pain ?" " I am afraid,
" says she, my Time is nearer than I ima-
" gined." " And shall I then, says he,
" stand debating whether I shall violate a
" Law which no human Powers had a
" right to make, and prefer the escaping
" Punishment to the saving thy Life, and
" protecting thee from Danger ? Heaven
" forbid I should." He therefore left his
Wife, and ran down to the Captain, whom
he told he was ready to comply with his
Request ; which, accordingly he did the
next Day, walking to *Salop* on purpose for
that Errand, and bringing back the Money
to his Wife, in thorough Contempt of all
Danger which could arise from the Law.

" My

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“ My dear *Nanny*, says he, shewing her
 “ the Money, here is that which will free
 “ us from the Solicitations of my Credi-
 “ tors, and provide thee with what is ne-
 “ cessary during the Hour of Pain: By this
 “ I have probably preserved myself from a
 “ Jail: What is my Exile compared to
 “ thy Sufferings, which is the worst that
 “ can befall me. In leaving *England*, I
 “ leave a Country where it seems it is be-
 “ come criminal to preach against the
 “ worst of Crimes, for certainly Perjury
 “ is of that Nature; and to what Part of
 “ the World can they banish me, where I
 “ shall be more inhospitably treated, than
 “ I have been by this inhuman Man, this
 “ Minister in holy Things, this execrable
 “ Fellow, this Doctor *Swallow* !”

“ WHATEVER I suffer, I shall have this
 “ secret Joy, that it was done to save thee
 “ and thy dear Children, and even myself,
 “ from much greater Torture, the Torture
 “ of seeing you in Want. Can I suffer any
 “ other Pain like that !”

“ My dear Mr. *Farley*,” says she, em-
 bracing him with all possible Tenderness,
 “ I acknowledge, and am truly conscious,
 “ that all this was done on my Account;
 “ and yet, my dear Husband, says she, I
 “ wish it had been still left undone. It is
 “ wrong. I would not have it said my

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“ *Farley* did wrong, to save his Family
“ from Ruin. It has been my Boast, my
“ internal Support, that tho’ our Days
“ have been worn on in Penury, they have
“ been still a Life of Virtue. Heaven
“ preserve my dear Husband from all I
“ fear on this account.”

“ I DOUBT it not, my dear *Nanny*, he
“ said, pressing her to his Bosom, I should
“ have thought thy Ease cheaply purchased
“ with my Life. Can any Thing be a
“ Pain to me, which can bring Relief to
“ my dearest *Nanny* !”

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L

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXIV.

Captain Stem and Miss Biddy's Delight discovered. A Dialogue between Miss Wells and Miss Davis: And then another between Miss Wells and Mrs. Hughes. Mrs. Hughes's Legislative Capacity appears in a favourable Light.

NOTHING could equal the Raptures which Captain *Stem* and Miss *Biddy* enjoyed in one another's Arms; the Captain found several new Delights in this Amour, which he had never tasted till then, one of which was a cheaper Way to ruin Girls than before the Marriage-Act; he began to think that more young Ladies might be seduced by the Matrimonial Trap now, than ever; that Fifty Guineas given to a Parson, was a cheaper Way of purchasing Beauty, than the other of Presents to young Ladies, and their Servants; and that there could never be a Deficiency of indigent Clergy in a Nation, where Pluralities are given to the Worthless, to starve the Meritorious: Besides this, there was another Pleasure, which was that of transporting a Parson.

MISS

Miss *Biddy* herself was the happiest Creature upon Earth. At length the Time arrived and Consequences of this Delight, when the Semi-diameter of her Body was almost as big as the Diameter had been a few Months before ; which Increase being attended with a certain Paleness of Face, and other Symptoms, threw a kind of a Conjecture into People's Heads, that this Lady was, or ought to be married.

WHICH flying Report in its flitting from House to House, at last reached that of Miss *Patty Wells* : Now Miss *Patty* was a young Lady, who disputed the Prize of Beauty with Miss *Lloyd* ; and many there were who decided the Preference in Favour of Miss *Wells*. However, it seems, the Captain had not been of that Opinion ; being always positive in the supporting Miss *Lloyd* against Miss *Wells*, which Positiveness was not too well relish'd by this last-mentioned Lady.

THIS News then was charitably received by Miss *Wells*, who took it in and cherish'd it ; it was Five o'Clock in the Afternoon when the first Intelligence was brought her, at which Time she had resolved not to go abroad that Evening, but was attending a neighbouring Lady to drink Tea with her, Now, whoever has observed a Weathercock on the Top of a Steeple when it blows

a brisk Gale, must have remarked that it seldom keeps exactly the same Way any two Minutes, veering one Way and another. In this manner it is with a Woman's Inclination, tho' the Resolution be ever so strong, 'tis ten to one but it veers more or less; and so it happened to Miss *Wells*, for she actually came quite about, and determined to dress and go abroad that very Evening.

To Miss *Molly Davis* she made the first Visit; who, it seems, was an intimate Friend of Miss *Biddy's*; Tea being brought, "Miss *Molly*, says Miss *Wells*, you are extremely secret, you never let one know a Word of what passes; I'll warrant you, you don't know that Captain *Stem* is married to Miss *Biddy Lloyd*."

"To Miss *Biddy Lloyd*! says Miss *Davis*, impossible! sure I should have heard of it: Besides, it cannot be, she is not of Age, and cannot marry by this new Act."

Now this was the very Thing which Miss *Wells* wished to know. "How full the World is of Slander, says she; it is not above an Hour since that I was told she was married, and was breeding; but there is no believing what People say, the World is so given to Lying."

"WELL,

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“ WELL, says Miss *Davis*, I will know
“ the Truth of this, this very Evening.”
To which Miss *Wells* encouraged her much
for two Reasons; one was, that she might
immediately have Liberty of going away
and propagating this Story as soon as pos-
sible, and the other to come to a Certainty
the same Evening if it was true or not that
she was married. Miss *Wells* took her
Leave, with a “ Well, says she, I will not
“ delay you from satisfying yourself whe-
“ ther it be true or not.”

FROM Miss *Davis* she went directly to
the House of Mrs. *Hughes*, whom she
luckily found at home, with her three
Daughters; where seating herself suddenly
in an Elbow-chair, she began: “ Well,
“ says she, there is nothing which the Ma-
“ lice of this World will not invent; not
“ two Hours since, Intelligence was brought
“ me that Miss *Biddy Lloyd* was married to
“ Captain *Stem*, and was breeding; which
“ cannot be true, Miss *Davis* having since
“ told me she is not of Age to dispose of
“ herself. What is there, which this wicked
“ World will not say?”

“ WICKED as it is, says Mrs. *Hughes*, I
“ wish all this Story was true; but I am
“ afraid, says she, that the Affair of being
“ bigger in the Waist may be so, tho’ the
“ Matrimony may not. Poor Girl! I am

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“ afraid she is undone. She was forced to
 “ slack her Stays last Ball night, to prevent
 “ her from Fainting. Poor young Crea-
 “ ture! the Captain has been her Ruin, I
 “ fear.”

“ Mrs. *Hughes*, says Miss *Wells*, it is no
 “ wonder, when young Ladies suffer Fel-
 “ lows to be in their Bed-chambers at all
 “ Times; there can be no good expected
 “ from such unguarded Freedom. For my
 “ part, I am not at all surprized at it; and
 “ indeed should have taken the Liberty of
 “ telling her of the Indiscretion which she
 “ was guilty of, in being continually with
 “ Captain *Stem*; but you know how we
 “ are together. I own I am sorry, but I
 “ cannot say I am surprized. Mrs. *Hughes*,
 “ a good Night to you; Ladies, your Ser-
 “ vant; when shall I have the Pleasure of
 “ seeing you, to drink Tea? I must be go-
 “ ing home, the Evenings are so cold.”
 Which last Words of going home she im-
 mediately forgot, and went to six or
 seven Houses more to lament the Misfor-
 tune which was befallen Miss *Biddy*. So
 much was this good young Woman con-
 cerned for the Evil which was befallen this
 young Lady.

As soon as she was gone, “ Yes, says
 “ Mrs. *Hughes*, you are sorry, indeed;
 “ your Sorrow will not draw many Tears
 “ from

“ from your Eyes on this account ; how-
“ ever, you may thank Heaven the Cap-
“ tain did not attack you, instead of her ;
“ o’ my Conscience you are as badly made
“ to keep sweet without salting, as Miss
“ *Biddy* ; what will not Envy do, and what
“ Disguises will it not put on to obtain its
“ Ends ? If you, says she to her Daughters,
“ join the common Slander against Miss
“ *Biddy*, I shall resent it in a manner you
“ little think of. When they made this
“ Law to keep young People from marry-
“ ing, they should have made another to
“ prevent them from seeing one another.
“ Do they imagine an Act of Parliament,
“ because it can annul Marriages, can an-
“ nihilate Desires ; or, because they can
“ keep the World from one Part of the
“ Ceremony, they can from the other. It
“ would be no Surprise to me, if half the
“ young Ladies in *England* should be se-
“ duced by means of this Act of Parliament ;
“ and I cannot see what can be laid to their
“ Charge, if they are. There seems to
“ me to be no great Wisdom in prevent-
“ ing Matrimony, when it must improve
“ Debauchery ; and, to save the Fortune
“ from the Hands of a Man, when he has
“ robbed the Lady of her Virtue. Surely
“ I could make as good a Law as this
“ myself, who am but an old Woman.

" What, do they imagine they can prevent
 " Women from smuggling what they like
 " to have, by a Law ; when they cannot
 " prevent the *Welchmen* from smuggling
 " Teas and Brandy ? If they do, I am
 " mistaken." And, with this Speech, we
 end this Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXV.

In which is shewn that one Inclination, which brought Captain Stem and Miss Biddy together, is now divided into two. Miss Wells's Politeness in wishing Miss Lloyd's Friends Joy of her Marriage. The Arrival of Mr. Llewellyn Lloyd, at Salop; and what befel Miss Biddy, and Parson Farley.

MISS Davis, then coming to Miss Lloyd's, found her drinking Tea with the Captain; "Well, says she, I wish you Joy; you are so secret, there never was the like." "What Joy?" says Miss Biddy. "Joy of being married to Captain Stem," says she. At which Words Miss Biddy turning her Head to the Captain and smiling said, "Well, my Dear, I think we must own it now; what say you?" "To be sure, my Dear, says the Captain, own it." "Well, then, says Miss Davis, I really do wish you all possible Joy."

Now, perhaps, there could not be any Secret upon Earth, in which the two Reasons for discovering it could be more diametrically opposite, than those in these two Persons; Miss Biddy believing, that no Law

could efface the Effects of Matrimony, and being in continual Pain lest every Eye should discover her Situation, and every Female condemn her for a Crime she thought herself not guilty of, was charmed at the Arrival of that Time, when she might clear herself of all Imputation of Guilt.

THE Captain, having had as much of her as he ever desired of any one Woman, being tired of her Fondness, and wanting much to put this Scheme of Matrimony farther into Practice of ruining Innocence, was extremely glad of this Discovery; which, he imagined, would bring the Uncle from *Wales*, to carry away his Niece, and transport poor *Farley*.

THESE were the two Reasons which are above-mentioned. Accordingly Miss *Davis*, not being intreated to keep it a Secret, (which, if they had, would have been just the same thing) told Miss *Wells* of it that Night in going home; and, by this means, all *Sbrewsbury* knew it the next Day.

It seems, however, that Miss *Wells* was not contented with the spreading this Intelligence in the Town only; so greedy was she of communicating the News of Miss *Biddy's* being married, she was determined to be the first who should impart that Joy to Mr. *Llewellyn Lloyd*, of *Llanckyllog* in *Merionethshire*; who was Uncle, Guardian,
and

and Heir to Miss *Lloyd's* Fortune, if she died without Children.

SHE therefore sat down, and wrote as follows :

“ Dear Sir,

“ HAVING a great Esteem for your Family, I have taken the Freedom to tell you, that there is a Report in *Shrewsbury* that Miss *Biddy Lloyd*, your Niece, is to be married to Captain *Stem*; which, as it might not probably be communicated to you by either of them, I thought it my Duty to let you know it, as you are her Guardian and Uncle.

“ I am

“ Your unknown Friend.”

P. S. “ It is imagined, by some Ladies, that she is already married, or some thing worse.”

ON the Receipt of this Letter Mr. *Llewellyn Lloyd* was in great Wrath, and determined to proceed directly to *Salop*, to enquire into the Cause of this Letter, and the Truth of what it contained. The next Day he mounted his Horse, and came to *Shrewsbury*, where he found Things as we have

have already related them ; upon which he carried his Niece into the Country, and procured a Warrant to take up poor *Farley*.

THIS Design of his was imparted by the Justice's Clerk to the Parson, who told it his Wife. She was now recovered from her Lying-in, and was suckling a Boy, which many a Nobleman of *Great-Britain* would give a Hundred Thousand Pounds to possess.

" AH! my Life, says she, you see what
 " I imagined and feared is come to pass ;
 " you must now be separated from me for
 " ever, how shall thy poor *Nanny* live, de-
 " prived of thee her only Comfort ?" —
 " It shall not be, says *Farley*, we will go
 " together ; Clergymen fare much better
 " in that Part of the World than this ; I
 " have ask'd, and am not sorry for what I
 " have done."

" My dear Husband, says she, beholding
 " him with infinite Tenderness, let me im-
 " plore you to keep yourself from the
 " Hands of the Officers, this may be yet
 " made up, and Mr. *Lloyd* prevailed upon
 " not to prosecute you ; let thy *Nanny* at
 " least obtain that Promise from thee."
 " Why, says *Farley*, my Dear, provided
 " you will give me Leave to surrender my-
 " self at the Assizes, to receive my Trial, I

“ will promise you ; and at the same time
“ I will write to the Justice and Mr. *Lloyd*,
“ that I will then be present to stand ad-
“ judged by the Laws of my Country.
“ My Soul, my *Nanny*, tho’ I am afraid
“ there are very few Laws I should not
“ violate to save thee from a Moment’s
“ Pain, yet there is not one which I would
“ infringe to save myself. I have rescued
“ you from a State, which I dreaded more
“ than Death ; and will now willingly un-
“ dergo the Penalty, which the Laws have
“ destined for a Commission of this Crime.
“ My Life, says he, tho’ I cannot imitate
“ *Socrates* in my Innocence, I will imitate
“ him in my Resolution. If I have done
“ Injustice, in thus saving thee from infinite
“ Pain, I will yet do Justice to my Coun-
“ try, and deliver myself to the Tribunal,
“ which is appointed in this County ;
“ which will not be longer than a Fortnight.
“ I am a Subject of this Kingdom, to its
“ Laws I owe my Education and my Reli-
“ gion ; I own I have violated the first,
“ and am willing to incur that Penalty
“ which they have ordained. I think it
“ unjust to withdraw myself from the De-
“ termination of our Legislature, and the
“ Punishment which is annexed to the
“ Breach of Law : That, my *Nanny* shall
“ not prevail upon me to do. As to that
“ Part

“ Part of withholding myself from a Gaol
 “ till the Day of my Trial, in that you shall
 “ be complied with.”

ACCORDINGLY Mr. *Farley* wrote a Letter to the Justice, assuring him, that he would with the strictest Certainty render himself at the Assizes at *Salop*, to receive his Trial: He implored him as a Favour to believe him, and prevent those who were to take him from searching his House: “ For, says
 “ he, my poor *Nanny* will die, if she should
 “ behold me seized. I do not intend screen-
 “ ing myself, from Punishment; but her,
 “ from Pain: I do not mean even to avoid
 “ it: The Laws I have offended, I will
 “ stand condemned by them, or acquit-
 “ ted.”

THIS Favour the Justice acquiesced in, the Clerk telling the Officer that he would answer for Mr. *Farley*'s appearing to take his Trial. And thus he spent this Fortnight in supporting his dying *Nanny*. He told her, that the Law could not separate them, that the same Ship which carried him should carry her also; that all Parts of the Globe were equal to virtuous Minds; that he did not imagine, that the Offence of this Law could cancel all the former Part of his Life: “ And who knows, my
 “ Soul, says he, but this may be the hap-
 “ piest Moment of our Days; at least that
 “ which

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“ which leads to Felicity, the long Path
“ of Misfortune being already trodden
“ out.”

WE must now leave the Divine, and turn to the Soldier, and cast an Eye on what at that Moment engaged his chief Attention. It seems, he chose to be out of the Way when the Uncle took off his Lady, and save himself the Pain of endeavouring to preserve that which he wanted to get rid of. As we do of this Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVI.

In which we present the Reader with the valorous David Gam, Esq; And our Landlord at the Raven in Salop, with two Words on Sir Watkin. The 'Squire's March from the Raven to the Talbot, and what happened there.

NOW it seems that tho' there is an infinite Number of *Lloyds* in *Wales*, there is not one Male of the same Line with this Family, the Uncle excepted; who was an elderly Man, and had no Son alive, having only three Daughters.

BUT there remained in the same County a Descendant of the renowned *Sir David Gam*, a Gentleman of that Name, who was also named *David*; every Male in the Family since the famous Battle of *Agincourt* having been christned *David*, being *David ap David ap David ap David*, even down to the present *David Gam, Esq*; This Gentleman was related to Miss *Biddy Lloyd*; his great Ancestor *Sir David Gam*, sixteen Generations since, having married a *Lloyd* of that Family, after his Return from the Wars.

Now

Now he was in great Indignation against Captain *Stem*, who had seduced his Cousin *Biddy Lloyd*; and was therefore determined to take Vengeance upon him, for this Dishonour which he had brought on the Family of the *Gams*.

In order to effectuate this, he collected together the Armour and Arms of his Family, consisting first in two old Jack-boots of his Great Grandfather, and the second of two old Match-lock Pistols and a Basket-hilted Sword, with which Sir *David* had fought so nobly in the Field of *Agencourt*; and which, like *Agamemnon's* Sceptre, had descended to his Hand thro' a Line of itchy Ancestors, all Gentlemen.

Now the 'Squire was in the Flower of his Time, being Twenty-six, and of great Valour. He therefore mounted behind his two Pistols stuck into that Howsing which his Great Grandfather had used when he was High-Sheriff for the County of *Merioneth*, on what is called a Horse in that Country, and may be taken for a Mastiff in this; his Basket-hilt being stuck to his Side, and his new-laced Hat cock'd manfully, for the Vindication of the Honour of his Cousin *Biddy Lloyd*: Behind him followed his Man *Griffith*, on another such like Animal as his Master rode, with his Legs wrapt close in a Pair of good Hay-boots; the
Bridle,

Bridle, Saddle, and Stirrups being of the same Materials. Never was there such a fallying forth from *North-Wales* since the Days of King *Arthur*; the 'Squire determining to make the Captain *Stem* to do Justice to his Cousin *Biddy Lloyd* by honourable Marriage, or to lay him at his Feet.

In this manner equipt, the 'Squire rode directly to the Sign of the *Raven*, in *Salop*; and there alighting, he shaked his Landlord by the Hand, and, after having called for a Pint of Wine to refresh his Spirits, and dividing it into two Glassses, he drank one of them off to the pious Memory of Sir *Watkin*; "Amen, pray God," says the Landlord, who pledged him with all his Heart. This being done, he enquired if there was not such a Captain as Captin *Stem* in *Salop*, and the Landlord telling him Yes; he asked him, where he lived? "You'll find him," says he, 'Squire, either sauntering in the "Market-house, lounging at the Coffee-house, or drinking at the *Talbot*. It is "in that manner these Gentlemen spend "their Time; if Sir *Watkin* had lived "till now, he would have put down all "standing Armies, or it should have gone "hard; God rest his Soul; he was a true "Briton and Lover of old *England*."

Now

Now it came into the 'Squire's Head before he quitted his Mansion, that unless he could prove his being born a Gentleman, Captain *Stem* might refuse to answer his Challenge; he therefore brought his Pedigree with him, which being but short, began only with *Adam*; whereas there were many Families in *North-Wales* more ancient than that, and yet this Parchment cut into Scraps like a Taylor's Measure, or as *Dido* did the Bull's-hide, would have surrounded the Town of *Shrewsbury*. In this Pedigree Sir *David Gam* was honoured with Capital Letters, and several Points of Time distinguished with red, like Festivals in the Almanack, only being for a quite contrary Intent; which, instead of marking Days of Jubilee, marked those of Calamity, and which were when the Itch was quite out of the Family of the *Gams*; a Thing not less dreadful to their Apprehensions than a Comet, and always like that Phænomenon, the Forerunner of much Misfortune. Tho' it had happened but five Times since the Generations from *Adam*; how many times before was not known.

FROM the *Raven* the 'Squire *David Gam* sallied forth, equipt as we have said, his Man *Griffith* following him with the Pedigree; and having heard that Captain *Stem* was at the *Talbot*, he entered that Inn and desired

desired to speak with Captain *Stem*, when Word being sent in to the Captain that *David Gam*, Esq; desired to speak with him, the Captain said, "Bid him walk in." Now the Captain was in Company with several of his Brother Officers drinking a Bottle of Wine, when the 'Squire was introduced.

Now there is one thing which we have observed as well as many other Philosophers before us, which is a strange Association of Ideas in the Understanding of Men; so that at seeing an empty Bottle, a good Topper always connects the Wine which it contained along with it, and remembers it with a Sigh: When we see a Doctor in Divinity dressed in his Pontificalia, we conclude that these Robes include a pious, learned, and humane Man; because we have so seldom found the Character to disagree with the Coat. And, when we see a shabby learned Curate, we conclude it is his Impiety which has brought him to Rags.

A SMART Gentleman with his laced Hat smartly cock'd and cockaded, his Hair smartly curled above his Ears, powder'd and pig-tail'd, dressed in a Scarlet Coat which does not reach more than half way down his Thighs, with a certain Garb of knit Silk crossing from one Shoulder to the other Side of him obliquely, the Knot hanging gracefully behind, in a clean Pair of
white

white Spatherdashers, Shoes neatly japan'd, and a Sword hanging genteely on the left Side, conveys to every Mind who has not been used to military Matters, a Character of Courage, and sometimes deceives the Bearer himself, if he has never been proved by some small Bickerings.

ON the other hand, a laced Hat awkwardly put on, long black hair which had never been taught to bend to any thing on Earth, a Coat whose Skirts begin twelve Inches under the Arm, and reach four below the Knee, button'd from Top to Bottom, a Basket-hilted Sword, and a Pair of Jack-boots, as these are extremely strange to an Officer's Eyes and very ridiculous to a Man of Dress, they are apt to impart a despicable Idea in every other Part of a Character.

FOR this Reason Captain *Stem* believed the 'Squire was no Fighter, and *David Gam*, Esq; conceived the Captain to be a very valorous Gentleman.

THINGS being in this State, the Captain and the 'Squire dressed as above, *David Gam* attracted the Eyes of the Company with a very particular Attention. Now this Company consisted of two Lieutenants and two Ensigns, besides the Captain himself.

AT entering the Room the 'Squire *David* began with saying, "Is there a Shen-
" tleman

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“ tleman in this Company, look you, that
 “ whas callt Captin *Stem*?” To which the
 Captain answered, “ I am the Man.”

THE Pronunciation of the ‘Squire be-
 speaking him a *Cambrobriton*, there ran im-
 mediately a Smile over the Officers Faces,
 like the little Ruffling of Water when a
 gentle Breeze breathes upon the Surface of
 a Lake ; and one of them pointing to the
 Boots, and winking to the other, “ Smoke
 “ the Boots,” says he softly.

Now it came into the Heads of these
 arch young Gentlemen, that *David Gam*,
 Esq; was a proper Subject for a Roast ;
 and therefore Captain *Stem* desired him to
 sit down.

“ CAPTIN, says the ‘Squire, was whillin
 “ to spak whan Whord with you in prifit,
 “ look you, I whas come to *Salop* for that
 “ purpose ; I will not taak your Time up
 “ much, Name o’Cot.”

“ DON’T be in a Hurry, says the Captain,
 “ pray, Sir, sit down, and take a Glafs of
 “ Wine; I suppose you are not in a Hurry,
 “ you do not leave *Salop* To night;” ex-
 pecting much Diversion from roasting the
 ‘Squire.

“ Cot knows whare hur shall co To-
 “ night, says the ‘Squire with a small Sigh;
 “ but hur whas whillin to spake a Whord or
 “ two with you, Captin; there whas no
 “ Harm

“ Harm in that, I to believe, I cannot saay,
 “ I to think so; but howefer hur whas whil-
 “ lin to spake with you upon the Matter.”

At this time the Lieutenant, tipping the
 Wink on the Captain, began with, “ Pray,
 “ Sir, may I crave your Name?” “ Hit
 “ is *David Gam*, the Son of *David Gam*,
 “ who whas the Son of *David Gam*, who
 “ whas the Son of *David Gam*, till you come
 “ to Sir *David Gam*, who whas that fal-
 “ rous Knight that pehafed so whell at the
 “ Field of *Abincourt*; and dit maak that
 “ prafe Anser to King *Henry* (Prince of
 “ *Whales*, hur had been and whas porn in
 “ *Whales*) when he whas temanded what
 “ Numper there whas in the Field? My
 “ prave Ancestor did saay, there whas, may
 “ it please your Majesty, enuff to taake,
 “ enuff to kill, and enuff to run away.”

“ AND so, says the Lieutenant smartly,
 “ ‘Squire *Gam*, you are run away, are you?’
 “ Run awaay? who whas saay I whas run
 “ awaay? where is the Shentleman did
 “ saay I whas run awaay?” rising in Cho-
 ler, and putting his Hand upon old Basket-
 hilt. Upon this the Lieutenant began to
 look a little foolish, and the Captain to
 make Apologies, and assure the ‘Squire
 that at Court and in *London* it was the fa-
 shion to be witty one upon the other, and
 there was not the least Affront meant; Sir,

my Service to you ; here is to the pious Memory of Sir *Watkin*.

“ SIR, I whill pledge you with all my
 “ Haart ; Cot knows hur whas a prafe
 “ Shentilman as efer dit treat on *Welch*
 “ Cround ; Cot rest hur Soul, hur whas a
 “ prafe Shentilman, and tid lose hur Coun-
 “ try whell.”

THIS brought Matters upon peaceable Terms again ; upon which another of the Company smoaking the Sword, asked the 'Squire if that was the Weapon with which Sir *David Gam* had fought the *French* at the Battle of *Agincourt*, and sent so many Souls to the Shades below ?

“ YES, says the 'Squire, 'twhas that
 “ Weaphon that you tid menshon.” “ Will
 “ you permit me to draw it, 'Squire ?” says the young Smart. “ Aye, says the 'Squire,
 “ but who shall put hur up again ?”

“ NEVER mind that, says another ; we
 “ will put it up again, I'll engage.” Up-
 on which, drawing the Sword he put it to his Nose, and cries, “ Faith it may have
 “ killed *Frenchmen* formerly ; but I be-
 “ lieve lately it has been employed in other
 “ Things : Has not it been toasting Cheese,
 “ methinks it smells more of toasted Cheese
 “ than *French* Blood ; 'Squire, what say
 “ you, shall we toast a Piece of Cheese
 “ with it ?”

“ CAPTIN

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"CAPTIN *Stem*, says 'Squire *David Gam*,
 " what was this what you call Whit too
 " in *London*?" "Yes, yes, says the Captain,
 " all, all, Wit; take no Notice of it,
 " 'Squire, let him toast the Cheefe." Up-
 on which a Piece of Cheefe being brought,
 the Lieutenant began toasting the Cheefe,
 the 'Squire looking on, and the rest laugh-
 ing inwardly.

"I FANCY, 'Squire, says the Lieutenant,
 " 'tis done enough; will you taste it?
 " *Welchmen* love Cheefe, I am told," all
 the rest of the Company laughing. "Let
 " hur see the Sword," says the 'Squire to the
 Lieutenant; when taking it he said, "You
 " must heat it, by Cot hur shall heat it too,
 " I whill tell you that." "No, says the
 " Lieutenant, I don't love Cheefe." "By
 " Cot hur shall heat it, lose it or not lose it,
 " or hur whill pass the Sword thro' hur Po-
 " dy; by Cot hur shall heat it, I whill maak
 " some Whit now myself. What a Tefil you
 " tid think that red Close whas frighten
 " poor *Welchman*; heat it, I do say, by Cot
 " hur shall heat it." The Lieutenant see-
 ing in the 'Squire's Face that he was in
 earnest, began to be much embarrassed what
 to do; he saw that the 'Squire would fight,
 and knew that himself would not; upon
 which Captain *Stem* cries, "Eat it, Lieu-
 " tenant, it is only to oblige the 'Squire
 VOL. I. M " who

“ who is a Stranger ; I think one Gentle-
 “ man can hardly refuse another such a
 “ Request in good Manners.” Upon which
 the Lieutenant eat the Cheese, all the rest
 agreeing it was right, one young Officer ex-
 cepted, who laugh’d at the Lieutenant.

“ Now, says the Squire, look you, Cap-
 “ tin *Stem*, I have creat Resons to belese
 “ you whas a tamm’d Rogue ; you have
 “ prought Tishonors upon my Cousin *Piddy*
 “ *Lloyd*, and the Family of *Gam* ; and in
 “ Cot’s Name, look you, I whas come to
 “ temand Satisfactions. By Cot, I whas
 “ have Satisfactions. Look you, Captin
 “ *Stem*, there is my Pedigree,” throwing
 his Parchment upon the Table ; “ I whas
 “ a Shentilman porn, I whas have Satis-
 “ factions.”

“ HERE, Waiter, says the Captin, call
 “ my Drum ; give him this Parchment to
 “ make a new Drum Head.” “ Trum-
 “ hed, says the Squire, touch hur if hur
 “ dare ; by Cot I whas have Satisfactions.”
 Upon which the Captain rung the Bell, and
 desired the Landlord to turn the Squire
 out.

“ TURN hur out, Cotdameochée, turn hur
 “ out, by Cot, Captin *Stem*, you whas a
 “ Cowart, and a Fillain, and a Rogue, and
 “ a Knase to poot, look you. I whill have
 “ Satisfactions, *David Gam* whill have Sa-
 “ tisfactions,

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“ tiffactions, or hur whill stay till the Re-
“ surrections in the Town of *Salop*.” This
he said, and taking up his Pedigree, he left
the Place, threatening Vengeance, and
marching off in great Indignation.

Now the 'Squire being gone, “ Damme,
“ Gentlemen, says the Captain, if I know
“ what this Affair may come to; you see
“ he is a rash hot-headed *Welchman*, that
“ knows nothing of the World; it is a
“ thousand to one but he provokes me to
“ kill him: He understands no more of
“ the Sword, than he does of Arabic. I
“ have him in my Power, and yet what
“ would the World say if I should kill
“ him? I own, I should be greatly grieved
“ to kill so raw a Fellow, who knows no-
“ thing of the Sword: I warrant you, he
“ means no harm by all this; it is only
“ some Whim, which he has taken into his
“ Head; or, pray, Gentlemen, do you
“ think he is not mad?” “ Faith, I be-
“ lieve he is mad,” says one of the Com-
pany. “ We'll spend the Evening here,
“ and be jolly, says the Captain; To-
“ morrow Morning we shall enquire more
“ into his Character: Lieutenant, be so
“ good To-morrow Morning to bring me
“ Word what Sort of a Fellow he is—
“ Really I would avoid killing him if I
“ could. I think, Gentlemen, a Man
M 2 “ should

“ should not be forward in killing another,
 “ because he knows he can.” “ To be
 “ sure, not,” answer’d the Lieutenant.

THE Company spent the Evening together; and, as they indulged the Glass freely, and pushed the Bottle about, the youngest of the Officers who had not been long in the Regiment, who saw the ‘Squire ill treated with great Regret, being warmed with Liquor, cries, “ Captain, I cannot see how
 “ we can get off fighting this ‘Squire, one
 “ or other of us; what an Imputation is it
 “ for Officers to be treated in this manner!
 “ For myself, says he, I own you used him
 “ ill; but I think he must be fought, by
 “ one or other of us, notwithstanding
 “ that.”

“ WHY, says the Captain, in all Corps,
 “ Gentlemen, in which I which I have had
 “ the Honour to serve, whenever a Company has been affronted by any one, as
 “ we were, it has been always the Custom
 “ for the youngest Officer to resent the Injury first, and then to proceed till it comes
 “ to the Colonel.”

“ LET it be so, says the brave Lad of
 “ Sixteen; he that puts by such an Affront
 “ is not worthy to bear the King’s Commission.” Now the Reader will remark, that the Captain was not the youngest Officer of two Ensigns and two Lieutenants,
 and

and therefore was in no great Dread of being killed, having four between him and Death ; which, perhaps, is as safe a Situation, as if he had been sick and surrounded by four Physicians, all skilled in the Art of Healing.

WHILST these brave Officers were spending the Evening at the *Talbot*, the 'Squire marched forward and backward in the Market-House of *Shrewsbury* in great Wrath, expecting the Coming of the Captain.

Now it happened in this Case, as it sometimes happens to those Sportsmen who go with Ferrets to catch Rabbits, imagining that they have covered every Hole with a Net, there remains one secret Hole unseen and uncovered through which the Rabbit escapes, and disappoints their Designs ; and in this manner did the Captain escape the 'Squire.

It seems the Captain, being not extremely prone to attack, thought, like Sir *John Falstaff*, that Discretion was the best Part of Valour ; and that, as making a good Retreat had been esteemed by many Generals equal to getting a Victory, he was resolved to excel in the last, tho' he was deficient in the former ; and therefore retreated to his Lodgings by the Back-door of the Inn for two Reasons ; one, because he thought it the safest, and the other the short-

est Way; having had hourly Intelligence from his Scouts, that the Enemy remained in the Field under Arms, in Expectation of a Battle. The other Officers encamped in the same House. By this means the Squire lay under Arms all Night, and tho' he certainly cool'd his Heels, he did not cool his Courage in the least, of such firey and indignant Particles was his Soul composed. His Man *Griffith* still attending him with his Pedigree.

Now the Morning being come the Squire was in great wonder that the Captain had not appeared; when explaining his Amazement to *Griffith*, and crying out, "By Cot hur was a Cowart." *Griffith* made Answer, "Cot saave hur, what whas hur expect the Captin To-night, why hur whas come to peed long while co, to pe sure; hur tid sleep in the Hin." Upon which the Squire recollecting that it might be very probable, tho' he never thought of it before, marched to the *Raven* with a Resolution to refresh himself by a Nap for the Combat, which he was determined to engage in the ensuing Day. And, in this place we shall pause, to refresh our Readers

also for the two Reasons; one, because the short-
 ed to his feelings by the Back-door of the
 for two Reasons; one, because the short-
 the other the short-
 CH A P.

C H A P. XXXVII.

The different Dreams of Captain Stem and David Gam, Esq; The Captain is afraid it is not his Fighting-day. A very bloodless Rencontre on the Severn Side. Captain Stem's Cunning exceeds his Courage. He is put under Arrest by his own Officer's. Peace made on all Sides.

THE Captain being retired to his Lodgings, began to contemplate on the 'Squire's Behaviour; he had a great Inclination to believe that he was mad, and would have been extremely well pleased to have heard from his Lieutenant that an Act of Lunacy was taken out against him. During the whole Night he never closed his Eye, but the 'Squire in all his Fury stood before him, making the Lieutenant eat the Cheese, which the latter had toasted with the Squire's Sword. This he construed as a very bad Omen.

DAVID GAM, Esq; being laid in his Bed, was not long before he was in the Arms of Sleep; having no Fears to keep him waking, and knowing that the Captain could not be seen till late in the Day. During this Slumber his immortal Ancestor ap-

peared to him in a Vision ; he stood before the 'Squire's Imagination all clad in Armour, with a Visage expressing much Content, a crown'd Leek being stuck into his Helmet, and his Shield held on his left Arm, the very Sword which the 'Squire wore being in his right Hand, with which making three Flourishes he restored it to his Scabbard ; round the Crown which was on the Leek were these Words in Characters of Flame, " Llchwyr Ddwydd," which signify Victory, Glory, in the *Cambrian* Language.

THIS Vision the 'Squire construed into Success, and therefore as soon as he was awaked he dressed and came down Stairs, and drank a full Half-pint Bumper of Brandy to the immortal Memory of his immortal Ancestor : In which his Landlord pledged him, with an " Amen, pray God, " not forgetting Sir *Watkin*."

THE Time being come that the Lieutenant was risen from his Bed, he goes to the Coffee-House and tries to learn the History which belonged to *David Gam*, Esquire ; in which being truly satisfied that he was not mad, but determined to fight the Captain, he repaired to the Lodgings of Captain *Stem* and told him his Intelligence.

" DAMME, says the Captain, but this is
 " an odd Affair. If I should meet the
 " Dog

“ Dog To-day ’tis ten to one if I am in
 “ a Humour of Fighting. You know,
 “ *Jack*, says he, that all Officers agree that
 “ a Man will fight a Lion on one Day that
 “ will tremble at a Mouse on another. I
 “ vow to God, says he, I believe this is
 “ not my Fighting-day; there is a kind of
 “ a Something which hangs about my
 “ Heart, and tells me I shan’t be in Spi-
 “ rits To-day.”

“ CAPTAIN, says the Lieutenant, you for-
 “ get Ensign *Firebrace* is to take him up
 “ first.” “ Right, says the Captain, do
 “ get those together which were with us
 “ last Night, we’ll take a Walk all in the
 “ *Quarry*.” Now, to oblige our untravel-
 led Reader, this is the Name of a pleasant
 Walk between Lime-trees on the Banks
 of *Severn*, frequented by the Beauties of
Salop.

“ Like *Dian* and her Nymphs when tir’d
 “ with Sport,
 “ To rest near cool *Eurotas* they resort.”

THE Lieutenant obey’d his commanding
 Officer, and the Captain in the mean time
 dressed himself; which being just finished,
 all four entered the Room. The Saluta-
 tion of the Morning being past, they march-
 ed all five to the *Quarry*; when, lo! whom

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should they behold but *David Gam*, Esq; parading on the *Severn Side*, and meditating on his future Battles, and Glories, and Victories, and Triumphs.

At this Sight a Silence seized on the Army, like that which the *Greeks* observed in marching to the *Trojans*, tho' from a very different Motive to that which *Homer* has ascribed it in that Host; the Captain at the same Minute stepping on one Side to make a little Water, which Action though many a Philosopher have assigned as a Proof of sudden Fear, could in him and in this Instance be no more than the Land-Soldier acting in Imitation of the Naval Warrior, who always makes a clear Ship before the Engagement.

DAVID GAM, Esq; espying the Enemy's Army approaching, drew up his in dreadful Array, being no more than himself, his Indignations, his Valours, and his Satisfaction; which, at the most is but four to five; and marched on bravely towards the Captain's Line of Battle, when, in recollecting the Vision of his brave Ancestor, and his fighting against such great Numbers at *Agincourt*, he cry'd out, "Llwchwrr, Ddwydd, there is enuff to taak, enuff to khill, and enuff to rhun away."

Now *David Gam*, Esq; approaching fast, the Captain says to Ensign *Firebrace*, "You remember,

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“ remember, Ensign, what was agreed last
 “ Night.” Upon which the young Gentle-
 man advanced towards the Squire with great
 Spirit, drawing his Sword. At which Sight
 the Squire, in Imitation of other brave Ge-
 nerals, made the following Speech: “ It his
 “ not with you, Sir, that I whas come to
 “ fight, I hafe no Fengeances to taak, no
 “ Quarrels with you, you hafe not tepauch-
 “ ed my Cofin; therefor I whas not fight
 “ you, till hur whas kill Captin Stem;
 “ when hur whas kill Captin Stem, hur
 “ whill fight you alltogether, whan after
 “ another that his, put hur whas furst
 “ hafe Satisfactions on Captin Stem, for
 “ the Tishonors hur had prought upon
 “ the Family of the Gams.”

Now the Captain did not like this Speech
 at all; however, having more Prefence of
 Mind to get himself off, than Courage to
 urge him on, he says, “ Squire, it is our
 “ Method of Fighting, you must begin
 “ with the youngest Officer, and then it
 “ comes to my Turn at last: You affront-
 “ ed us all last Night.”

“ Cot. tam you, says the Squire, you
 “ whas a tam’d Cowart, and a Rogue, and
 “ a Knafe, and a Fillain; by Cot. I whill
 “ kill hur furst, and then all the rhest if
 “ they do like it; Cotdamochée hur whill
 “ hafe

“ hafe Satisfactions.” At which Word he drew his Sword.

THE Captain finding that a Battle must ensue, unless Art could prevail over Courage, cries, “ ‘Squire Gam, a Word in private ;” when whispering, he said, “ I will give you Satisfaction this Evening, “ I will come and see you at the *Raven*.” “ Naame the Hour,” says the ‘Squire. “ Seven,” says the Captain. “ I whill whait hur Coming. Tefil tam hur that “ fails,” answers the renowned Descendant of Sir *David Gam*.

Now it was Twelve o’Clock by *Shrewsbury* Clock, the very Clock which measured the immortal Hour in which Sir *John Falstaff* and that hot-headed Scot and Lot *Piercy* did not fight together ; which Clock has never struck the Hour to any Man of Valour since that Time, who resembled the magnanimous *Hotspur* so much in true Courage as did *David Gam*, Esquire, nor to any Captain so much blessed with the true Knowledge of saving himself from Danger, so like Sir *John Falstaff* Captain of the pepper’d Company, as is Captain *Stem*.

THE ‘Squire retired to his Inn, fully determined to wait his Antagonist, and never moved one Minute from the House, being afraid that Seven o’Clock would arrive that Day before Three, and he might be absent
if

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if he trusted himself abroad, he placed his Man *Griffith* at the Door to bring Intelligence if Captain *Stem* should send or come.

Now the 'Squire being departed, the Captain cried out, " Damme, Gentlemen, I shall be forced to kill this Fellow yet ; I am to meet him at his Lodgings at Seven o'Clock this Evening : By the Almighty, says he, I will take it no longer. This Delicacy of mine, in not killing such a Rascal, may bring my Courage into Suspicion. A Soldier's Character is every thing : By Heavens nothing shall prevent me from killing the Dog this Evening ; I am astonished at my own Lenity and Forbearance—— Dine with me, Gentlemen, at the *Talbot* ; adieu : I must go and settle a few Things, the Event of Battle is uncertain. But, hark ye, says he, don't take it into your Heads to put me under Confinement ; I know you are sensible an inferior Officer may put his superior under an Arrest in such a Case as this is ; therefore, Gentlemen, I beseech you, not to think of that ; for I am determined to kill the 'Squire, damn me." This he said going off with much Smartness.

AND now, so perverse is Man, that the very Thing which the Captain desired them not to do, and which they never would have
thought

thought on, unless he had intreated them not to think of it, was the Thing they all agreed on, except the young Ensign, who laughed at the whole Affair.

It was concluded then that a File of Soldiers should directly secure the Captain at his Lodgings, and conduct him to the *Talbot*, where he was to remain close Prisoner, to keep him from killing *David Gam*, Esq; which Resolution was instantly put into Execution, and the Captain secured; who bore this Behaviour with great Indignity, and swore now more than ever the Death of the 'Squire. "Zounds, Gentlemen, says he, "did not I implore you not to treat me "in this manner? And now I am confined "from doing myself Justice, what Man of "Spirit can bear such Usage, and from his "Friends too?" However, he was not so angry but he sat down and dined with them very heartily, the Captain's Resentment not taking off his Appetite of eating in the least.

Now it was soon spread over the Town of *Salop*, that Captain *Stem* was put under Arrest, upon a Quarrel with 'Squire *David Gam*, and to prevent the Captain from killing him; which coming to the 'Squire's Ears, he swore by St. *David* he would tarry in Town till the Resurrection, but he would have Satisfaction; adding, that the Captain

was

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was as damn'd a Coward as one would wish to see on a Summer's Day.

THIS was Matter of no small Diversion in *Salop*; the 'Squire continuing in Town marching in his Jack-boots, with his Basket-hilt stuck to his Side, in great Wrath; and the Captain in Confinement in great Wrath, but their Wraths were of a different Kind. At length, being afraid lest this Thing should come to be truly discovered how it was, the Captain wrote a Letter to *David Gam, Esq;*

“ S I R,

“ I AM detained close Prisoner at the *Tal-*
“ *bot*, being put under Arrest by my
“ own Officers, and my Arms are taken
“ from me; or I should not have failed
“ in meeting you, as I agreed, at the *Ra-*
“ *ven*, had not this unforeseen Accident
“ prevented me: However, Sir, if you
“ please to favour me with your Company
“ at the *Talbot*, perhaps a few Minutes
“ Conversation may settle all Differences.
“ I am,

“ *Your most obedient*

“ *humble Servant,*

“ T. STEM.”

No

No sooner was the Letter received than the 'Squire, buckling on his Basket-hilt, proceeded to the *Talbot*; where demanding to see Captain *Stem*, before he was introduced to him the Serjeant who stood Guard over the Captain desired the 'Squire to leave his Sword in his Possession, assuring him that the Captain was totally disarmed; which the 'Squire accordingly did, and then found an easy Admittance.

" 'SQUIRE, your Servant, says the Captain; here is, says he, an odd Affair has fallen out between us two you see, these Officers of mine have confined me about it: Pray, what is the Original of this Quarrel, for, damme, if I know?"

" Not know, why whas not hur tefile hur Cofin *Piddy Lloyd*, and pretent to marry hur? By Cot I whill hafe Satisfactions. She is now of Age, and I whill hafe hur married in cood herneft."

" Is that it, says the Captain? Why, my dear 'Squire, says he, you ask the Thing in the World which a Man of Honour cannot refuse? You see now what a d—m—d Affair this might have been, only through the not knowing one another's Designs; it is ten to one but either you or I should have fallen in this Affair, perhaps both." " Aye, py Cot," says the 'Squire. " Bring your Cousin to

" *Salop,*

"*Salop*, and I will marry her immediately, says the Captain." "No, says the 'Squire; in *Whales* it whas the Custom, look you, for the Man to co to the Wife, and marry hur; and I expect hur whill co with me To-morrow Morning, Naame o'Cot, and henter into holy Matrimony with my Cofin *Piddy*." Which the Captain agreeing to, this threatening Affair was made up without Bloodshed; and Miss *Biddy Lloyd* became Mrs. *Stem*.

Which Change of her Condition shall give us a small Hint to change this Part of the Story, and return to the Parson *Farley*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Parson Farley appears before the Judges at Shrewsbury. His magnanimous Behaviour. A little Scene at White's. Mrs. Farley's Affliction; and the Parson's Speech to the Judge.

NOW the Day was at hand which must bring the Judges to *Shrewsbury*, and shew the World whether poor *Farley* had Resolution to keep his Word, and surrender himself into the Hands of Justice, or not. The Letter, which he wrote to the Justice, having been printed in the Evening-Posts, we shall not re-print it here; being determined to avoid all Imitation of our mortal Predecessors, *Mr. John Oldmixon* and *Mr. Burnet*, Historians of notorious Memory, who took their Authorities from *Lilly's Almanack*, and other Authors of like Authenticity; whereas we apprehend, that our History will want no such Vouchers, being not only true in representing this Fact, but almost all others of the like Nature; being formed on Principles in human Kind which never vary, tho' the Objects sometimes may.

THIS Letter being printed in the Daily Papers, the Gentlemen at *White's*, all Men of Honour, offered Ten to One that the Parson would not appear at the Assizes; not one of these Men of Honour conceiving it possible that any Man could have Honour enough to give himself up to be tried for a Crime, when he might avoid it. Now the Idea annexed to Honour is multifarious; in one Place it means playing the whole Game, and paying your unlawful Debts; in another, acting according to the Dictates of an honest Heart, animated with Courage and Humanity; in a third, holding some honourable Post by dishonourable Means; and so on. "Ten to One that Parson at *Shrewsbury* does not appear to take his Trial: Will no one take me up?" says a Member of the House of ——— "D—mn him, says he, he'll be transported without my getting any Thing by him. "I wonder, continues he, no one has advertised a Ship for the carrying Parsons over to *Virginia*; a Kind of Packet-boat, it would have great Business. This Law will do some Good in one Particular however, notwithstanding that; it will thin the Land of this black Vermin." "I HOPE, says another Gentleman, that the poor Devil will escape, if he surrenders himself; he is certainly a brave Fellow, low,

“ low, and from my Heart I think he has
 “ shewn a Sense of Tenderness and Com-
 “ passion for his Family, that claims the
 “ greatest Regard of Mankind, even its
 “ Applause.”

“ APPLAUSE, says the former ; believe
 “ me, Sir, that Fellow would have robbed
 “ on the Highway, if marrying the Cap-
 “ tain had not been more commodious for
 “ him : If you make Laws, and despise
 “ them immediately, adieu to all kind of
 “ Government ; I am sure I will sit no
 “ longer in the House : Pray, what Secu-
 “ rity have we of any Thing we possess,
 “ but the Laws ?”

HE had no sooner said this, than a Gen-
 tleman asked him, “ If he would make one
 “ at Hazard ?” “ With all my Heart,”
 says he. “ Well, *Jack*, says my Lord
 “ ———, I perceive you are extremely
 “ scrupulous in conforming to the Laws
 “ of your Country.”

“ ZOUNDS, my Lord, says he, you don’t
 “ compare me with a Country Parson, I
 “ hope.” “ God forbid, I should, says
 “ my Lord ; I am too well acquainted
 “ with your Excellencies, to do that.”
 Which last Answer closed the Conver-
 sation.

AND now the Sun rose thro’ the Eastern
 Skies, darting his Beams along the ruddy
 Horizon,

Horizon, and drank the delicious Dew-drops of the fragrant Morn; when *Farley* waked by the Side of his lovely *Nanny*, who was bathed in Tears, thro' Fear of what might befall the Man she loved more than her own Existence. He kissed the trembling Fluid from her Eyes, and cried, " My Dear, be under no Pain on my account, the worst which can happen to me, is the being exiled from a Land where Merit does not meet its Reward, where Penury attends the Virtuous, and no Man has Resolution enough to be poor and content, or to esteem the Indigent however honest they may be— There is something within, which tells me I have seen the most distressful Hours of my Life, and animates me with an Ardor hitherto unexperienced. I will rise, and go to that Tribunal which awaits me; but e'er I part let me intreat you to rest in this House, and not to follow me. Be comforted; condemn'd I must be, that I know; and you must prepare yourself to hear it; and yet you shall hear it with Satisfaction. Adieu, my dear *Nanny*," he said, pressing her to his Bosom, the Tears running in Streams from their Eyes. He then dressed himself, slept softly and kissed his dear Children, who were yet sweetly sleeping. " May Heaven
" preserve

“ preserve you, my dear Offspring, says he,
 “ I will not wake you to be Witness of your
 “ Parents Woes; however small the Pain
 “ may be, I would die to keep it from
 “ you.” He then kissed them once more,
 and turning to his Wife they rushed into
 each other’s Arms, “ My Nanny, my Nanny,
 “ says he, believe me, I will behave in a
 “ manner which my Enemies shall applaud,
 “ we shall yet be happy.” At these Words
 finding his Tenderneſs take too ſtrong Poſ-
 ſeſſion of his Soul, he tore himſelf away ſud-
 denly; fearing leſt, his Reſolution deſerting
 him, he ſhould not have Force enough to
 execute what he had determined; and walk-
 ed away, without daring to turn his Head
 back to behold this lovely Woman drowned
 in Affliction.

SHE was dumb with Sorrow for ſome
 Moments, when at length the Tears find-
 ing Paſſage, ſhe bewailed her miſerable
 Condition; their humane Neighbour, whom
 we have already mentioned, adminiſtring
 all the Comfort in her Power to ſuſtain her
 in this Hour of Anguiſh. “ He is gone,
 “ ſays the poor unhappy Wife, he is gone
 “ to receive that Sentence, which no Man
 “ ever leſs deſerved, the beſt of Huſbands,
 “ Fathers, Friends! and muſt I live to
 “ hear that my dear *Farley* is condemned
 “ like a common Felon to be transported!
 “ and

“ and have my Necessities been the Cause
“ of this Disgrace and Suffering? Support
“ me, Heaven—support me, Heaven, in
“ this dreadful Hour!” she said. Each
Sentence interrupted with Tears, and Heart-
felt Sighs of Sorrow.

DURING this Time *Farley* walked on to
Salop, where several of his Friends awaited
his Coming: Being joined by them, he
proceeded into Court, where the Judge be-
ing seated on the Bench, he was arraigned,
and spoke in the following manner:

“ My Lord, I am now come to surren-
“ der myself up to the Sentence of the
“ Laws of my Country, which it is the
“ Duty of every Man to do; I need not
“ add to your Lordship, that I am con-
“ vinced of this Truth; because this vo-
“ luntary Action is the strongest Proof
“ that can possibly be given of it.

“ It may appear to your Lordship some-
“ thing singular, that a Man who had dar-
“ ed to commit a Violation on the Laws
“ of the Land knowingly, should after that
“ yield himself freely up to the Hands of
“ Justice—If your Lordship saw for whose
“ Sake this Act was done, you would not
“ wonder at it; but I will urge nothing to
“ move Compassion. If I did wrong in
“ marrying contrary to Law, I now do
“ right in giving myself up to Punishment.

“ I

“ I meant at the Instant I was committing
 “ this Crime to atone for the Breach of it,
 “ and do Justice on myself for the Injury
 “ which I offered to the Laws of my Coun-
 “ try.

“ BUT, my Lord, whilst I am doing Jus-
 “ tice to the Law I have violated, there
 “ appears to me to be infinite Injustice in
 “ the Law itself, or something which I
 “ have never yet heard has caused the
 “ Clergy of *Great-Britain* to be considered
 “ of an inferior Race to other Men of this
 “ Island, a Set of Slaves and not free Men,
 “ held by a different kind of Laws, and
 “ excluded from an equal Privilege and
 “ Right to Liberty with other *Britons*.

“ My Lord, in the Instance before your
 “ Lordship, I am now standing in the ig-
 “ nominious Condition of a Criminal, ar-
 “ raigned for the dearest Thing on Earth
 “ to Man, his Liberty, and have lost it;
 “ whilst the Person, even more culpable
 “ than myself in this very individual Ac-
 “ tion, is in full Freedom, subject to no
 “ Punishment, having committed no Crime
 “ according to the very Law of this Land
 “ by which I stand condemned. Is this
 “ the boasted Liberty of *Britain*? Is this
 “ Justice equally distributed, to which we
 “ have all an equal Right? Is this Reason,
 “ Equity or Conscience?

“My Lord, I mean the very Man who
 “seduced the young Lady to Marriage,
 “who prevailed on me in a Moment of
 “deep Distress and seduced me also; has
 “incurred no Penalty; does the Accumu-
 “lation of Guilt lessen the Crime? Is he
 “who has been the first Cause and Motive
 “of the whole Offence no Criminal, by
 “that very Law which condemns the least
 “Offender to perpetual Exile? — Or is a
 “Clergyman a Creature that has no Right
 “to equal Justice with other Men? Oh!
 “happy *Britain!* Land of Justice, Parent
 “of Liberty, how art thou fallen!

“My Lord, perhaps secluded, as I am,
 “from the Knowledge of what passes in
 “the great World, it may not have come
 “to my Ears what Iniquities the Clergy
 “have committed, that they should be thus
 “considered as Slaves, who have lost the
 “Right of equal Justice amongst their
 “Countrymen; some they must certainly
 “have committed, or no Law so unequal
 “and unjust could otherwise have been
 “framed against their Order.

“What Crime, my Lord, have I com-
 “mitted, which the Seducer of Miss *Lloyd*
 “has not equally been guilty of? Did I
 “betray into his Hands the Lady, whom
 “he feigned to marry? Can this be Jus-
 “tice, that he who with accumulated Guilt

“ of seducing her and me, should stand at
 “ Liberty, be consider’d innocent, and suf-
 “ fered to glory in the very Action, for
 “ which I am deem’d a Felon and ignomini-
 “ quously banished from my native Soil?

“ My Lord, there are Men of as little
 “ Virtue as myself, and in as much Distress,
 “ who wear the Robes of Clergymen, who
 “ may be tempted to break this Law;
 “ there are other young Men as profligate
 “ and abandoned as this Captain, who will
 “ pursue the innocent, young and virtuous
 “ Maid, with Vows of Marriage; and there
 “ are Maidens actuated by the Powers of
 “ Love, whose Inclinations will yield to the
 “ seductive Tongue of Art, be falsely mar-
 “ ried, and undone.

“ CAN this Law then spring from the
 “ Knowledge of human Nature, or be cal-
 “ culated for the Support of Righteous-
 “ ness? Have those who framed it never
 “ felt the tender Yieldings of Humanity?
 “ Do Virtue, Beauty, Innocence and Youth
 “ claim no Regard; or, have they the least
 “ Attention paid to them in this Act a-
 “ gainst Marriage?

“ How will ye shun Destruction, ye
 “ Daughters of Beauty, when Laws pro-
 “ mote your Ruin? Where hide your con-
 “ scious Cheeks, glowing with Shame, from
 “ the malignant Eye of the World? Where
 “ seek

“ seek Relief from your Distress, or how
 “ sustain the Insolence and Affronts of those
 “ whose undiscovered Crimes increase their
 “ Arrogance, and your ill Treatment ?

“ FROM what different Cause can it a-
 “ rise, my Lord, that the Clergy of *Great*
 “ *Britain* are considered as more ignomini-
 “ ous, and branded with an Infamy un-
 “ known by those of *France* ? Why is the
 “ Virtue of *English* Maids less protected,
 “ than those of *Holland* ?

“ IN *France*, a Land of arbitrary Power,
 “ in this Instance (Heaven grant it may in
 “ no other) the Laws which prohibit Mar-
 “ riage are founded on more equitable
 “ Principles than in *England* ; the Person,
 “ whether Male or Female, who entices
 “ any one to Matrimony below the mar-
 “ riageable Age, or that Time when they
 “ have a Power of disposing of themselves,
 “ is condemned to Death. If of noble
 “ Descent, the Punishment is that of being
 “ beheaded ; if of Plebeian Race, it is hang-
 “ ing ; whilst the Priest, who performs the
 “ Office, is destin’d to the Gallies. It is
 “ considered as a Rape of Seduction.

“ IN this case, my Lord, the Seducer is
 “ deemed the capital Offender ; the Priest
 “ as less criminal, if the Law be in itself
 “ just which restrains Marriage (a Discus-
 “ sion of which I shall not enter into) the

“ Punishments should be proportioned to
 “ the Guilt, as in *France*.

“ WHENCE comes it then, that in a Land
 “ which boasts of Liberty, that Justice is
 “ so much distorted by Law, and the Pu-
 “ nishment annihilated from one Party?
 “ The *English* Seducer of believing Maids
 “ is guilty of no Crime by this Law, when
 “ the Priest who performs the Office is con-
 “ demned as a Felon to perpetual Infamy
 “ and Exile. Is this Kingdom only a Land
 “ of Freedom to the greatest Offenders,
 “ who belong not to the Church, and a
 “ Realm of Slavery to those who do?
 “ This, my Lord, is the first Instance in
 “ Pagan or Christian Governments, that
 “ the Ministers of the public Religion
 “ have been doomed to partial Laws, in-
 “ equitable Determinations, and secluded
 “ from the Rights of other Men.

“ My Lord, Clergymen may be inno-
 “ cent in performing the Marriage Rite,
 “ and yet the only Sufferers; a Licence is
 “ obtained by the Perjury of the Seducer,
 “ who swears that both Parties are above
 “ the marriageable Act; in consequence of
 “ this the Divine unites them together, the
 “ Marriage is annulled, the Clergyman
 “ confined to a Goal and banish'd to an-
 “ other Land, for not knowing what he
 “ could not possibly know; he suffers for
 “ another's

“ another’s Perjury. A false Certificate of
 “ publish’d Banns, a forged Consent of
 “ Parents and Guardians, and many things
 “ besides ; all which may be easily framed
 “ to deceive, which no Clergyman can
 “ guard against ; and yet such is the Jus-
 “ tice of this Law, he must suffer the ig-
 “ nominiuous Lot of Imprisonment or Death,
 “ whilst the Source and Origin of all this
 “ Calamity stands smiling in the Face of
 “ Justice, and glorying in the Arts and
 “ Contrivances by which he had succeeded
 “ in destroying the deluded Maid, gratify-
 “ ing his brutal Appetites, and banishing
 “ or putting to Death with Infamy a guilt-
 “ less Man.

“ *IN Holland*, my Lord, a free State, the
 “ Virgin who is betrayed by any Man of
 “ whatever Condition, and becomes preg-
 “ nant, has a Right to claim him as her
 “ Husband ; he must receive her in Mar-
 “ riage, unless she chuses to relinquish her
 “ Right. And must the Females of this
 “ Island be open to the Snares of the disso-
 “ lute and artful ? Shall the Laws which
 “ ought to be their Protection, be the Cause
 “ of their Ruin, and render them more
 “ subject to all the Deceits which Men in-
 “ sensible to Honour and Virtue practise
 “ on the Innocent and Young ?

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“ SHALL the Clergy be treated in *Great*
 “ *Britain* with an Injustice, contrary to the
 “ Sense of all Nations, held down by par-
 “ tial Laws, while they have an equal
 “ Claim with all Men to Impartiality ;
 “ shall the fairest Part of the Creation be
 “ rendered more open to the Attacks of
 “ the dissolute Part of Mankind ; and shall
 “ all this be enacted by Law in *England* ?
 “ And yet, my Lord, this must be the Con-
 “ sequence, if this Act continues as it now
 “ stands.

“ My Lord, I return your Lordship ten
 “ thousand Thanks, for the Goodness with
 “ which you have heard me. I know I
 “ am condemned, and I submit willingly
 “ to Banishment from that Land, where
 “ every thing is venal, where the Laws be-
 “ come partial and tyrannic, where Virtue
 “ is held in Disgrace ; and Poverty, honest
 “ Poverty, the only Thing which remains
 “ consider'd as a Sin, amongst the People
 “ of *Great Britain*.”

FARLEY having thus ended his Speech,
 there ran thro' the Court an universal Hum
 of Applause ; the Jury were for bringing
 him in guiltless, till they were acquainted,
 that by his having pleaded guilty they had
 no Right to consider the Cause at all.

THE Judge pronounced his Sentence
 with infinite Tenderness ; at the same time
 adding,

adding, that he would consider his Case in another Place.

THE Trial being finished, *Farley* was confined to the Goal in *Sbrewsbury*. His dear *Nanny* came to live near him, and soothe his Anguish in the dreaded Place of his Confinement. Every Tongue spoke with Admiration of this Man and Woman's Behaviour, and every Breast hove with Pity at their Fate.

IN consequence of this, Captain *Stem* was beheld with no favourable Eye by the Inhabitants of *Salop*, which gave him no small Uneasiness: Added to this, he did not bear very easily within, tho' he discovered no external Tokens, the Idea of being considered as a Coward by Ensign *Firebrace*; he therefore meditated how he might draw him into some Disgrace, and lessen his Character in the Town.

ONE Day as the Captain and the Ensign were spending the Evening together at the *Talbot*, Captain *Stem* took occasion to mention the Beauty of *Farley's* Wife. "Faith," says he, *Firebrace*, I have not seen a prettier Woman; damme, but I would have her, only as she thinks me the Cause of transporting her Husband, she can't decently yield me the last Favour. But, "faith, *Jack*, says he, you are a most egregious Fool if you don't enjoy her; she

“ is a most delicious Morfel, and in great
 “ Want ; a small Sum will carry her
 “ now.”

“ I do not believe it, Captain, says the
 “ Ensign, she seems to be a very virtuous
 “ Woman ; how can a Man entertain such
 “ an Idea, or think of making an Overture
 “ of that Nature, to a Woman in her Dis-
 “ tress, and under such Sufferings ? It is
 “ inhuman.”

“ INHUMAN, says the Captain, smiling ;
 “ why, *Jack*, what can be more eligible
 “ to her at this Time than Ten Guineas ?
 “ or what Woman would not gladly re-
 “ ceive that Sum on so small a Return as
 “ granting, what half the Women in *Eng-*
 “ *land* will give without asking ? You are
 “ a Novice in the Knowledge of Females ;
 “ Why, I durst swear, you think Women
 “ are as chaste as their Conversation ; I
 “ could have had her myself, damme, but
 “ I was afraid of a Discovery. You know
 “ that People in Country Towns make a
 “ damn'd Outcry upon a Man that leaves
 “ his Wife's Bed, or by Heavens you would
 “ not have had the Power of being the
 “ happy Man you may now be, if you do
 “ not stand in your own Light.”

In this manner the Conversation con-
 tinued, till the Ensign being warmed a little
 with Wine, was at length persuaded to wait

on

on Mrs. Farley, on the Design we have just mentioned. He therefore left the Captain, by whom he had been directed in what Method he should proceed, and went directly to her Lodgings.

AT his coming to the Place where Mrs. Farley resided, he desired to see her, and was admitted; she received him with great Politeness, a Dejection mixed with Sweetness covering her Face; and asked, what he would please to have with her?

THE young Gentleman told her, he came with Proposals of obtaining a Pardon for her Husband, which he believed was in his Power; that nothing should be wanting on his Part; and added, with some Hesitation of Speech and Stammering, arising from his natural Modesty, that he hoped she would not be deficient in her Endeavours to save Mr. Farley from Banishment.

“ BELIEVE me, Sir, says she, there is
 “ nothing upon Earth that I would not do
 “ to obtain his Freedom; I would crawl
 “ round the Globe on my Hands and Knees,
 “ or suffer any Punishment, to save my
 “ dear Farley from the Sentence which is
 “ pronounced against him. Can you make
 “ me happy? Will you save him from be-
 “ ing exiled? You do not mock me in
 “ this Offer, Sir? You cannot mean so ter-
 “ rible

" rible a Thing? You are not Captain
 " *Stem?*

THOSE Expressions staggered the Ensign a little; however he recovered, so as to assure her he was not that Person.

" TELL me, then, says she, what must I
 " do to save the Man I love from being
 " driven from this Country."

AT these Words the Ensign, taking her Hand, offered to kiss her; which she drew back from him, and modestly asked what he intended by that Offer? " Madam, says
 " he, you must grant me that, and something more, if you are willing to save
 " your Husband from being transported."

" Is this the Way by which alone my
 " *Farley*, my Husband, can be saved from
 " Punishment, says she?" At this the Ensign, without replying, would have offered her some Gold.

" SIR, says she, you know me not; tho'
 " I would die on Racks without a Groan
 " to preserve my Husband from this Ignominy, yet I will not forfeit my Virtue
 " to save him, even from Death. What
 " have you known in my Life, from whence
 " you could dare to conceive me capable
 " of purchasing his Freedom at the Price of
 " my Honour, or on what have you found-
 " ed

“ ed this Insolence? Is my Distress the
 “ Cause of this atrocious Attempt? Do
 “ you conceive that Poverty and Chastity
 “ cannot live in the same Bosom; and that
 “ every Woman would barter her Virtue
 “ to fly the Pangs of Penury? For once,
 “ remember, you are mistaken; and know,
 “ young Man, this Insult on my Sufferings,
 “ a Woman’s Woes, this Presumption on
 “ the miserable Situation I am in, is ill be-
 “ coming a Man; it is cruel; it is barba-
 “ rous!” Which last Words she uttered
 with Tears and a fainter Voice than before.
 Her Spirits failing her.

THE young Gentleman, who had never
 dared this Insult, without having been urg-
 ed on to it by the Captain and heated with
 Wine, was yet so sensibly touched with this
 Answer, that he fell on his Knees and ask-
 ed ten thousand Pardons. “ Madam, says
 “ he, believe me, I was made to conceive
 “ I know not how, that you would yield
 “ me this Request; the Villain which
 “ ruined Mt. Farley, would have ruin’d
 “ me. I implore your Pardon: For your
 “ Sake, no indecent Behaviour shall ever
 “ escape from me towards your Sex.
 “ Your superior Virtue, shall make me
 “ treat them with Reverence for ever
 “ hereafter.”

He

HE then would have given her Money, in Pity to her Distress; "Madam, he said, let me assist you; I mean nothing but what Heaven may approve at this Moment." Which she refused. When unable to look her in the Face, he withdrew; applauding the Virtue of this faithful Wife; and in great Anger against the Captain, whom he intended to seek immediately.

IN a little Time after he found him on the Banks of the *Severn*, walking in Company; when the Ensign coming up to him, filled with Indignation quite destitute of all Reserve, cried out, "Captain, you are a Scoundrel; and if it was not that I dare not challenge you, without Loss of my Commission, I would treat you as you deserve. I know your dastard Soul; remember the *Squire Gam*; what mean Devices did you frame to keep yourself from an Engagement with him?" "Sir," says the Captain, you shall answer this at another Place." At which time some other Officers coming up, put an End to the Dispute.

THE next Day *Farley* received a Letter from the Judge who had condemned him, with a Bill for a Sum of Money; which was sufficient for the providing him and his Family with all Things necessary for their

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their Voyage, and a Presentation to a Living in *America*; where they at present live loving and beloved, in Happiness and Ease, only sometimes sighing for their native Land which he still loves, and laments, as near the Hour of expiring Liberty.

It is in writing I think, as it is in
society in being treated by the Mobs
of immortal Memory. The Writer takes
notice of the changes about him, and each
in its turn strikes its claim into his imagination,
and makes him stand to their De-
mands: For that Reason, having paid all
his regard to Christian Grey, and his
family, who were bound to the Summons
of Lord Grey, whom we felt in the
South of Devon, you know, still
in his new, though it ever has been at-
tached to the old, the good Man
remains in his situation, his living
through him in Three Hundred Pounds a
Year; his Son was Fellow of Exeter Col-
lege, a young Man of Learning, generous
and amiable; his Daughter was what
we have described her afterwards, a sister
in On the Privilege of a Whitewash faced
the South, with a Prospect of the Ocean at
two Miles Distance, stood his station, a
clean, without being unclean, elegant with

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Mr. Thoroughgood's happy Situation. Description of his Abode. His Character, and public Utility to his Parishioners.

IT is in writing History, as it was formerly in being sweated by the Mohocks of immortal Memory. The Writer raises a Circle of Personages about him, and each in its turn sticks its Claim into his Imagination, and makes him attend to their Demands: For that Reason, having paid all due Regard to Captain *Stem*, and his History, we now turn round to the Summons of Mr. *Thoroughgood*; whom we left in the South of *Devonshire*.

AND now, Reader, if ever Happiness attended mortal Creature, this good Man found it in his Situation. His Living brought him in Three Hundred Pounds a Year; his Son was Fellow of *Exeter* College, a young Man of Learning, generous Spirit, and Genius; his Daughter was what we have described her already.

ON the Declivity of a Hill which faced the South, with a Prospect of the Ocean at two Miles Distance, stood his Habitation; clean, without being finical; elegant, without

out Pomp ; before it, was a Garden stocked with Herbage, Pulse, Fruits and Flowers ; below, an Orchard neatly planted, and large ; at the Bottom of which ran along, in plaintive Murmurs, a crystal Brook, stored with great Quantity of Trouts ; on the Side of whose mazy and translucent Stream was a pleasant grassy Walk, shaded with Rows of Lime-trees, which had been planted by his Predecessor. Here he amused his Leisure Hours in Angling.

At the End of this Walk, beneath a mossy Rock, the good Man himself had, with his own Hands, built the Cell of an Anchorite, with those Stones which are eaten like Honey-combs by Time ; the Door was of Wood in Rails, and a little arched Window on each Side ; the whole Building being covered with Thatch.

WITHIN this Edifice were two Nitches, one which might be supposed to contain the Bed of the Inhabitant, and another much less, in which was placed a human Skull, with this Inscription over it in Greek :

“ Πάντα γελῶς, καὶ πάντα κῶνις, καὶ πάντα το
“ μηδεν.”

“ Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ αἰσῶν ἐστὶ τὰ γινόμενα.”

To this Building he often resorted, lest he should forget in his present Felicity his
future

future Expectations, and necessary Condition of Humanity. "I use this Skull," says he to his Friends, who wondered at seeing it in that Place, "as *Philip* King of *Macedon* did his Slave, to whisper me that I am mortal: Without this, who can say whether the present Ease and Bliss with which I am surrounded, and the too natural Forgetfulness of Man, might not efface in me the Obligations which I owe the supreme Disposer of all Things, and beget either Indifference or Ingratitude to that superior Power, for all the manifold Enjoyments which I possess."

"I would, says he, fix a Crucifix in this Place, but I fear that those who have no Religion, or differ from the Established, may accuse me of being a Papist; and then I shall lose all Power of serving those, whom Providence has committed to my Care: Indeed I glory in being the Minister of that God, who expiated the Sins of Mortals by his own Death; and behold with Reverence the Emblem of that Cross on which he suffered."

NEAR this Hermitage, which was unadorned with every Thing of Shell-work, the Inside being lined with Moss and Knots of Trees, which made a very beautiful Kind of Mosaic, he had built a Bridge, which

which seemed very ancient from the Materials, and ready to fall, because some Stones were left lower than the other in the Arches to give it that Air; this led across the Stream to a full-grown Copse of an Acre, which he had cut into Walks in a pleasing Taste.

IN one Part of it was an Altar of living Turf, dedicated to *Thor* and *Woden*, and other ancient Gods of *Britain*, standing in the open Air with this Motto.

“Odi profanum vulgus.”

ON another Side, near the murmuring Brook, was formed a Bower of Woodbines, interwoven with other Shrubs and Trees, where during the hottest Days he used to sleep on the turfy Bank. The Motto on the Entrance of this Retreat being

“Nunc somno et inertibus boris.”

AMONGST the Copse were many large Oaks and Beeches, which had all of them some winding Path which led to their extended Shade, and whose Trunks were surrounded with a Seat. On that which was nearest the Entrance of the Bridge were hung these Words:

“Ducere

“Ducere sollicita jucunda oblivia vita.”

AT the most distant Part of all the Wood there dript a Spring from a Rock, which Mr. *Thoroughgood* had converted into an ebbing and flowing Well, having concealed the two unequal Syphons which gave and carried off the Water to the Bason; the whole was surrounded with Firrs clad with Ivy, Yews, and Ever-greens unclipt, which he had planted round the Spot in a solemn Taste; the Well itself having something mystical in its Construction, the Forms of the Stones which surrounded it being carelessly hammered into Triangles, Squares and other polygon Figures, without being fixed with Mortar; the Entrance which led to it was obscure and winding. At the End of which the Rock was seen, which was about ten Foot high, and from whence the Water descended; on the Top of it was cut in the solid Stone and whitened, those Words, which shone thro' the pellucid Water which fell over it:

“Procul este profani.”

THIS ebbing and flowing Spring was much admired by the Parishioners, and had like to have given Mr. *Thoroughgood* the Reputation

Reputation of a Conjuror, a Character he by no means desired. This Imputation, however, he escaped by explaining to them the Mechanism and Manner by which those ebbing and flowing Fountains are constructed.

SUCH was the Situation of this best of Men.

THE Author of all his Felicity received his Morning and Evening Vows of Gratitude. Unasking more, he implored only the Continuation of Health to himself and Family, to enjoy those Blessings which he already possessed, and a Sensibility of Soul to know and acknowledge their Value. All was full, all was free; Welcome sat smiling at the Door to every Guest; Plenty, without Profusion, received them generously within. Through his Eyes shot forth the living Emanations of a good Heart, and the pure Ray of Intellect; Chearfulness dimpled in his Cheeks a pleasing Reception. This Union of Sentiments was seen in the Partner of his Soul also, a Woman made by Nature for such a Man. To all which, *Fanny* added a Beauty that was remarkable in that County, where Beauty is more frequently found than in any other of this Kingdom, with a kind of Politeness which indeed would please neither Court nor City; having an easy Reserve
which

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which does not delight the first, and an Unaffectedness which is not relished in the other. In truth, neither *Hoyden* nor *Prude*, tho' something better than both.

IN this State passed away the happy Days in the Family of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, blessed not only in the Gifts of Fortune but in being beloved by all the People of his Parish. He was become already their common Parent and Physician, he smoothed the rugged Path of Sickness by the soothing Eloquence of Hope for better Hours, and happier States hereafter; and even talked away the Stings of Death from Minds which had not been much distracted by great Crimes; he frequently restored the rosy Hue of Health to the livid Cheek, and Fire to the lifeless Eye of sickening Beauty, by his medicinal Applications. By his means the Temple of *Janus* was shut, and Peace dwelt amongst the Inhabitants of his Cure. Of so much Advantage is one good Man to those over whom he is placed; as the Sun gives Colours to all the Objects of the Earth, so does a true Divine impart Happiness and Character to all those on whom he shines superior.

C H A P.

C H A P. XL.

Which introduces a Baronet and his Son to the Reader's Acquaintance. A Clerk of a Parish takes the Liberty of advising his Master. A great Discovery in the Antiquarian Study. A sincere Invitation of Sir Oliver's to Mr. Thoroughgood, and a Roasting of his two Daughters.

IN the adjoining Parish lived a Baronet, of an ancient Family, whose Name was *Sir Oliver Hearty*; he had passed the last forty Years of his Life in the Country, having never seen *London* but once; and yet so good was his Memory, it had furnished him with Stories ever since that Time of what he then saw. He had an Estate of Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year without owing a Shilling, and indeed some Thousands in ready Money. He was somewhat insolent, from Wealth and good Family; two Things which scarce ever fail to beget that Idea in every Mind, and ever manifests itself in those who have not learnt to disguise it, from Habitude and Knowledge of the World.

He was neither ill-natured nor tyrannic, he treated his Friends freely, and damn'd the *French* every Day; tho' being situated
on

on the Coast of *Torbay*, he never missed buying great Quantities of run Claret and Coniac Brandy, whenever he could. He had one singular Vanity which frequently appeared in his Conversation, it was that of living within five Miles of the Place where King *William* landed; which he boasted of abundantly, always remembering his immortal Memory.

THIS Gentleman had one Son and two Daughters; the Son being the eldest, and yet not quite Twenty. At the Coming of Mr. *Thoroughgood* into the Country, he and his Daughter's Beauty was the Subject of much Conversation; so that Sir *Oliver* and his Son determined to go to the Church of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, to see this Beauty.

"ODS-HEART, says the Baronet, is she so
 "devilish handsome, that they make all
 "this Fuss about her? Fath, *Kitty* and
 "Sally," says he to his Daughters, winking
 with the farthest Eye, "you be fine a hove
 "up now; E-cod you'll ne'er get Huf-
 "bands be sure; the Devil take the Wanch
 "for coming into the Country: Ods-heart,
 "I shall have my Daughters hang upon
 "my Hands longer than that ragged Pair
 "of Oxen that thee boughtst at *Sidmouth*
 "Fair. You Hore's-bird," says he to his
 Hind, that was standing by, "come saddle
 "the

“ the Horfes, we’ll go fee her, please the
“ Lord.”

Now this Kind of Conversation is what this ancient Baronet calls joking; a Species of Wit, which perhaps our *London* Readers who have never made the grand Tour of the West, may not have conceived in that Light; for which Reason we have taken the Liberty to tell it them in this Place; Perspicuity being certainly one great Excellence in all manner of Writing, according to the Judgment of the best Critics; and we are determined to have all of them in this History.

The Horfes being saddled, Sir *Oliver* and his Son rode forth, like *Hudibras* and *Ralpho*; I mean in the Likeness of two to two, which we perhaps too partially conceive to be as like a Simile as any Author has ever hit upon before, and may be said to run upon all Fours; however, not in any Likeness that can be found between Sir *Hudibras* and Sir *Oliver*, or *Ralpho* and the Son: Perhaps such a Precision of Similitude as this, would help us to behold the Likeness of many Things which Authors have compared together, and the Readers never found out the Resemblance of; for which Reason a certain Wit has called those of this kind, Similies unlike; whereas two Things unlike in every other Property or

4

Quality,

Quality, may yet be exactly alike in the Number, which is the Likeness which we mean in this Place.

THE Baronet and his Son being arrived at the Church of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, the Clerk saw them ride up towards the Inn, which as Mr. *Fielding* (an Author whom we adore) has already said, might have been taken for an Ale-house, if the Words *The New Inn* on the Sign had not determined it the contrary.

THE Clerk then taking it into his Head, that Sir *Oliver* was come to hear his Master preach, was determined to give Mr. *Thoroughgood* a Hint of it, that he might preach one of his best Sermons; for he had conceived a great Esteem for his Rector.

ON this Account he steps to the Parsonage-house, and desires to speak to Mr. *Thoroughgood*: “Sir, says he, Sir *Oliver Hearty* is a come to hear you preach, I seed ’en ride up to the Inn; you wa’nt take it amiss, Sir, but is a cruel yellow Man.” Which Mr. *Thoroughgood* understanding for his Complexion, asked if he had the Jaundice? “No, says the Clerk, of the yellow Side, always votes against his Country’s Good at Elections.”

NOW in *Devonshire*, the Word *yellow* is applied to Principals in Politics, as well as Colours of Objects; a Whig being always

supposed to be yellow. The Reason of this has been variously and in vain searched after, by several Members of the Antiquarian Society, and has at last been discovered by us, after much Research in old Manuscripts and Records, to be owing to this very old and laudable Original, for which we hope to be admitted into that illustrious Body:

It seems there was a certain Presbyterian, who having committed the Act of Adultery with his Neighbour's Wife, and being in imminent Danger of a Surprise, the fertile-headed Woman, hearing her Husband at the Door when she was in no Situation to receive him, and being in great Trepidation, lest her Lover should be caught, because her Husband had been so imprudent not to say when he intended returning; which is extremely wrong in all Men, as it very often renders their Wives unprovided to receive them as they ought; she whipt a ten-peck Bag over her Gallant's Head, and turned him into a large Cupboard, as if it had been a Sack filled with something.

HAVING done this, she catches up the Bible and began to read aloud, which her Husband hearing, and supposing that his Wife had been so intent on her Devotions, that she had not perceived his Knocking at the Door, he rapped again; at which Admonition this pious Woman brought the

Bible in her Hands, and letting her good Man in, threw her Arms around his Neck, and embraced him most tenderly, with a
 “ Welcome, my Dear, Welcome home ;
 “ and the more welcome, because thus un-
 “ expectedly.”

“ BESIDES, says she, Neighbour *Tomkins*
 “ has this Minute sent down a little Boy
 “ of the Town, to desire you would come
 “ to him the Moment you came home.”
 “ Yes, my Dear, I will, says he ; let me
 “ take my Stick out of the Cupboard, I
 “ will not tarry to take off my Boots.”
 “ Stick and Boots, says the Wife ; why,
 “ walk with your Whip under your Arm,
 “ like a Man.” In which he took her
 Advice.

Now it seems this Word Stick had stuck in the Stomach of the Gentleman in the Sack, who knew it was in that very Cupboard with himself ; and as it happens that whenever a Trunnel is driven into the same Place where another has been driven before, that the first must give way ; so in this Instance, the Stick being stuck in his Stomach let loose some certain Materials in that Place, which kept on their Course till they arrived in his Breeches, and thence into the Sack ; and which being of a golden Colour, have since that Time given the
 Name

Name of Sh—t-sack, and Yellow, to that Party.

“HE is a cruel yellow Man, says the Clerk; I wish you wou’d titch ’en up a little bit with a Sermon, I’ll warrant ye “ I’ll titch ’en in the Psalms.” Which Mr. *Thoroughgood* smiling at, would not let the Clerk into his political Sentiments, being determined to follow the Dictates of his Master, and not interfere in Party Divisions, to the Destruction of all Religion and Morality, but preach Peace and Goodwill towards Men; he answered therefore, that he did not think it proper to preach in that manner the first Time of Sir *Oliver*’s coming to hear him, and desired the Clerk not to offend him by his Psalm: “ For, “ says he, who knows but Time may bring “ him about to your manner of Thinking?”

SERMON being over, Mr. *Thoroughgood* stept to the Baronet and his Son, and desired them to refresh themselves with a Dish of Tea, or whatever they chused in his House. Which Offer was civilly received by the old Gentleman, with Design to have a nearer Inspection of Miss *Thoroughgood*.

AT the End of the Visit, “ Parson, says “ the Baronet, I shall be glad to see you “ and your Family at *Heartyball*; I “ have two devilish romping Wenches of “ Daughters that would be glad to hear

“ about the Vashions at *London*, if Miss
 “ will be so good as to come over and see
 “ them. I’ll give you a hearty Welcome,
 “ that’s all, and a good Bottle o’ Wine;
 “ you can drink *French* Wine, tho’ it has
 “ not paid the Duty? You ben’t so devilish
 “ squeamish as that comes to, I hope?
 “ Tho’ I’m afraid you be a little too godly
 “ for this Country.” This Sir *Oliver* spoke
 in a laughing way, winking on his Son;
 Mr. *Thoroughgood* thanked the Baronet for
 the Honour which he had done him, and
 promised to shew how sensible he was of it
 by a very speedy Visit.

In returning home the old Gentleman
 cried out to his Son, “ Why, faith, says he,
 “ this Wench is plaguy handsome, I’ll
 “ roast *Kitty* and *Sally* at Night; what
 “ dost think of her, *Oliver*? ” “ Indeed,
 “ Sir, says the young Gentleman, the young
 “ Lady is very agreeable, I think.”

Now the Son of Sir *Oliver* had passed
 some Years at *Oxford*, and contrary to the
 Custom of too many Gentlemen-Com-
 moners, had studied very closely. He had
 an elegant Taste, a Sensibility of Soul, quick
 Imagination, and Openness of Heart: His
 Figure was very pleasing, being genteeler
 than most genteel Men; and his Conversa-
 tion improved by having passed several Va-
 cations

cations in *London* with some Relations, who were People of Rank.

AT the Baronet's arriving at his own House, he cries out, "Where are the two Girls?" At which Words the young Ladies coming in, he cries out, "'Tis all over w' you; this Parson's Daughter is consumedly handsome: Why, ye can never shew your Heads in the same Place where she is. Ye must get out o'the Country, fath I shall ne'er get you Husbands, till this Wanch is a married off."

"LORD, Pappa, says *Kitty*, I have seen as great Beauties as she, I'll warrant you; what, do you think that at *Exeter* there are not as handsome Ladies as Miss *Thoroughgood*?" "Yes, says *Sally*, there is Miss *Pring*, I'll engage is as handsome as this young Lady; and yet there were many People who thought *Kitty* and I as handsome as her."

AT this the Brother smiled, and the Baronet laughed outright, oh—oh—oh—you are in a Fufs, are you, oh—oh—oh—well, she'll come to see you soon. "We shall be glad to see this Beauty, to be sure," said the two young Ladies.

O 3 C H A P.

C H A P. XLI.

The Son of Sir Oliver feels a Passion for Miss Thoroughgood, which advances bravely in this Chapter; which many Prudes may rather think too much, and some Coquettes too little.

NOW, from the first Moment that the Son of Sir Oliver beheld Miss Fanny Thoroughgood, her Image was ever present to his Mind; it was the last that left him at closing his Eyes, and the first which presented itself at his awakening into Thought. He walked more in secret and bye Paths than ever, and could not keep himself silent in the Fields; the Expression, lovely Maid, bursting from his Lips and glowing Imagination, involuntarily.

At length the Day arrived on lagging Wings which brought Mr. Thoroughgood, his Lady and Miss, to Heartyhall; where being arrived, all that little Pique which the two young Ladies had conceived against the Charms of Miss Thoroughgood were dissipated, like Fogs before the Rising-sun, by her free and engaging Behaviour; they forgot she was beautiful, in her Desire to please; and

and loved the Person they had before begun to envy.

MR. *Hearty* was extremely polite, he said a thousand pleasing Things to Miss *Thoroughgood*, in a little Walk which the young People took in the Gardens; and prevailed easily upon his Sisters to desire her to tarry with them a few Days, which the Father and Mother agreeing to, she passed a Week at *Heartyball*.

DURING this Time the Son was totally lost in Love, and Miss *Thoroughgood* felt an equal Passion; their Souls were united like Gold and Quicksilver in Amalgamation, it was impossible to separate one Idea that was not compounded of Part of each Mind, so intimate was the Union.

HAPPY, happy State of human Nature, loving and beloved, where every Joy is heightened into Rapture, every little pleasing Trifle unfelt by others, becomes a Source of infinite Delight. May no fell Hour destroy this blissful State, no blasting Incident breathe Destruction on your blooming Hopes of Happiness.

Few Hours are sufficient to declare the Passion which young and uncorrupted Hearts feel for each other. Miss *Fanny*, tho' she was conscious that Mr. *Hearty* loved her to Excess, was yet dissatisfied with all Declaration by Eyes and other Symptoms,

and longed to hear it from his Lips. The young Gentleman, tho' he saw her Flame for him was mutual, forbore to speak thro' Fear of a Denial; and yet longed to be satisfied by her Expressions. In this manner Things passed, the Force of Love increasing in each Breast, like the beginning Flames in *America*, when some Accident has put Fire to the Forests.

At length the *Friday Evening*, the Day before she must depart, the young Gentleman framed some Excuse to walk alone with Miss *Thoroughgood*, when his Soul being full with a Resolution to discover his Passion to her, either the Ideas thronged too numerous into his Imagination and prevented their coming forth, or Trepidation disarmed him of his Resolution to speak plainly his Passion. Therefore, after having walked thro' an Avenue in the Gardens, each observing the strictest Silence, his Heart palpitating with the Fear of speaking, her's with the Expectation of hearing; he at last said, looking on her with all possible Tenderness, "Must Miss *Thoroughgood* leave us To-morrow?" To which she answered, "She must."

"AND may I hope, said the young Gentleman, (the Tear trembling in his Eyes) that Miss *Fanny* will think of me, when she is happy with the best of Parents?"

"Can

“Can you imagine, Sir, says she, that I
 “am insensible to the Politeness I have
 “received from you, and can possibly for-
 “get it?” “Will you permit me then
 “to visit you?” says he, (for Lovers are
 afraid of Shadows) “With Pleasure, Sir,”
 replied the Lady, with a Smile which *Ra-
 phael* would have given to a *Madona*: “Oh!
 “my dearest Maid,” he cried, seizing her
 Hand and pressing it to his Lips, “I love
 “you to Distraction—I am undone, unless
 “you yield me Pity in Return.” “Indeed,
 “says she, I pity you if you do love me;
 “I am grateful, tho’ I must not dare to
 “love you.” “And why must not my
 “charming *Fanny* dare to love me; what
 “is there in me which forbids that Passion?
 “What have I done which prohibits me
 “from being loved?” “NOTHING—nothing, said the lovely
 “Creature, nothing in you; I must not
 “love the Son of Sir *Oliver Hearty*—I
 “can form no Expectations there.” “Is
 “that the Objection,” says the young Gen-
 tleman in Tears of Joy, pressing her unre-
 luctant Hand to his Lips, “I swear by
 “Heaven, I think the Empire of the
 “World would be too little for your De-
 “sert: If that be the Objection, one Year
 “removes it all, I shall then be of Age to
 “marry you, without this cursed Restraint,

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"this unnatural Law, which has banished
 "all Power of Happiness from Love. May
 "I hope, my dearest *Fanny* loves me—"
 "I fear I do too much, for my Repose,
 "says she, already!" At this Instant the
 two Misses *Hearty* approached, and put
 an End to this Conversation.

No Heart ever felt more Rapture, than
 did this young Gentleman's at this Hour;
 he sung several Songs that Evening unask-
 ed, the Sensation within prompting him,
 like Nature in the Linnæa's Breast when she
 warms the feathered Race to Love. The old
 Baronet crying out, "Why! hey day!
 "Ohoer, you are cruel merry To-night!
 "why, Boy, I did not think thee couldst
 "sing so well; odds-heart, I'll buy 'em
 "a three-legged Stool, and set 'em up with
 "six Dozen of Ballads next *Adtré Fair*.
 "Why, fath, the Rogue hath a special
 "Voice; can't touch upon *Cherry-chace*, I
 "believe I could bear a Bob with thee
 "there," says the Baronet; humming, to
 put his Voice in Tune. This he did, wink-
 ing to Miss *Thoroughgood*, lest she should
 believe him in earnest.

AND now the Morning came which car-
 ried Miss *Thoroughgood* to her Father's;
 the Day was spent by the young People at
Heartyball, in Praises of their lovely Guest.
 The Sunday the young Gentleman rode to
 hear

hear Mr. *Thoroughgood* preach, and drank Tea with his lovely *Fanny*, and the Family. The young Lady's Eyes sparkled with Joy at seeing him in the Church, tho' her Imagination had never passed three waking Minutes without calling up his Image before it, since she left *Heartyball*.

Mrs. *Thoroughgood* asked, when they should have the Pleasure of seeing the young Ladies, to pass a Week with *Fanny*. This was joyful News to the young Baronet, who answered he really knew not; but, says he, I suppose soon; and which he was determined should not be long, if he could prevail. He staid the latest Moment, and stole one Kiss from the Hands of *Fanny* in the dark secretly, before the Candles were brought in during this Visit. Love will make a Politician of a Clown, no wonder it inspired the Man of Sense. The young Gentleman turned the Conversation on polite Learning with Mr. *Thoroughgood*, and pretending some Difficulties, desired his Assistance in explaining some Passages in the Greek Classics; which the good Man, with great Readiness promised, being himself an excellent Scholar, and great Lover of those Youth who pursued their Studies.

THIS he knew would afford him many Occasions of seeing his lovely *Fanny*, which he would otherwise have lost; and cover
the

the true Reason from all Suspicion in the Parents of *Fanny*, and from his Father ; for he had no Mother living.

THINGS being thus settled, he saw his lovely *Fanny* very often, till growing careless in concealing his Passion, or no Art being capable of disguising so pure a Flame, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, who, tho' a Scholar, was knowing in the World, suspected his Passion for his Daughter ; he therefore taxed her with it, who could not refuse answering that she suspected the same Thing, from what once dropt from him in Conversation ; but she did not confess how ardently they had vowed to live for each other only, and how intimately their Souls were united.

“ Mr Dear, says Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I
 “ think I ought to acquaint Sir *Oliver* with
 “ this beginning Passion of his Son for you,
 “ both for their Sakes and yours. He must
 “ have Views above my dear Girl, says he,
 “ kissing his Daughter, whatever a Father
 “ may think of thee. It may be conceived
 “ that even I have given Encouragement
 “ to his addressing you ; which, I hope, I
 “ am incapable of being guilty of. This
 “ Passion, my Dear, suffered to increase,
 “ may ruin both your Happineffes. To-
 “ morrow I will wait on Sir *Oliver*. I
 “ own I am sorry for it, because I have a
 “ particular Joy in his Conversation ; I
 “ think,

“ think, I have never known a more amiable young Gentleman in all my Life.”

Now during this Time, this enamoured Pair had wore off all Reserve, loved as freely as two Turtle-doves, and spoke their Passion with as much Ease when together as if they had been bred in the Plains of *Arcadia*; still free from every Stain of impure Ideas, as far as Actions can demonstrate.

ON this Discovery of her Father, Miss *Thoroughgood* wrote the following Letter to the young Baronet; for every Twenty-four Hours they had found means to write, tho’ they had seen each other the same Day, and had adopted two feigned Names to conceal their real ones, if a Letter should have been discovered.

“ *Dearest* DAMON,

“ IT is with infinite Pain I tell you that
“ my Father has discovered your Passion
“ for me; which, indeed, tho’ I would
“ have died to conceal, yet I cannot live
“ and deny that best of Men the Truth.
“ This Day he intends waiting on Sir
“ *Oliver*, to acquaint him with it, lest his
“ Honour should suffer when it comes to
“ be known, and the Imputation of being
“ consenting to your Visits destroy that
“ Character which is dearer to him than
“ Life.

“ Life.— This will probably separate us
 “ from each other a long and tedious Age,
 “ how can I sustain this— or how avoid
 “ it— let me hear from thee ; instruct me
 “ to bear, or to yield to this Calamity, and
 “ kiss that Name which will be ever the
 “ dearest on Earth to me.

“ *Eternally thine,*

“ CELIA.”

P. S. “ I HAVE sent you this to prepare
 “ you for the Commands which you
 “ must receive from your Father.”

AT the Receipt of this Billet the young Gentleman stood dumb with Astonishment, he feared the Hour was approaching when he should never behold his lovely *Fanny* again ; and then wished to see her once more to resolve on flying into Shades and Cottages, the paradisaic Vision of excessive Love : “ I have enough for all earthly
 “ Bliss, he cried, I have Four Thousand
 “ Pounds, which cannot be taken from me ;
 “ that will suffice till my Father expires ;
 “ true Love needs little Pomp ; the Effects of genuine Passion make all Places
 “ and Conditions pleasing. Perhaps my
 “ *Fanny*

"Fanny will yield to this Proposal. We
 "will fly together, and bid this mercenary
 "World farewell. My Fanny will consent,
 "we shall yet be blessed together; if I
 "can behold her but once more, we shall
 "yet be happy in each other's Arms."
 This and much more he continually ex-
 claimed in secret.

CHAP. XLII.

*Mr. Thoroughgood discloses the Love-Affair
 to Sir Oliver. Mr. Hearty visits Fanny
 in secret. One fatal Moment.*

THE next Morning Mr. Thoroughgood
 rode to Sir Oliver Hearty's; and
 having breakfasted with him, he took oc-
 casion to speak to Sir Oliver when he was
 alone. "Sir Oliver," says the good Man,
 "I am come hither to inform you of a
 "Thing, which, as an honest Man, I could
 "not conceal from you the Moment it
 "came to my Knowledge." "Ods-heart,
 "ods-heart what is't, what is't? No harm,
 "I hope." Now Sir Oliver imagined it
 had been some Challenge of his having
 laughingly spoke of Miss Thoroughgood's
 Beauty;

Beauty; which, tho' he had amused himself that way many times, Mr. *Thoroughgood* knew it arose from the mere Wantonness of Talking, void of all Malice; and indeed had always been very inoffensive.

“SIR *Oliver*, I'll tell you; last Evening
 “it came into my Head, when I saw your
 “Son at my House with *Fanny Thorough-*
 “*good*, that there appeared too much Ten-
 “derness in all he said and did for common
 “Complaisance; for which Reason, when
 “he left my House, I asked *Fanny* whether
 “he had not made some Overtures of his
 “Passion to her? She answered he had.
 “Therefore, Sir *Oliver*, I am come this
 “Morning to inform you of it, that all
 “displeasing Accidents between us may
 “be prevented as soon as possible.”

At this the Baronet's Pride began to swell in his Face, as if his Son *Oliver* had been deemed unworthy a Parson's Daughter.

“MISTAKE me not, Sir *Oliver*, said the
 “good Man, I have no Presumption to a
 “Gentleman of your Son's Merit, Fortune
 “and Family, as a Husband for my Child,
 “I know my Situation too well; therefore
 “I would not give one Moment's Encou-
 “ragement to it, by suffering another
 “Visit, till I had acquainted you with it.
 “I hold it dishonourable in my Opinion.”

At this the Baronet spoke of Miss *Thoroughgood* Beauty.

AT this latter Part the Baronet became a little calm again within. "Ods-heart, "ods-heart, says he, these young Folks "will be caterwawling, to be sure; well, "well, there's no Harm done yet: How- "ever, he's under Age, he can't be mar- "ried to her. I'll take care and keep 'em "from your House, I'll warrant it. Par- "son, I thank ye; I'll discourse 'em upon't, "and hear what he sayeth."

THE Clergyman took his Leave, and returned to his Home; where he found his *Fanny* with Marks of deeper Dejection than he wished to see her; her sleepless Eyes were sunk into her Head, and all their Fire extinguished, the blood-shot White spoke much Profusion of Tears, and in spite of all she could effect the rising Sighs would find a frequent Passage, even in Company with her Parents.

THIS gave the good Man and Woman excessive Pain, they saw that Love had taken too strong Possession of their Daughter's Heart; they lamented the Misfortune, and yet could not blame her for the Passion, the Object was so truly amiable. They tried a thousand ways to divert her for several Days in the Beginning, and went to visit the neighbouring Towns which they had never seen. All this did but increase the Anxiety of poor *Fanny's* Bosom; she
knew,

knew, if she had remained at home, she should have received many Letters from the Man she loved ; which would have afforded her more Relief than every other Thing on Earth, the very Writer excepted. Of such strange Importance can Love make a Scrip of Paper, and a few black Lines.

FANNY also would have poured the fond full Anguish of her Heart thro' her Pen, have told him her Distress, and lessened the Pain by imparting it in this manner.

DURING this Journey, Sir Oliver spoke to his Son, as follows : “ Oliver, says he, here hath a been Parson *Thorough-* “ *good* ; ods-heart, he sayth that you have “ a sort of a *Something*, a Love as 'twere “ for his Daughter ; ods-heart you w'an't “ throw away Fifteen Hundred a Year up- “ on a Parson's Daughter : 'Tis true, the “ Stuff is good, but one may buy Gold too “ dear ; therefore I would not have you “ see her any more.”

NOW the Heart of the Son was grievously touched by the Slight, which was contained in the Words, Parson's Daughter ; For he really conceived the Universe too small a Present for *Fanny*. So dearly he loved, so deserving he conceived her, therefore all he could answer, was, “ Sir, you “ must be obeyed.”

HE

HE then walked to the Sea-shore, where he wept and beat that Bosom which felt more stormy Commotions than the watery Element adjoining had ever suffered.

“Must I be severed from all my Soul holds dear—— Must this inhuman Law that binds in separate Chains the tender Hearts of Lovers, and hinders their uniting, be my Destruction—— Oh!

Fanny, Fanny, would I could fly this World for ever! he said, sighing; and live in Shades with thee.” This, and

ten thousand other Ejaculations, he poured out to give Relief to his surcharged Bosom.

The Evening was at hand, and the ruddy Sun was descending into the Western Skies when he exclaimed, “Would that my

Race was run with *Fanny*, my dearest

Fanny, and the calm Evening of my declining Life was at hand; but I am

doomed to Pain and Banishment from all my Soul holds dear.”

At his Return he found the Messenger, who was mutually employed in the Inter-course of their Letters; from him he learnt that his lovely *Fanny* was returned from her Journey. He therefore immediately sat down and wrote the following Letter:

“MOMAG

“My

“ *My dearest Celia,*

“ IF ever Mortal has felt a Pain beyond
 “ the Pangs of Death to vicious Souls,
 “ it certainly must be that which I have
 “ known, since the last happy Moment I
 “ beheld thy charming Face. Oh! *Celia,*
 “ *Celia*, curst be the Hour that formed that
 “ Law, which withholds me from thy
 “ Arms.— Surely the connubial Joys of
 “ Love were never known in that Bosom,
 “ which framed it— And must I never
 “ gaze more on thee, hear thee speak,
 “ press thy Hand in Rapture to my Lips
 “ —Oh! contrive some Means, by which
 “ I may once more see thee but for a Mi-
 “ nute; we may then plan some Scheme
 “ for future Felicity, and tho’ we must
 “ live divided for an Age in Love, yet
 “ live for one another— Let us, my
 “ dearest Maid, once more exchange our
 “ Vows of Constancy, and breathe the An-
 “ guish of our Bosoms in one another’s
 “ Arms. Oh! *Celia, Celia*, relieve me by
 “ some Power of once more pressing thee
 “ to this Heart, which scarce has Force to
 “ move, but from that Desire which it
 “ has to beat for thee alone, Adieu, my
 “ dearest Maid.

“ *Thine, eternally thine,*

“ D A M O N.”

THIS

THIS Letter she answered, and told him, that if he would be in her Father's Garden at Midnight, she would talk to him from the Window of her Chamber, which was at the farthest End of the House from her Father's Apartment; and, as it was low, they might easily converse together. "The little Garden-gate shall be left open for you," she said.

THE Love sick Youth was punctual to the appointed Moment; he had left his Father's House, which was but one Mile distant from the Abode of his Charmer, and travelled on Foot, filled with Delight of once more conversing with his lovely *Fanny*. Thro' the Groves the Nightingales soothed his Soul with the tender Songs of Love, and every Star shone with more than common Lustre; not a Breeze breathed thro' the Trees; all Nature was still, as if it paid Homage to his Passion.

HE entered the Gate, and found his lovely *Fanny* leaning from the Window. She heard his Foot-steps, and softly breathed, "My Soul—My Soul, my *Fanny*, says he again, art thou there——Oh! how blest am I thus dimly to behold thee once more; let us fly together: My *Fanny* knows I have enough for Love and thee, till my Father shall be no more."

"My

310 *The MARRIAGE ACT.*

“ My Soul, says she, urge me not——
 “ I cannot, dare not, do it; the Laws for-
 “ bid it; Heaven forbids it. And tho’ I
 “ love you more than Life, I must not
 “ think of sacrificing my Character——
 “ my Parent’s Happiness. My All; their
 “ All depends upon it.”

He urged her to fly into *France*, and be married, and then return again; but that Proposition would not be heard, she determined to live for him alone, and to waste that cruel Year in Anguish, till he was of Age to marry her. They then agreed to see one the other in this manner, during the Time he remained in the Country; for he was soon obliged to go to *London*, on some particular Business; and then live on Letters, till the painful Age should be lapsed which held them apart.

In this manner they saw each other three times a Week. Mr. *Thoroughgood* and his Wife perceived their *Fanny* become more chearful than before, with great Pleasure, and being ignorant of the true Cause, attributed it to the Influence of her Passion wearing off for young Mr. *Hearty*. Neither of her Parents had ever reasoned with her upon the Subject of her Dejection, they knew that all Discourses of that Nature rather augment than extinguish the Passion; and only attempted to amuse their Daughter,

ter, by some Avocations which might turn her Mind to other Considerations.

DURING these nocturnal Visits, *Fanny* had determined never to suffer him to get into the Window, which he might with Ease have done, it being so very low. She indulged him with her Hand to kiss, on which he hung whole Hours; but resisted all his Intreaties to pass his Time with her in her Chamber.

At last the Day of his leaving the Country for *London*, was at hand; the Evening before which he was at the Window, and as it was the last that he could pass with her for some Months, he prevailed on her Resolutions to suffer him to come in at the Window. "My dearest *Fanny*, says he, "let me press thee once more in these "Arms, before I leave thee: Let me have "one glowing Kiss from those Lips, on "which to live till my Return: Can this "be criminal, my Soul? Can this be criminal?" When extending her Hand, without knowing what she did, he seized it, and instantly leapt into the Chamber thro' the Window; Love always lending Wings to his sincere Votaries.

"My *Fanny*, says he, grasping her to his "Bosom, do I once more press thee in these "Arms? My Soul, do I taste thy balmy "Lips again? Oh! Extacy too great to
" be

“be exprest!” Nor did the Arms of *Fanny* hang idle, she threw them round his Neck, vowing eternal Truth, repeating Millions of Kisses, and feeling all those Transports which Lovers only can conceive. At last they sat down on the Bed-side together; all was dark and silent, every Passion dead but Love, their Souls were drunk with that Desire, his Hands roved into her Bosom, she felt every Power of Resistance dissipated; whilst urged by sincerest Love, he enjoyed that for which his Soul was in eternal Longing: Not for the transient Bliss alone which attends that rapturous Moment, but for being secured in the Possession of all that was dear to him, his lovely *Fanny*.

THIS Gust being past, the Tears ran streaming from her lovely Eyes; she told him, she was ruin'd: “My Soul, you have “undone me!” These Words shot to his very Soul. He kneeled, and swore ten thousand Oaths of Constancy and Truth, that no Accident from that Embrace should ever lessen his Passion. “My *Fanny*, my “Soul, I love you, even more now than before.” At length, after repeated Vows, he departed, and the next Morning left the Country for *London*. No Post ever came from thence that did not bring his lovely *Fanny* a Letter, none returned without that precious Present to the Hands of Mr. *Hearty*.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.